

MOONRISE.

I see a stretch of shining sky Like some fair ocean sunset lit. Peaceful and wide its spaces lie. And purple shores encompass it. A little slender silver boat Upon its bosom is afloat.

JUST IN TIME.

She followed him all day long like a little dog. If he ran, she ran, fell 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 liked to run away from her. But he did not dare, for she was his 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 born. The sky was above him, and there would have been earth beneath his feet, if he had not pointed them in the wrong direction. He was christened in a random way Ola, and was put on the parish, as they say.

Jeus Oestruo took him as his share of the parish burdens. When he was six years old he could be made useful enough to earn his food and shelter. Jeus Oestruo then wanted to send him away, but his little daughter Birgit was so fond of him that he decided to keep him.

When Ola was twelve years old he could kick a cap from a nail high above his head. Birgit was so fond of Ola that everything he did seemed admirable. Once she said a bad word and Ola was whipped for it.

So Ola was sent to the mountains; he roamed 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 delight.

But when her mother had reached the hut she ran up to him and hugged him. While the cattle were being milked he went to look after his things. She followed him, proud in the thought that she tolerated her.

"Look here," he cried, lifting up a brown hare, "isn't that a big fellow?" "What is it?" she asked.

"No, it isn't a hare. A hare is white." "It is brown in summer. It changes its skin." "Has he two skins, one inside the other?"

Instead of answering he took his knife and cut the hare's skin. "No," he said, "he hasn't got more'n one."

The time came when he had to go to the parson to prepare for confirmation. It so happened that she went the same year.

But, though he had a coat now, it was a cast off of one of Jeus Oestruo'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 frowsy hair made him look ugly. Heavy thoughts came to him, and a fierce, defiant 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 answered 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 is 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.

"Yes, say it," he entreated, seizing her hand. "Well, I—I wish you could do as the hare, change your skin."

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

That night he picked a quarrel with Thorger Sletten, who was said to be attentive 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, an emigrant ship bound for America appeared at the mouth of the river.

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

She turned pale and caught hold of a birch tree for support. He watched her narrowly.

"What are you going to do in America, Ola?" she asked softly. "Change my skin," he replied, with a vigor 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 hastening up the hillside to Oestruo. He had a big satchel hat on his head and he was well dressed.

His face was strong, square and determined, his eyes danced with joy, for in his pocket he had a royal marriage license, with which he meant to surprise somebody up at Oestruo's farm. It was five years today since he left her, and it was five years she had promised to wait for him.

For this hour he had toiled, saved and suffered for five long weary years. He had been a silver miner in Leadville when the place was yet new, and he had sold his claim for \$50,000.

As he was hurrying along, an old woman, who was sitting by the roadside, hailed him. "Gentlefolks out walking today?" she said, holding out her hand for a penny.

"Gentlefolks?" he cried, with a happy laugh: "Why, Gurid, I am Ola who used to herd cattle at Oestruo's dairy." "You, Ola! who was on the parish? Then you must have changed your skin."

"That was what I went to America for," he answered, laughing. "The church lay half way up the hillside. There Ola sat down to rest, for he had walked far and was tired. Presently he heard music up under the ledge of the forest; there was one clarinet and several fiddles."

A bridal party! Yes, there was the bride, with a silver crown upon her head and shining brooches upon her bosom. 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 numbness came over him. As the party drew near to the gate of the churchyard he arose and stood, tall and grave, in the middle of the road. Then came Birgit Oestruo and Thorger Sletten. She looked pale and sad, he defiant.

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

"Now come," he cried, "whoever dares, and I'll make a merry bridal." Jeus Oestruo stepped forward and spoke. His voice shook with wrath and the 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 Thorger I'll fight. Let him come forward."

The bridal guests made a ring on the green and the bridegroom came slowly forward. "Hard luck," he said, "to have to fight for your bride on your wedding day."

Fight? Birgit, who in her happiness had been blind and deaf, woke up with a start. She unbound her arms from Ola's neck and stepped up between the two men.

"Oh, do not fight, do not fight!" she entreated, holding out her hands first to one claimant and then to the other. "You know father, for whom I have waited for these five years. You know whom I have loved since I was a child. But you used force against me and threats. Now he has come back. I am no longer afraid of you."

"Whoever will be my wedding guest let him follow," shouted Ola, "for I have in my hand a royal license to be married to Birgit, Jeus Oestruo's daughter."

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

He took the bride's arm and marched boldly into the church. The wedding guests looked at Jeus Oestruo, who was venting his wrath upon the groom.

"You coward!" he yelled, "you let the girl be snatched away before your very nose. I am glad enough to be rid of such a son-in-law. Come, folks; we'll have our wedding yet. A girl belongs to him who can catch her."

With a wrathful snort he stalked in through the open church door, and the wedding guests slowly followed.—Boston Globe.

