Wounding the boughs that have no leaves. The northeast binst assaults these caves. Whereat in dread I hold my breath. As though I heard the voice of Death.

And 'neath the cloud strewn tortured sky, Where yet a moon's ghost wanders by. The pines form, on you hillside lone, As twere, an arc of some strange zone.

The segment of some circle vast From mysteries of gloom upcast, Here only visible to sight Mid the tempest's evoking might.

Hush! is my pale lamp listening To secrets that these wind fiends bring? A speech I know not, yet can fear. As close it whispers to mine ear!

-William Struthers in Boston Transcript.

#### NAUTICAL OXEN.

Among his neighbors Job Haines was considered a pretty fair sort of a man. He had settled in the little town in the southern part of Kansas, where he lived as an immigrant from New Hampshire, and he brought his Yankee sharpness with him, but as he dealt fair and attended to his own business he passed. The only member of the family besides Job and his wife was Ike, a nephew whom Job had taken to bring up, as he had no children of his own. Ike was a typical New England boy about fifteen years old. He had been brought up in one of the coast villages of Maine, and had a great love for the sea.

Job, like the majority of Yankee farmrs, was a firm believer in cattle, and did most of his work with oxen. One day he said to Ike: "Ike, if you'll take that pair of yearling steers and break them to work you can have them." was exceedingly well pleased at that. and at once assumed charge of his new possessions. If ever a pair of young exen were well taken care or they were He groomed them as carefully as the horses, so that their sleek coats shone as glossy as silk, and he was so kind with them that they were as gentle as sheep. He named them Jack and Billy.

In his western home Ike never forgot the far off ocean. It had been the one hope of his life to be a sailor, but his being sent west had destroyed it. When his uncle gave him the steers to break, the idea came to him that though he would never expect to tread the deck of is own ship, he could use ship phrases in the education of his oxen, and thus always be reminded of his own home beside the sea. Thus it was that Jack and Billy were educated to work, "broken" totally ignorant of the usual commands by which oxen are managed. "Gee" and "haw," "git up" and "whoa" had no meaning for them whatever. It was "haul away" and "port" and "star-board" and "belay." "Stern all," was back. The oxen grew and waxed strong. and his uncle often remarked that he never saw a team that could do more work than those oxen and Ike. No one but Ike ever thought of handling them.

The nearest neighbor to the Haines was Deacon Merwin, a good man and pillar of the church. The good deacon anw that Ike's yoke of oxen were workers, and a desire came over him to possess them. He offered to buy them several times, but Job always said that they belonged to Ike and were not for sale. The deacon asked Ike if he would sell them, but met with such an indignant refusal that he felt angered, but did not give up the idea of possessing the cattle. Finally he went to Job and said: "Neighbor Haines, if them cattle'll

work good every way I'll give you \$400 for 'em. They're too much property for a boy like lke to have, and it is apt to create in him a bad sperrit and make him feel above his elders.

"Well, I don't know, deacon. The boy sets a deal by them cattle, and a comise is a promise. I gave them to him if he would break 'em, and he has so I'm bound to keep my part." That's all true enough, neighbor

Haines, but Ike's only a boy, and then, remember. \$400 ain't offered every day for a yoke of cattle. Why not sell me these and give him another pair to break: that 'ud do him jist as well."

The deacon's \$400 and persuasions finally weakened Job's scruples, and he gave in. The deacon was to try them, and if they worked all right was to have them for \$400. How to tell Ike what he had done was a poser to his uncle. His aunt declared it a downright mean piece of business, and told Job plainly what she thought of him.

It was finally decided not to say any thing to Ike until after the sale had been made and the cattle gone. In order that Ike might not be on hand to see his pets sold he was given a holiday, and sent to spend the day at a neighbor's, a couple niles away, where there was a boy of his age who was sort of a chum of his.

The next morning Ike was off bright and early, and the deacon was on hand shortly after. It would not be fair to Job to say that he did not have any misgivings. He would have backed out of the bargain at the least chance, and he really hoped that the deacon would not be satisfied with them. The oxen were brought out and yoked to the cart without difficulty, though the deacon remarked that they did seem "kinder stoopid." Job and the deacon climbed up into the cart

"Gee up!" The oxen turned their big eyes round inquiringly. "Gee up, there!" repeated Job; but they did not move a hoof. "That don't appear like good break-

ing," remarked the deacon. "They're broke all right," replied Job. "Come, gee up, there!" at the same time he gave each a prod with the goad. In response to the prodding the cattle walked off toward the open gate, in which direction their heads happened to be turned. Job did not want them to go in the road, so he shouted out, "Hoy! hoy!" to turn them around: but the oxen had no idea what "hoy" meant, and so kept going straight ahead. Job shouted louder and struck Billy with the goad. They quickened their gait into a trot and out into the road. Then Job

shouted, "Whoa! whoa!" but they did not mind that either. "They don't appear to be as well broke as I reckoned on," remarked the deacon.

as he stood in the cart and viewed the

"They're broke well enough," replied Job, rather nettled, "but I'm strange to them; nobody but Ike ever drove them." "Well, turn them about," said the

But they paid no beed to any command, and finally, exasperated, Job struck them both with the goad, and they started at a full run down the road. Clattery bang! the cart went, and both Job and the deacon were compelled to hold on the cart stakes to prevent being bounced out of the cart.

