MOONRISE.

[illegible]

JUST IN TIME.

She followed him all day long like a little dog. If he ran, she ran. Off and scrubbed her knees, cried and was lifted up again. Thus it went on from the week's beginning to its end.

He grew tired of her, and would have fled to run away from her. But he did not date. He also was in master's daughter, and he was—well, there was the rub—he did not know who he was.

He woke up one day and found himself here. The sky was above him, and there would have been earth beneath to hold, if he had not pitched thus in the wrong direction. He was drenched in a random way Ola, and was put on the perch, as they say.

Jem Gentry took him as his share of the parish burden. When he was old enough to work he made a good enough to earn his food and shelter. Jem Gentry then wanted to send him away, but his little daughter Birgit was afraid of him that he decided to keep him.

When Ola was twelve years old he could lift a cup from a tall high stool to back. Birgit was so fond of Ola that everything he did seemed admirable. Once she told a bad word and Ola was snapped for it.

So Ola was sent to the mountains to ground with his alpine horn over the wide mountain plains, ate berries, caught fish, set traps and was happy. He hardly thought once of the little girl down in the valley.

One day late in the summer she came up to the dairy with her mother. She was carried up on horseback in a basket. When she saw him she flung herself down upon the grass and screamed with laughter.

But when her mother had reached her she ran up to him and hugged him. While the mother were being stuffed he went to look after the things. She followed him, joined in the thought that he was afraid her.

"Look here," he cried, lifting up a brass horn, "don't you want a big trumpet?"

"It isn't so!" she sobbed.

"It was there."

"No, it isn't a horn. A horn is white."

"It is brown in summer. It changes its color."

"Has he two skins, one inside the other?"

Instead of answering he took his knife and cut the horn open.

"No," he said, "he hasn't got more's one."

* * * * * *

The time came when Ingbod to go to the pasture to prepare for Confirmation. It so happened that she went the same year.

But, though he had a neat top, it was a cracked one of Jem Gentry's, which was much too big for him. His boots, too, and his trousers had seen better days before they made his acquaintance.

He walked aside from the rest, his ears burned when any one looked at him. But if any one dared to mock him, he used a pair of fists which inspired respect.

He was a handsome enough lad and finely made, but his clothes and his frowzy hair made him look ugly. Heavy thoughts came to him, and a fierce, distant spirit was kindled within him.

It was at such a time that Birgit sought him and spoke kindly to him.

"You mustn't mind the girls," she said. "They laugh at everything. They don't mean anything by it. It's just a way they have."

"Somebody will come to harm if you ever do it," he muttered fiercely.

"That is foolish talk," she gently remonstrated. "I know you too well, Ola. You wouldn't harm me."

"Ah, you don't understand me," he said. "It's no use talking."

"Oh, yes, I do understand you, Ola," she replied, with a smile, "and I wish you would let me say one thing to you before I go."

"Say it."

"I wish—I wish," she stammered, while a quick blush sprang to her cheeks. "No, I think I won't say it, after all," she finished, and turned to go.

"You say it," he entreated, coming her hand.

"Well, I—I wish you could do as the hare, change your skin."

She drew her hand away from him and ran down the hillside, so that the stones and dry leaves flew about her.

That night he picked a quarrel with Traeger Skelton, who was said to be attractive to Birgit, and he thrashed him. All the following winter he kept watch of her from afar, and picked quarrels with everybody whom she seemed to favor.

"Change my skin," he pondered. "Change my skin like the hare. How, oh, how can I do it?"

This thought followed him day and night. One day, in the spring, so cold and ship-loaded for America appeared at the mouth of the river.

Ola packed Ingbord his few traps and went up to Gentry's to say goodby. He met Birgit in the birch grove behind the barn. It was the time when the birch were bursting and the swallows had just returned.

"Well, Ola, where are you going?" she asked, as she saw him coming with bundle and staff in hand.

"To America."

"America!" she cried. "America!"

The answer seemed to frighten her, she turned pale and caught hold of a birch tree for support. He watched her sorrowfully.

"What are you going to do in America, Ola?" she faltered.

"Change my skin," he replied, with a voice that startled her. "And if I come back within five years with a changed skin will you promise to wait for me?"