The Division of Time. The division of time into hours was practiced 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 divisions as sixty. The Babylonians divided the daily journey of the sun, the ruler of the day, into twenty-four parasangs. Each parasang or hour was subdivided into sixty minutes, and that again into sixty seconds. They compared 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 parasang, and the course of the sun during the full equinoctial day was fixed at twenty-four parasangs.—London Tit-Bits.

The Value of the Ruby. The ruby is valued highest when it contains the least azure. The largest ruby that history speaks of belonged to Elizabeth of Austria, the wife 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 annoying thoughts. At the same time it symbolizes cruelty, anger and carnage, as well as boldness and bravery. A change in its color announces a calamity, but when the trouble is over it regains its primitive luster.—Paris Figaro.

A Husband's Signature Void. A very curious case in which a husband executed a will which had been prepared for his wife, and the wife executed a will which had been prepared for her husband, has recently been decided by the general term of the supreme court of this state.

John and Jane Nelson, being husband and wife, wanted to make wills each in favor of the other, and employed William Cowie to prepare the instrument, which he did in due form.

The wills were read and placed upon the table for signature. Each then signed one of the wills, made the requisite declaration as to the character of the instrument and asked the subscribing witnesses to sign. After execution the wills were sealed up in an envelope, which was not opened until after the husband's death, when it was discovered for the first time that each had by mistake signed the will intended for the other.

The wife brought a suit in the supreme court to correct her husband's mistake in signing the wrong will by re-forming the language of the will which he did actually execute, so as to make it conform to that which he certainly intended to execute.

Her complaint was dismissed at the special term, however, and the appellate branch of the supreme court holds that the dismissal was right. Mr. Justice Martin, in the opinion of the general term, says in substance that there is no will to correct, because the husband did not make any will at all. The instrument that he executed was his wife's will, and of no more legal significance than if it had been a blank piece of paper.

No precisely similar case is reported in this state, but there are English and Pennsylvania decisions in point adverse to the position of the wife.—Albany Argus.

Defying Superstition. Thirteen Philadelphia young men have banded themselves together, if rumors are true, in what timid superstitious ones will call a suicide club. This Club of Thirteen, as its name hints, has been organized in contempt of almost all known popular superstitions.

The club metings occur on Friday evenings, and on the 13th of the month, in room 13 of a house numbered 13. The fiery headed member is the first to enter the hall, and all pass under a ladder raised in the room. On taking his seat the president opens an umbrella handed him by the cross eyed janitor, and sits under it during the session.

The sergeant-at-arms opens the proceedings by breaking a looking glass. A skeleton sits opposite the president at all feasts and two black cats stalk around the room. The walls are adorned with peacock feathers. Every member is under solemn oath always to spill salt, look at the moon over his left shoulder, stumble whenever alighting from a journey, walk between couples on the street and when together pass on either side of a post.

They are eager just now to purchase a raven and rent a haunted house to hold their meetings in.—Philadelphia Record.

A Thief in Disguise. A miner operating on Sabe creek, Idaho, for some time past has missed a great deal of amalgam from his sluice boxes. He determined to keep watch for the thief, and several nights ago he saw a calf nibbling grass near the boxes, often reaching over the rim and drinking the water that flowed over the riffle. He, however, paid no attention to the animal. The theft of amalgam still continued, and a few nights ago, when the calf appeared, he shot it. He ran to where the calf was lying and saw a human leg, with the foot wrapped in sacks, protruding from the animal's stomach. It took him but a second to realize that he had shot the thief, who had been cleverly disguised as a calf. The miner took the culprit to camp, and much to his surprise, he discovered that the thief was a young woman.—Exchange.

Air Pressure at the Cannon's Mouth. Experiments were made during the last trial trip of the armed cruiser Beowulf to determine the air pressure at the mouth of a gun at the moment of discharge. Rabbits were placed near the muzzles of the guns and shots fired. In every case the animals fell dead at once. In order to test the probable effects of the enormous displacement of air upon human beings figures made of straw were used. These were torn to pieces in every instance. The trials were made with long bored 24-centimeter ring guns.—Berlin Cor. London News.

Exhaust Pipes for Oil Tanks. Judging from the reports from the oil regions, few of the tanks have pipes at the bottom of the great receptacles so arranged that the oil can be drained out of a burning tank from below, thus reducing the loss from fire to a minimum. The great fires at the Point Breeze refineries brought about that reform in our local oil works, and it has proved of great service ever since it was put in operation.—Philadelphia Press.

A Mighty Feast. At Fischhausen, in Germany, a wedding feast of Homeric proportions recently took place. The 168 guests got through one ox, three pigs, four calves, eighteen chickens, ten geese, and ducks and pigeons in proportion. Four hogheads of beer, forty quarts of rum and fifty of other liquors served to wash down the solids. The shade of Gargantua should rejoice at this noble feat.—London Globe.

An improved traction engine has lately appeared in Missouri. It is run with a relatively small amount of fuel, carries a heavy load and is provided with means for changing its speed without altering the stroke of the engine.

