- A grevious duty of wrathful winds,
 Of low-hung clouds which send and fly,
 And drop cold rains, then lift and show
 A sudden realm of upper sky.
- The sea is black as night, it roars From lips afoam with cruel spray, Like some fierce, many throated pack Of wolves, which scent and chase a prey.
- ached in my little wind-swept nook, I hear the menacing voices call, And shuddered as above the deck Topples and swings the weltering wall.
- It seems a vast and rest'ess grave, Insatiate, hungry, beckoning, With dreadful gesture of command To any free and living thing
- "Oh! Lord!" I cry, "thou makest life
 And hope and all sweet things to be;
 Rebuke this hovering, following death—
 This horror never born of Thee."
- A sudden gleam, the waves lit up With radi int, momentary hues, Araber and shadowy pearl and gold, Opal and blue and unknown blues-
- And rising on the tossing walls, Within the foaming valleys swung, Soft shades of sea-birds, dimly seen, Flutter and float and call their young.
- A moment then the lowering clouds Settle anew above the main, The colors die, the waves rise higher And night and terror rule again.
- No more I see the small dim shapes So unafraid of wind and wave, Nestling beneath the tempest's roar Cradled in what I needed--a gra...
- But all night long I lay and smiled
 At thought of those soft folded wings,
 And trusting with the trustful birds,
 In Him who cares for smallest things.

THE THREE LOAVES.

The day was bitterly cold in Virginia City, as winter days most generally are in that Alpine town, and though the sun was bright, it was as cheerless and chill almost as moonbeams. Wild gusts whistled through the streets, breathing icicles and frost in their furious course, and driving every living thing away to seek shelter from its biting, penetrating breath. And yet not every one was housed and sheltered from the pitiless gale, for he who had work to do or business to transact was summoned by inexorable duty to come summoned by inexorable duty to come forth to his post, or else, when the day of reckoning came, abide by the consequences; but, with such exceptions as these, the male population generally sought the warm and friendly atmosphere of the drinking saloons, where with "hot Scotch," and a glowing furnace, they managed to keep themselves from freezing. Of these luckless exceptions, Abe Denning, the baker, was one. In sunshine or storm, hail, rain or snow, people must eat—eat, in fact; or snow, people must eat-eat, in fact; all the more voraciously because it does hail or snow, as if to perpetrate an un-seasonable joke upon the baker, who, especially in appetising weather, must see to it that his customers' larders be properly stored with the rarest and best productions of his oven.

Even such cold weather as this did not deter Mr. Denning from attending to the wants of his customers with the

to the wants of his customers with the assiduity and attention characteristic of of his class. While disappearing into a customer's house with an armful of bread, a girl of some fifteen years of age emerged from a miner's cabin close by, and, first easting wild and hurried glances around her, rushed to the baker's cart, and had just abstracted therefrom three loaves of bread, and was carrying them off, when the baker returned and caught her in the act.

Unfortunately, an officer was passing

Unfortunately, an officer was passing just at the time, and the baker, on the just at the time, and the baker, on the spur of the moment, and without giving the case the consideration which he otherwise might, gave her in custody on the charge of theft. The girl, without any attempt at expostulation or explanation, burst into an agony of tears, a sufficient evidence, perhaps, that she was but a novice, after all, in the art of stealing.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "don't take me in this way. Let me wrap a shawl over my head, or the people will know me."

The officer, consenting, accompanied her into the cabin, the baker having driven away, telling the policeman he would be in court the next day to prefer the charge before the police judge.

The officer, on re-entering, found no one in the cabin but three children—the youngest about three years of age, and

one in the cabin but three children—the youngest about three years of age, and the eldest six. The hut was cold and cheerless; there was no fire. The two elder children, alarmed at the presence of the officer, exhibited discolored eyes and faces, which bore evidence of suffering and recent tears; while little Willie, the recent was giving and inappeasant was giving and inappeasant. the youngest, was crying and inappeasable, moping aimlessly around the cabin, looking into the empty closet, and putting his little hands mechanically into the empty dishes on the table.

"What made you steal the bread, my girl?" asked the officer.

At the mention of the word "bread," little Willie looked tearfully and pit cously in the man's face. The girl hugged the little fellow frantically in her arms, covering him with tears and kisses. "Oh, my poor little brother!" she cried, bitterly. "What will become of you now? This man is going to take your Lena away with him."