"Stop 'em! Stop 'em!" shouted the "I want to get out. Whoa! deacon. whoa! whoa! ye varmints!" But the oxen only tossed their heads and ran the "Stop 'em, can't ye?"

Job was downright mad by this time. "Stop 'em yourself, you old fool!"

snapped he; "you know as much how to stop em as I do." "We'll be chucked out and killed!" shouted the deacon, as the cart banged

The oxen were now thoroughly frightened and running away for fair, and both men were badly scared and holding on for dear life. All at once an idea struck Job.

"Say, deacon, can't you talk some sea talk to 'em? That's what I've allers heard Ike talk to 'em," he called out as the cart bumped along.

"Brother Haines, such sea talk as I've heard ain't proper fer a pillar of the church to repeat, and I'll call meetin' on you fer this if we git out alive," replied the deacon, with as much dignity as he could assume while holding to the stake. "Do try, deacon!" shouted the terrified Job; "it may save our lives."

Just then the cart gave a fearful lurch. and the deacon banged his head against the stake he was holding to with considerable force. This made him boiling mad in addition to his fear. "Splice the main brace! Shiver my timbers! Pipe all hands to grog!" and then, as that had no effect on the frantic team, "Boat ahoy!" and then losing all control of himself, "Ahoy! Ahoy! drat ye, ye blankety blank brutes!" and the deacon let out such a string of profanity that Job turned a shade or two paler.

While this was going on the oxen had gotten over considerable ground. The people along the road gazed in open mouthed astonishment to see two such staid citizens going along so furiously with an ox team, and were terribly

scandalized at their apparent hilarity. Ike, totally unconscious of what wa going on at home, was plodding along toward his chum's, when he heard a fearful clatter coming behind him. He turned, and could hardly believe his eyes. There came his pets Jack and Billy at a furious pace, and his uncle and the deacon in the cart. "Stop 'em, Ike! stop 'em!" shouted his

uncle when he saw Ike. Ike stepped to one side of the road and as the cattle dashed up called out, "Belay, Jack! Belay, Billy!" At the sound of the familiar voice and command they stopped at once, and went quietly up to their young master.

"I'll have one law of you for this, Job Haines," snarled the deacon, as he painfully descended from the cart.

"And I'll call church on you!" retorted Job as he rubbed his bruises. "I won't belong to any church with a man that kin swear like you kin. A purty deacon

"If I had a brat like that I'd skin him aliye!" roared the deacon as he glared at the bewildered Ike.

"Isaac, take them cattle home at once, said his uncle. "As for this

him again. oxen. - Texas Siftings.

is action which makes muscle. The missing bills. us when we should become alert.

Headaches evaporate if we must exert and distance again. There are women asking that the man be asked to come despair. It seems as if others might la- spology for the imputation on his honesty. bor in comfort and health, instead of

The Sun as an Artist. In a summer holiday every one's face and hands are more or less tanned by the sun. And the same artist is all the time active among the tenants of the orchard and the garden. A snow apple, ripening on its stem in October, shows this plainly. The sunward side takes on a vivid scarlet, while the treeward half remains a pale pink. Sometimes a leaf. blown down in a storm, will lodge near an apple stalk. Cemented with a little moistened dust, it clings to the fruit long enough to leave the record of its stay in an outline of its crumpled form Where the leaf came between the ap-

ple and the sun, the coloring touch of the solar beam was securely kept off. Young people in France and Germany imitate this stray work of the leaf with very pretty effect. An anchor, a heart, a shield or an initial is cut in paper and gummed to a ripening peach, apple or pear. The fruit is plucked in due season, and when the bit of paper is re-moved its outline is disclosed in hues much fainter than those of the surrounding rind .- Youth's Companion.

### HONESTY AND MEMORY.

IT LOOKED AS THOUGH THE MAN WAS GUILTY OF A CRIME.

A Case Which Shows That Circumsts Evidence Is Not Always Conclusive Proof of Gullt-A Woman Makes Up in Forbearance Her Loss of Memory.

apartment up town and proceeded to furnish it. The carpets were supplied and laid by a reputable house. Something about one of them was unsatisfactory, and a man was sent to investigate. The wif -Mrs. L.-was on her way out of the building to post a letter when she encountered him. Recognizing him, she said: "Here is the key; I will be back in five minutes. Go up and see what can

No sooner had she got on the street when she thought suddenly of a roll of bills, nearly \$100, which she had carelessly left in a glove box on her dressing table. There was nobody in the apartment, as no servant had yet been engaged, and she was tempted to return at once to look after the money. "But surely," she thought, "that man is honest: I need have no fear," and she hurried on.