Immense damage has been done in the County of Essex, England, by the pea weevil. In many cases whole fields of peas have been destroyed and have had to be plowed in and oats sown in their place.

MISS MORGAN AND JOURNALISM.

A New York Writer Pays to Woman a Worthy and Respectful Tribute. And now a word for Miss Middy Morgan.

There were women writers on the press when she came here, but not many. I met her in 1869 or 1870. We discussed the question of women in journalism at some length. My own experience in that direction had been peculiarly happy. Upon the staff of the New York Star the best writer on labor matters was Mrs. Hannah McL. Shephard, who subsequently became the wife of an erratic genius named Wolf. She wrote for us a series of articles on labor and capital which attracted the attention of James Gordon Bennett, who took the unusual step of ascertaining who the individual was who could so aptly and ably handle that tremendous question.

Mrs. Calhoun, I think, at that time was writing on The Tribune. We had not, however, the multiplicity of women, many of whom are the merest chits of girls, in the employ of newspapers. Some of these young women today do excellent work.

I think of the names of at least a dozen who are quite the peers of many of their masculine companions, and whose work in some respects is as good as any that has ever appeared in any of the New York journals. When Miss Morgan came it was different, and as she found pleasure in writing upon a subject which no other woman had ever touched here, there was added to her unique personality an element of sensationalism which made her a very much talked of individual.

Breeders of horses throughout the country, as indeed throughout the civilized world, knew her well by sight; many of them had the honor of her personal acquaintance, and all read her writings with respect. The ordinary reader, however, probably never saw her. She was quite six feet tall, noticeably spare in figure, with very long arms and very long legs. She dressed queerly. I never saw her without an umbrella in her hand and a package of papers under her arm. She was industrious, reliable, intelligent and perfectly conversant with the details of her specialty. Her death came to me as a great surprise. It is but a few weeks since I had quite a talk with her, and she seemed then as bright and as cheery as ever. I am glad to know that the good woman saved some of her hard earned money, and I should be better pleased if I could also know that she had spent it freely upon her own personal comfort and convenience. But the thought suggested by the report of Miss Morgan's death is that during her twenty-two years of experience here she saw a wonderful revolution in respect of women's work.

The difficulty encountered by woman writers is, first, the selfishness of man. I will give you a brief illustration. Some years ago a piece of work was done which attracted the attention of every newspaper in the city, subsequently in the country, and later on in the world. If that work had been done by me, the paper would have cheerfully paid all my expenses and \$2,500 with thanks. As it was, having been done by a woman, it was with great difficulty she obtained \$300 and the barest recognition possible. In some newspaper offices women are employed as solicitors of advertising, coupled with the duties of "writing up" the advertising establishment. My own judgment is that that is not good policy, and my advice to women writers is that they look at the world precisely as their brothers of the quill look at it.

The tendency of our fashion writers and our society gossips is to gush, to flatter, to beslather with fulsome praise, which is often a source of great annoyance to the party written about, and provocative of a sniff of contempt from the reader. There is no earthly reason why the women who have to pay taxes and bear their share of the civic burden shouldn't have the right to determine who shall be the ruler, who shall be the servant, precisely as the men have it. Common sense comes into all matters and regulates in the ultimate everything and everybody.

Women as doctors for other women, as nurses, as matrons, women as telegraphers, stenographers, clerks, women, in other words, for whatever they can physically do, ought to be welcomed, and are welcomed by men of sense and understanding. If we can put the ballot into the hand of a man who can neither read nor speak the English language, if we can intrust that high duty to a foreign born individual after he has been in this country seven years, I think we would make no mistake in intrusting it to a bright, quick witted American girl after she has had an experience of twenty-one years. It was Miss Morgan's privilege to see her sex advance many steps upon the ladder of improvement upon the social scale, and to find hundreds of them literally in the paths which, when she began, she trod almost alone.—Joseph Howard in New York Recorder.

Two Ways of Preventing Moths. Moths are a pest of New York and Brooklyn houses; eternal vigilance is the price of safety from them, and sometimes that is not enough. Two women recently discussing moth preventives or protectors found safety in different methods. One packed her winter clothing, after thoroughly airing and looking over, in clean barrels, whose crevices, if any, she carefully pasted over with newspaper; when the barrel was filled a newspaper was securely pasted over the top, and the parcel was moth proof.

The second used old trunks, with any broken places carefully protected with newspapers, and sprinkled naphtha over each garment as it was laid in, finishing with a layer of newspaper at the top well doused with the naphtha. Each had "never had a thing eaten by moths."

The naphtha advocate urged caution in its use. No match or light must be brought near while the sprinkling process is going on nor until the place has been well aired.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

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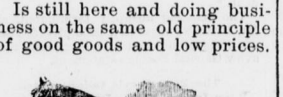
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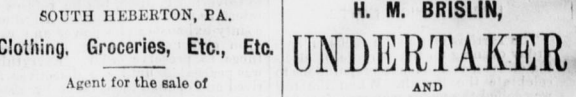
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