Here the child threw his arms around

her neck, as if to detain her by force; while the other two children screamed fit to break their hearts.

The officer, suspecting the actual state of affairs, began to cough convulsively; but instead of applying his hands to his chest or these chest or throat, as most people do on such occasions, he applied his handkerhief to his eyes.

"Is there no coal, or nothing at all to eat in the house?" said he, in a gurgling sort of voice.

"No coal, no bread, nothing to eat," replied the girl, wringing her hands, "and poor Willie and the rest of us have had nothing to eat ever since yes-

have had nothing to eat ever since yes-terday morning."

"Here the officer had another fit of coughing, and west away, saying that he would be back again in heart time.

"Is the man gone for bread?" asked the oldest of the children.

"Hush, Mollie dear!" said Lena. "I don't know what he is gone for. He's not's bad man, anyhow, for he hasn't arrested me, as I thought he would."

In a very few minutes the officer returned with his arms full of bread and

turned with his arms full of bread and groceries, not forgetting some cakes and condiments for the smallest children, while another man at his heels carried a big sack of coal on his back.

At the sight of the bread the children screamed with delight, while the officer now laughed, now coughed, and frequently applied his handkerchief to his face, to wipe off the inspiration, as it were.

While Lena cut up large slices of cead, and helped the children and her-il, the two men set at work and made a rege fire in the stove, the glow of which on diffused warmth and comfort rough the cabin. Then they cooked e meat and made the tea, and spread a

steaming meal on the table, for the four orphans, while they carved and attended to their wants until they were fully sat

Happy, happy childhood, whose pre-rogatives are innocence, mirth and joy! The children, after their dinner, didn't look like the same children at all. Their look like the same children stall. Their faces were bright and joyous, happy and handsome, and in a few minutes they were playing and laughing and romping, as happy as if they had never felt the pangs of hunger.

"And now," said the officer, delighted at seeing the children so happy, "sit down, Lena, and answer me a few questions. Have you no father or mother?"

tions. Have you no father or mother? "We have no mother," was Lena's reply. "She died about a year ago, and father went away to Eureka to work about eight months ago, and we hain't

seen him ever since."
"What is your father's name?" "Dawson-Jim Dawson."
"And he has sent you no money-

"Nothing. Never heard of him since he went away. But when he was going he left us a bag of flour, and lots of gro-oeries and things—as much as would last us for six months, and he'd be sure to be back before the provisions were all

'And you have got no letter from him "Not one," replied Lens, with a deep

Poor Dawson had written to his children, however, but postal communication being at that time very irregular and un-certain in the Silver State, the children did not receive his letters.

"Weil, I must go now," said the officer after a pause, "but I will call to-morrow, and you'll have to accompany me up to the police station, for I must do my duty you're accompany.

do my duty, you know. Good-bye."

And Leno Dawson was left alone with her little brothers and sisters. She felt sad and lonesome after the departure of her kind benefactor, but the buoyance of childhood soon gained the ascendency, and before bed time the orphans were as happy as any group of little children in

Virginia City.

Meantime, the report about the stealing of the bread and the destitute condition of the children got abroad. Jim Dawson, a miner himself, was well known and popular among the miners, and the case created such sympathy and elicited so many reminiscences and commentaries, that quite a crowd was at-

mentaries, that quite a crowd was attracted to the police court.

Judge Moses presided. The judge bore the name of being upright and honest, kind and benevolent, and if fault he had at all, it was thought to be somewhat uncompromising rigor in the discharge of his official duties. It was hard to say how the case would go.

After the transaction of some realimi-

After the transaction of some prelimi-nary business the case was called. The baker swore to the stealing of the bread. and identified the defendant as the thief. The officer testified to the famishing condition in which he found the children. but said not a syllable about what he had done to relieve them.

Poor Lena stood trembling before the judge. Thereupon a miner rustled through the crowd and stood before the bench, eyeing the judge with a depre

"I declare to the Almighty, Jedge," said he, "I never knew the state of Jim Dawson's children, and if I did—"

He dropped a twenty into Lena's trem-bling hand.
"You jest knowed as much about it as other folks," exclaimed another miner, excitedly, walking up and putting another twenty into the girl's hand, with an indignant air that flung back any latent suspicion that he kney any-thing of the children's distress any more

thing of the children's distress any more than anyboky else.