"I promise," she whispered, weeping quietly upon his shoulder.

* * * * * *

Five years from that day a young man was seen ascending up the hillside to Gentry's. He had a big beard, hat on his head and he was well dressed.

His face was strong, spare and determined, his eyes danced with joy. He, in his pocket he had a royal mandate from the king which he meant to empire somebody up at Gentry's farm. It was five years today since he left her, and it was five years she had promised to wait for him.

The rule here he had toiled, saved and suffered for for long many years. He had been a silver miner in Leadville, where the place was rich, and he had sold his claim for $35,000.

As he was hurrying along, an old woman, who was sitting by the roadside, called him.

"Gentleman, are walking today?" she said, holding out her hand for a penny.

"Mumbledoo!" he cried, with a huge laugh. "Why, Gerdt, I am Ola what you used to fan Gentry's dairy."

"You, Ola! Ola was so the poorest. Then you must have changed your skin."

"That was what I went to America for," he answered, laughing.

The old woman had been up the hillside. Turn Ola sat down to rest, for he had walked fast and was tired. Presently he heard music up under the lodge of the forest; there was one flute and several fiddles.

A bridal party! Yes, there was the bride, with a silver crown upon her head and dancing lightsome upon her tresses.

The procession came nearer. Now the master of the ceremonies opened the church doors wide and went to meet the bride and groom.

Ola sat still like a rock, but a strange sensation came over him. As the party drew near to the gate of the churchyard he cross and sweet, tall and grave, in the bridal of the road. Then came Birgit Gentry and Traeger Skelton. She looked pale and sad, he fancied.

"You didn't expect me to your wedding, Birgit Gentry?" he said, and stared hard at her. She gave a crouch, the crown fell from her head, she trembled forward and flung her arms about his neck.

"Now, mum," he cried, "whoever dares, and I'll make a sorry bridal."

Jem Gentry stepped forward and spoke. His face shook with wrath and his veins swelled upon his brow.

"Here I am," he said. "If you want the girl you shall fight for her."

"Not with you, old man," retorted Ola, "but with Traeger I'll fight. Let him come forward."

The bridal guests made a step on the green and the bridegroom came slowly forward.

"Hard luck," he said, "to have to fight for your bride on your wedding day."

Eight hours later he had his happiness had been lifted and dried, woke up with a start. She was sweet her arms from Ola's neck and clapped up between the two men.

"Oh, do not fight, do not fight!" she cried, holding out her hands to each one clasped her from on the other.

"You never forgot, for when I have waited for three long years. You know when I have loved since I was a child. But you had been spoiled too soft towards. Now he has come back. I am no longer afraid of you."

"Whatever will be my wedding gown for him Gerdt," shouted Ola. "For I have to my hand a royal license to be married to Birgit, Jem Gentry's daughter."

"All that money can buy you shall have," he said. "I'll make a wedding the time of which shall be heard in seven parishes around."

He held out his arm and marched boldly into the church.

The wedding guests looked at Jem Gentry, who was sending his wrath upon the groom.

"You coward!" he yelled. "You let Birgit be carried off right before your very eyes. I saw what enough to be of such a sneaking. Come, friends, we have our wedding yet. A girl belongs to him who can catch her."

With a wrathful oath he stalked in then with the open church door, and the wedding guests closely followed.—Boston Globe.

The Division of Time.

The division of time into hours was practised among the Babylonians from remote antiquity, but it was Hipparchus, the philosopher, who introduced the Babylonian hour into Europe. The sexagesimal system of notation was chosen by that ancient people because there is no number having so many divisors as sixty. The Babylonians divided the daily journey of the sun, the ruler of the day, into twenty-four paraseugas. Each paraseuga was divided into twelve nasbus, sixty nasbus, and that again into sixty nasbus. They computed the progress made by the sun during one hour at the time of the equinox to the progress made by a good walker in the same period of time, both covering one parasec, and the course of the sun during the full equinoctial day was fixed at twenty-four paraseugas.—London Tit-Bits.

The Value of the Baby.