In less than ten minutes she was back, and met the carpet man just outside her door. He stopped and spoke with her concerning the troublesome carpet, and promised a speedy remedy. They separated and she entered her apartment. Almost mechanically she went to her dressing table and raised the lid of the glove box. The money was not there.

DAMAGING EVIDENCE. Without delaying an instant she hurried into the hall and down the stairs. overtaking the carpet man as he had reached the street.

"Will you come back a moment, please?" she said. He did so at once. When they were

again in the apartment she faced him. "A curious thing has happened. When I went out this morning I left a roll of bills-\$90-in that box over there. It is

The man did not seem to understand for a moment. "Well," he said unmean-"Well," repeated Mrs. L., "there was

nobody in the apartment but"-The man interrupted her. "God, madam," he said earnestly as the signifi-cance of her words dawned upon him, 'you don't think I took your money?"

"I don't know what to think," replied

Mrs. L.; "the money was there and now "But I'm an honest man," he went on. "I've got a little girl. Do you think I'd steal? Why, I've been eight years with So-and-so. They know my character.

Look around for your money. Perhaps your husband took it. "That is possible," said Mrs. L. "Will you ceme with me to his office and find

He acquiesced and the journey down town was made. Mr. L. bad not taken the money. The man was greatly disturbed.

"You can search me," he said. "There's my own money," producing a small wad, "left from my last week's wages. I haven't another cent about me." And he turned his pockets inside out.

Mr. L. was impressed with the man's appearance and earnestness. Mrs. L. was puzzled and her money was gone.

wicked man here. I shall never notice the time, and the man went back to his work asking only that he and not they Ike took the cattle home. His uncle report the occurrence at the carpet dealwalked. His aunt told him about the er's shop. Mrs. L. went home and rancontemplated sale, and though he ex- sacked drawers and boxes, moved furpressed commiseration for his uncle it is niture, and opened trunks in a vain doubtful if he felt any. His aunt said it search for the money. Several days served them just right. Ike kept his passed, when, on going to an upper shelf in a wardrobe, Mrs. L.'s attention was attracted to a towel pinned in a roll. Rest, but Change of Occupation. # What was that? she wondered. She took As for the feeling that we need rest, it down and opened it. Inside was a rest, rest, it is often a fallacious one. It discarded wallet, and in the wallet the

spirit of life enters into us when we take And they had been put there by Mrs. a vital part in today. Often we suffer L. herself. She recalled, on seeing them, from rest. A change of occupation is that the night before the man came she what we most need, as a rule, and the had thought, just before going to bed, relief hours of an active person turn out that it was careless, with so many perto be very intelligent. We must rest. sons coming and going in the course of but we need not lose our electricity. the settling process, to leave money loose which the will, the thought, can com- in a box on the table, and she had elabomand at all times, and which ought to rately thought out this hiding place. be on guard, like an orderly, to summon Then she had slept, and by morning had lost ail recollection of what she had done.

It was late Saturday afternoon when ourselves for those we love, or we almost she found the money, and storming, but forget the pain, which is the same thing. it must be related to Mrs. L.'s credit and ill temper cannot flourish unless we that she did what she could. She sent a have idleness in which to reflect upon dispatch to the man in care of his firm the motes belonging to some one else. stating that the money was found. On With energy leading the way, ennui Monday she went to the shop and exlifts from the horizon, and we see color plained the matter to the superintendent, who labor day by day in hunger and to see her. He did so and received an

Then Mrs. L. tried to reimburse him sitting down to lassitude and sighs. - for his "loss of time;" this he would not permit. The money was found-that was all he wanted. So it all ended happily. But the story may be taken as forcibly illustrating the uncertain value of two things-a woman's memory and circumstantial evidence.-Her Point of View in New York Times.

"Bre'er Johnsing, does yo' b'lieve in

"Does I b'lieve in miracles? Suttenly I does. Didn't I jest have one of 'em down at my house?

"You? A miracle down at your house?" "Yes, sah; dat's what I said. Dey was jes' fouh chickens in my coop when I went to bed las' night, an' when I woked ap dis mornin' "-'Dey was eight?"

"Eight? No, yo' fool man! Dey wasn's sone. Done stole." "Humph! Wha's de miracle?" "De coop was lef"."-Judge.

A Clear Head. "I tell you, laugh as you will, Mr. Softey has a clear head."
"Indeed!"

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A CASE OF POOR MEMORY.

However, nothing further was done at he time, and the man went back to his

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