Here Long Alec, a miner—so called on account of the height and size—slid timidly and bashfully up to Lena's side.

"Leeny," he said, in a half whisper, "hold yer pinafore," and he slipped two twenties into her apron, and then slid back behind the crowd into a corner, and holding his hat to his face, glanced timidly around, to see that he was completely out of sight.

ly out of sight. Then came Wabbling Joe, who was far more bashful than even Long Alec, but put on a bold face, and laughed and talked loud to make believe that he was not bashful at all.

not bashful at all.

"Jedge!" cried Wabbling Joe, laughing and nodding familiarly at the court, to disarm that functionary of possible rigor in the trial of the case in hand—, "Jedge, let the girl slide. She ain't done nothin' but what you or I would do if we was hungry."

And noor Lena was once more the reci-

And poor Lena was once more the reci-pient of another present.

The court held down his head and smiled gravely at Wabbling Joe's defense of the accused, but immediately recov-

of the accused, but immediately recovering his gravity, said:

"Gentlemen, I appreciate your liberality and generous sympathy for the young offender, and am particularly impressed with the ingenious defense made by my friend, Wabbling Joe"—here a good natured laugh escaped the whole crowd, as if to put the judge in good humor—"but," continued his honor, "whatever might be the sympathy of the court for the sad condition of the accused, there is a public duty to be performed, and the case must therefore proceed."

ceed."
"What is your name, my girl?" asked the Court.

the Court.

"They call me Lena Dawson, sir," was the reply.

"Call you Lena Dawson! And I suppose Lena Dawson is your name, is it not?" observed the judge.

"No, sir, it ain't," returned the girl.

"My father died when I was only three yours old and my mother got married to

years old, and my mother got married to Mr. Dawson some time afterward. My proper name is Madeline Winters, but they call me Lena, for short."

"Madelire Winters! Where were you

born?" asked the judge.
"In Kansas City, sir," was the reply.
"In Kansas City!" echoed the court, in a voice of still deeper gravity than before. "And what was your mother's maiden name, do you know?"
"Madeline Moses, sir," responded

"Madeline Moses! My God! my God!

"Madeline Moses! My God! my God! She was my sister!"

And Judge Moses, overcome with emotion, bowed his head on the deak, while a torrent of tears flowed down his face.

Just as the Lowd, in obedience to the dictates of delicacy, were emerging from the Police Court, to let uncle and niece indulge the sacred joy of mutual recegnition, Jim Dawson appeared at the door, having just returned from his prospecting tour in Eureks, and with an innate sense of propriety that did honor to his acquaintances, who were all rejoiced to see him, was quietly permitted to join his relatives inside,—[San Francisco Argonaut.

The woes of those unhappy Israelites who were commanded by their Egyptian taskmasters to make bricks without straw, find a parallel in the troubles which beset a special correspondent who has little or nothing to correspond about.

—[Correspondence of the London Enpire. A QUEER CHINESE TALE.

widespread benefit that the fox has the power of assuming the human form to lead mortals to their destruction. The same powers are also ascribed to the badger by the Japanese. In this case the story is given as a true one, and the facts are stated to be well known to every one living in the Great areast outside the Chien Mon (Front Gate) at Pekin, where the affair is supposed to have occurred:

A certain Ningpo man kept a druggist's shop at Pekin. Having made a good deal of money by it he determined to commence a wholesale business as well as the retail one. He therefore bought a warohouse for storing drugs and put it in charge of a nephew. His venture proved eminontly successful, and he grew richer daily, principally for the extraordinary reason that the drugs stored in the warehouse were less liable to get damp or mouldy than anybody else's. As the nephew was at work in the warehouse he used constantly to notice the prettiest gir's he had ever seen passing by the door. Though he sorely longed to try to make acquaintance with her, he was restrained by her modest and retiring demeanor. Time went by and one day an old gentleman with a long beard and leaning on a staticalled at the uncle's shop.

