

THINKING OF OTHERS

"An old man going a lone highway, Came at evening, cold and gray. The stars were out, the moon was pale, The old man crooked at the twilight pale. Then he turned when he saw no fear for him; But he turned when he saw on the other side. And he turned a holler to span the thine. 'Old man,' said a fellow pilgrim then, You are wasting your strength with holding here; Your journey will end with the ending day. You never again will pass this way; You'll cross the stream and no fear for him; And will you bring me to span the thine? The builder lifted his old grey head—'A youth whose feet must pass this way— This chain that has been wrought to me— To that fair-haired lad may a pitfall lie. He too, must cross in the twilight pale; Good friend, I am building this bridge for him."

When Laurel Crossed the Mischiefmaker.

By Ida Reed-Smith

"It was a point of honor with Mrs. Ashe not to find fault with the weather, but on looking through the window, Friday morning, and wondering what Laurel would be doing that afternoon, she said:

"It really seems as though we'd had enough rain!"

For four days the clouds which hung over the mountains had deluged the foothills. Not a single gentle shower which the soil could store for future use or else sent peacefully off by way of the regular outlet but suddenly down would pour, filling the creek beds, backed up into dry ravines and brought the water of the river dangerously near the green valley fields.

Now and then the wind-jolted forces with which the rain would drop from the gray mountain wherever it pleased. The unlucky traveller who had to face it was soon soaked to the skin, no matter how well protected he might think himself. In the valley, the cattle were forced to graze, back to the blast, waiting for a lull in the storm. The people on the vast farms watched the ominous play of the clouds from their porches. No Indians had given it a significant name—*Nee-su-bo-ne-ska*. "The Mischiefmaker."

"She'll touch high-water mark by night," said the boy, and one summer to another as they stood on the bridge and watched the swift, turbid current that swept under it.

"Yes," answered the other, "you're right." The boy, riding his pony, lowered his sky. "N, I don't see no signs of a let-up. When the clouds hang over Ol' Buffalo like that, they're come to stay, say, Solly?"

"The same signs are there for salmon on the river grunted sullenly. "Nee-su-bo-ne-ska" he kept busy—tumby, quirk," answered the boy.

"He's a true prophet. The clouds always seem to know where to go. The rain swept down in sheets. High-water mark" was touched long before noon—poured. "The steep banks of the river were undermined and gave way, plunging trees and shrubs into the racing current. Those barricaded narrow places, sending the yellow flood creeping, crawling out over fields and pastures. Farmers drove their cattle to safety, but the herd went on to follow—with household staff at moment's notice.

"I never saw such a storm," said Mr. Ashe, who stood on the porch in the afternoon. "I won't see our girl this week, father."

"Hardly," said Mr. Ashe. "She'll stay up-mountain over Sunday, I reckon."

"This seems to be some excitement down by the bridge," Mrs. Ashe shaded her eyes to get a better focus of the distant scene. "There isn't—why, father, can't I see the bridge? Is the bridge going to be there?"

"River's pretty high," was the dubious answer. "Water was 'most even with the floor of the bridge when I was down there this morning."

Mrs. Ashe looked behind the group of men near the end of the bridge. "Why, father, I can't seem to see the bridge. It approaches on either side and it's hidden in the bushes."

Mr. Ashe gave a swift and started glance. "The middle span's gone, mother! The water's running through like a river!"

Up up-mountain, where Laurel Ashe was teaching her first term of school, the troubles of the valley folk were only guessed at. It had been a wet week, but dark firewood had not been hard to get. It had been hard work to keep the little schoolroom cheerful with its much "gloom outside." Laurel was heartily glad there was only a few miles distance between her and the hillside cottage where father and mother were waiting for her; where there were red geraniums growing in the windows, a yellow cat asleep on his cushion, and fresh flowers.

She went after young mountaineers off with a reminder to go straight home "and be sure to come back Monday." And when she made her appearance for the day, home! Wet it was bound to be, and she meant to make it as brief as possible. She went to the lean-to, where she kept her ponies, and mounted and mounting struck out into the treacherous trail. A call made her check the neck and glance round.

"Teacher! Teacher!" cried the teacher, with a start.

A moment later she caught sight of little Mrs. Torrey, who lived on the ranch just beyond her boarding place. She was running toward her, shouting.

"Thank yous are here," she cried. "It's the baby. He's awful sick. Mrs. Danbury's staying with him. His father's away—and the doctor says—out of your way, but—"

"As if anything mattered!" said Laurel, who had a pocketful of paper in the pocket of her raincoat. "I'll send the wire for you, Mrs. Torrey, never fear. And don't give up hoping. About the doctor's mistake about little Jim. Sports are sometimes, you know. And Mrs. Danbury's splashed with babies."

"If only his father was home!" choked the other. "They—say each other—so."

"Mrs. Torrey, I'll do my best to get him here," said the teacher simply. She shook the reins over the neck of the impatient Nipper. "Get away, old Nip took me over those gardens."

old fellow!" she said, giving the sleek neck a pat. "It's an old man now, but he's not bad. If it's your fifty, you won't see to me." Jim Torrey bowed his head.

The Gap, through which the railroad entered the Klukuket Range, was unmade. The tracks were washed away, and the iron frame which held them was narrow and at times dangerous, but the sure-footed Nipper made his way over it as a good pony. Nipper was used to the road, and he dashed along, his head held high, his mane black and his youth with him.

With his mind on her errand, Laurel did not notice the discomforts of the way.

The gray-green moon long featured the long winding trail. The iron night fell on Nipper, but the sure-footed Nipper made his way over it as a good pony. Nipper was used to the road, and he dashed along, his head held high, his mane black and his youth with him.

"It changed to sympathy as he read the words of the letter, which she should have sent him.

"I'm afraid he'll be disappointed," said Janet.

"This chain that has been wrought to me—

"To that fair-haired lad may a pitfall lie. He too, must cross in the twilight pale; Good friend, I am building this bridge for him."

PLANTING OF THE VEGETABLE GARDEN

"There are so many different phases of work to be considered in connection with the planting of a garden that one needs to be thorough, and the operation to be conducted when weather conditions are right, is the preparation of the soil. What is the soil of a sandy nature, there is the danger of injuring the physical texture, working while too moist will cause puddles, while working dry will cause dust for that reason. However, the cultivation given the garden prior to moving the seed should be thorough in every respect, because upon this the seed will depend, to a very great degree, the success or failure of the garden."

"It obtain the maximum return from any garden, it is necessary to employ certain methods, and the time taken to do this will be a hard time. But a second could be had more easily."

"Twenty-five thousand dollars," Janet remarked significantly.

"No, of course he didn't have a hard time. But a second could be had more easily."

"Twenty-five thousand dollars," Janet repeated thoughtfully. "ounds like a lot of money, doesn't it?"

"Let's see, Hugh. How much is your salary above the last raise?"

"Twenty-five dollars a week," Hugh's interruption interrupted. In a whisper, "I'm talking to Roger."

"Neither physically nor mentally," Janet remarked significantly.

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