The ruby is valued highest when it is spotless, the baby when it is spotted. The largest ruby that history speaks of belonged to Elizabeth of Austria, the mother of Charles IX. It was almost as big as a hen's egg. The virtues attributed to rubies are to banish sadness, to repress luxury and to drive away evil spirits. At the same time it symbolizes worldly, sweet and carnal as well as boldness and bravery. A change in its color announces a calamity, but when the jewelle is very it regains its primitive lustre.—Paris Figaro.

THE SEEDBED FOR WHEAT.

A Sensible Talk by a Farmer on a Subject of General Interest.

It used to be the practice to plow the ground as soon as possible after harvest, stimulating the ground, that is, plowing as shallow as possible, so the straw and weeds were turned under. Later on, or just before seeding, a second plowing would be given deeper and more thoroughly than the first, and then enough harrowing of "tackling" would be given to fine the soil, it being considered an item to have the soil fine and mellow and as deep as possible. Gradually a change was made, and only one plowing was given early, but deeper, and then the surface, to the depth of three or four inches, put in as fine tilth as possible, leaving the under soil firm, it being considered better to do this than to have the soil loose and mellow as deep as possible. A Missouri farmer, in The Farm, Field and Fireside, says:

In my vicinity the practice usually followed is to plow but once, and that late, preparing the field after the crop is taken off, and ready to plow. One reason for this is that many farmers consider it an injury to the soil to plow and let be exposed to the hot sun of summer. Because this is the plan largely followed is not conclusive proof that it is the best. One of the most profitable crops of wheat I ever raised was on land that had been in corn. The corn was cut off close to the ground and washed off and shocked up in a lot. The cultivation had been continued late and the soil was clean. After the corn was taken off it was thoroughly harrowed, was given and the wheat sown with the drill. This left the surface of the soil in a good condition.

The condition and cleanness of the soil will make a difference. In a dry season the soil need be worked to a much shallower depth to secure sufficient moisture to insure good germination of the seed, while with the same soil in a favorable season a shallower working of the soil would give better results. The deeper and more thoroughly the soil is worked in the fall the more liable it is to freeze deep in the winter, and while it is the freezing up and thawing out that is many seasons injured the wheat the most it is quite as desirable to avoid this as to insure a good stand of wheat. In such a case the fall work will consistent is impossible, for with a large proportion of farm work the spring and the fall need be worked and, and what will be best for one time will fall at other times. Under the farmer may be a condition which upon his judgment as to the best preparation is to be given under the conditions as he sees it, rather than following some one else working under entirely different circumstances.

The Plow in the West.

It looks as if the plow would have to fall to the rear as a farm implement, says the Peoria Transcript. From all parts of the west comes the advice, Don't plow your grounds for corn. Plowing is slow, hard on horses, and when done is not as good as surface cultivation with cultivator and disk harrows. More than half the corn seen in this part of Illinois are covered with a pulverizer or corn cultivator. The means of putting in oats is much more rapid, and the oats are as good as those sown from the slower way of plowing the land and then covering with a harrow. During the past four seasons, says the authority quoted, our farmers have seen experimenting with the pulverizer as a tool to prepare the seed for a corn crop. They first clear the land of stalks, then put four horses on the pulverizer, turn the shares to an angle where they will rip and tear, and dig up the ground to a depth of twelve or fourteen inches. Then the shares are turned back to a right angle and the land is harrowed and the land is ready for the planter. Those who have tried this are enthusiastic in praise of the plan, and say they have no further use for the old plow capable of doing a little soil properly. One of the great advantages of pulverizing instead of plowing is that it can be done in spring, plant the field in the same season, and be all ready for cultivation at an earlier date than is often done up in spring plowing.

Dressing Old Boots in London.

The dilapidated condition of mankind's footwear in the heart of London never struck me so forcibly as when I just been down the workhouse on a review, when at the door of twenty-two feet from the street came upon a cousin of a mammoth and other prehistoric animals. Two lofty buildings with their long rear together, along with other houses behind in the same school. A portion of one of those houses was brought to the surface and it was found to consist of an oldest pair of boots two feet in circumference.—London Letter.

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For all points east ..... 8:00 a m
For Ogden and intermediate points ..... 8:00 a m
For Boise, Portland, San Francisco and points west ..... 10:00 a m
For Cache Valley and Park City ..... 5:30 p m
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