In the course of conversation it appeared

In the course of conversation it appeared that he came from the borders of Snensi and Kansu, and had originally field to Pekin to escape from the Mahometan disturbances in the West. Finally, he said that he often remarked the nephew at work in the warehouse, and bad been struck by his steadings and his diligence, and he would like to marry his only daughter to him. He had sufficient money to make liberal arrangements with regard to the trousseau and wedding presents, and would not quarrel about terms. The young man, being so far from his home at Ningpo, was not betrothed to anyone. His uncle therefore gladly accepted the proposal. As both parties were strangers in Pekin, everything was settled and the marriage ceremony performed without any unnecessary formality.

When the time came for the bride to unveil, the bridegroom, who had never yet seen her, was most anxious to know what she was like. At the first glance, what was his joy to discover that she was the girl he used to see walking past the ware tops. The marriage was a happy one.

past the warehouse. The marriage was a happy one. He was the fondest of husbands and she the most loving and dutiful of wives. Before

one. He was the fondest of husbands and she the most loving and dutiful of wives. Before long the young man's father in Ningpo, wishing to see his new daughter-in-law, wrote and told his son to bring her home on a visit. The son accordingly made preparations to start off as soon as possible. For the last day or two before his departure the uncle, who had not been home for many years, was constantly coming to his house, as he had a thousand things to talk about—reminiscences to recall, messages to be delivered and the like.

When the moment for them to commence the journey actually arrived the uncle went across for the last time to say good-bye, but to his astonishment neither nephew nor niece was to be found. After a fruitless search he went to 'the house of the girl's father to see if he could learn anything there. But there was no house standing, merely two or three wretched little rooms in ruins without doors or windows. He made inquiries among the neighbors, but none of them knew anything of the old man or the house. Everything was then plain. The old man and his daughter were foxes and had made away with the young husband. But stranger than anything else was the fact that from that day forth the drugs stored in the warehouse became just as subject to mould as those anywhere else.

A Short Sermon on Charity.

. A Short Sermon on Charity.

"I war axed by a white man de odder day." remarked de old man as he wiped off the end of his nose, "how much poul-try dis club would send out to de poo" for deir Christmas dinner. When I tole him we shouldn't send as much as one wing of a lean pullet, he abused me as poo' people am jis as much a fixture in dis world as de sun or moon. Dey have allus bin an' allus will be. I nebbar yit foun' a poo' man who wanted to better his condishun dat he didn't have lots o' chances to do so. It am no mo' de bizness of de sun to shine for one sartin class. If de poo' expect it, it am bekase ob deir cheek. Let me ax you what good it does for a family who am libin' on meal an' bacon an' tea to find a big Christmas turkey on de table? Ten time out o' leven it will be sold to de nearest grocery or saloon. When it is cooked an' eaten it's sartin to make some one sick. Gibin' ole cloze to de poo' makes 'em lazy. If a man kin git his libin' widout work, what's he use of worklibin' widout work, what's he use of workin'? Ebery man sot out for a tramp goes to prove to dat man dat hard work am only for dull men. You can't find me ten cases of sufferin' poverty in Detroit whar de sufferers am not directly reponsible fur deir condishun, an' whar dey couldn't improve it if dey would. Charity means to forgive faults in their fellowmen. It doan' mean feedin' loafers an' lazy-boneses. Dis club will help a widow or an orphan, but when it comes to the gineral poo' dey shall have neither sympathy nor aid. If de Lord had intended dat one-half the world should work hard to support the other half loafin' aroun', to support the other half loafin' aroun', we should have got de news long 'nuff afore dis time."—[Brother Gardner in Detroit Free Press.

Patterns by Chystalization.—The curious arabasques produced on window panes by frost have suggested to a French inventor a system of obtaining designs for printed stuffs by crystillization. He has made experiments with solutions of sulphate of zinc, copper, iron, alumnia, and magnesia, into which plates of glass were steeped, and then allowed to dry slowly at different temperatures. The crystals thus deposited formed a great variety of fanciful figures, flowers, feathers, stars, etc. These may be fixed by an addition of albumen or gelatine. If copper plates are used, the designs thus obtained may also be made permanent by electrotyping. The great difficulty is to obtain continuous patterns to be reproduced on the cylinders used for printing; but that may be overcome by using cylindrical plates of copper, and turning them on their axes while the evaporation is going on. The crystillization is, however, frequently irregular and leaves blank spaces which spoil the harmony of the design, but this defect will probably be overcome by experience. It is not certain that the method has yet been practically employed, but the idea is ingenious, and probably will be eventually turned to account. PATTERNS BY CRYSTALIZATION .- The

ASTRONOMICAL.—Star gazers ought to be happy. Venus is the glory of the evening sky, and will continue through the month to oscillate on her eastern journey, receeding from the sun, approaching the earth, and increasing in brightness and apparent size. For three months to come the western evening sky will present a grand scenic performance, in which Venus, Jupiter and Saturn will be the principal actors. Venus will approach Jupiter and Saturn; Jupiter and Saturn will approach each other. Venus will meet and pass Jupiter, and afterward pay her court to Saturn in the same way. Then Jupiter and Saturn will be close together, and pass each other just as they come into conjunction with the sun; and the grand panorama of single, double and triple conjunctions will not close until next May, when Venus comes into inferior conjunction with the sun, and her reign as evening star closes. ASTRONOMICAL. -Star gazers ought to

The reason why male kittens are so layful and mischievous, is probably be-ause they are tom-boys.

Just before 11 o'clock in the fo the Eastern trains. The woman something tied up in a blue match. She got there first, and she held the nation with her head in the window both elbows on the shelf. "Is there such a place in this country as Cleveland?" she began.

"Oh, yes."
"Do you send mail there?"

'Well, a woman living next door asked me to mail this box for her. I guess it's directed all right. She said it ought to

"Takes two cents," said the clerk, after weighing it. "If there's writing inside it will be twelve cents." "Mercy on me, but how you do charge!"

Here the thirteen men began to push up and hustle around, and talk about one old match-box delaying half a dozen business letters, but the woman had lots

"Then it will be two cents, eh? "If there is no writing inside."

"Well, there may be. I know she is reat hand to write. She's sending some flower seed to her sister, and I presume she has told her how to plant 'em." "Two threes!" called one of the crowd,

as he tried to get to the window.
"Hurry up!" called another.
"There ought to be a separate window here for women!" growled a third. "Then it will take twelve cents!" she calmly queried, as she fumbled around for her purse.

"Well, I'd better pay it, I guess."
From one pocket she took two coppers. from her reticule she took a three-cent iece. From her purse she flashed out a nickel; and it was only after a hunt of eighty seconds that she got the twelve cents together. She then consumed four minutes in putting on the stamps, asking where to post the box, and wondering if there really was any handwriting inside. But woman proposes and man disposes. Twenty thousand dollars' worth of business was waiting for a twele-cent woman, and a tidal wave suddenly took her away from the window. In sixty seconds thirteen men had been waited on a gone their ways, and the woman returned to the window, handed in the box and said: "Them stamps are put on kind o' crooked, but it won't make any difference,

The Valley of Angrogna.

The Waldensian valleys are now easily accessible from Turin by a railway from Pignerol, whence a road, traversed by a diligence daily, takes the traveler to La Tour, the capital of the district. It is situated at the entrance of the Valley of Lusurna or Val Pellice to the left, and of Angrogna to the right. Beyond Angrogna and parallel with it, but separated by a range of hights, is the Valley of Perouse, from which opens the valley of St. Martin. Even apart from the stirring historical associations which make every spot memorable, the home of the Vaudois well deserves and repays a visit. Nowhe the Alps is there to be found a more glorious combination of richness and l selfish an' hard-hearted, and preached in the lower valleys, and wild magme a long sermon on charity. Now let me say a few remarks. In de fust place, peaks and passes. Except at its nificence and sublimity in the higher peaks and passes. Except at its upper extremity, the mountains of the Val Angrogna are covered up to their very summits, with trees; bold masses of rocks rising from out of the foliage into splintered peaks. The lower portion has considerable patches of cultivated ground. The meadows are enameled with the white, sweet scented narcissus, gleaming like pearls on green velvet. As the valley narrows, the path wind ender cliffs, where saponaria and the rhodod enden display their flowers, whilst more nooks offer abundance of the Alpine ricula, and deep blue gentian flowers. One cannot imagine a more delightful combination, of wooded mountain, and nestling hamlets and craggy peaks, and nestling hamlets and craggy peaks, far beyond, those dazzling snows which rise over all into the deep blue sky. Angrogna is memorable for its scenery and for its heroine defense by the Vau-

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BRAM WORKS

de ham away from me, and bekase I wouldn't let de ham go he jess brung me along too.—[Galveston News.]

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