Bellefonte Pa. March 3, 1905.

THE IDEAL LAND

Though dark is the sea that we sail on, And our craft is weighted with care: It often is tossed by the billows, And seldom the weather is fair. We hopefully steer for a haven Far over the turbulent sea, The shores of an ideal country-The land where the soul is free.

Though often the tides are against us And often the winds are adverse, While the storms raging wildly around us Our bark in the depths would immerse. Yet we will steer for that haven That only by faith we can see: The shores of that ideal country-The land where the soul is free.

At last on the distant horizon. Will that fair land come into view The eve will find rest in the vision, The heart will its courage renew. At last we shall enter that haven And ours forever will be, To dwell in that ideal country-The land where the soul is free. -M. V. Thomas.

THE PRICE OF TEDDY.

During dinner Anne Ridgely observed her husband with a new interest. He talked more than usual, when he talked at all; and in his absent-minded silences, his eyes flickered with half-concealed amusement aud his mouth lines relaxed and tightened in a shrewd humorousness peculiarly his own. She was wont not to question him in regard to his affairs. So she merely contented herself with watching him, now, and occasionally wondering what was the reason for his mood.

She talked on for a while of the happenings of her own day, a woman's luncheon she had attended, the need of a plumber in the kitchen, the blossoms on the chrysanthemums in the back yard, the report that there was to be a new rector in the parish and Teddy's fit of temper at Sallie, the

After dinner was over and the boy Teddy, whom Ridgely adored, was put to bed, Anne moved her chair to the fireplace where Carter sat puffing on a sweet old briar pipe. They were congenially silent e time, until Anne spoke suddenly.

"By the way, Carter, the Jackson house next door has been taken.' "That so?" he responded, the pipe stem between his teeth.

'Yes, they've moved in to day—Anson a man and his wife."

Ridgely removed his pipe slowly. son? H'mm! What Anson!" His voice deliberately uncurious in tone. "Henry A. Anson, so the grocer's boy

told Sallie. They lived in New York before they came here. She came over this morning to borrow the hammer and my advice about butchers. She's really very nice, I think. Do you know him, Carter?" "Yes." His answer was brief enough to

cause her to look up.
"Why, isn't—aren't they nice people?"

'He and I have been in the same line business-chemicals-for a long time," he added abruptly, with an undertone of deeper meaning.
"You speak as if—as if—isn't he quite

honorable in his business, Carter?"
Ridgely smiled grimly. "O, yes! O, yes, he's honorable enough—he's a little slow that's all; some day be'll wake up and find

"In business, I suppose you mean? "Well, I'm glad we've got some decent neighbors at last; those Boyds were really

'Annie if I were you, I wouldn't bank too much on the Anson proposition. Unless I miss my guess in about a month or maybe a week, they won't want to play in our back yard."

Anne glanced at him sharply. "What do you mean, Cartei?"

He sat silent for some time before he answered, staring inscrutably into the bed of half-doubting eye.
"I wonder if you'd understand, if I told

you?" he deliberated. Anne had never seen Ridgely in this mood before, but she betrayed no surprise. "You might try," she suggested with a

"Can you keep a secret?" Ridgely asked peremptorily.
"Carter!—and I your lawful wife these

seven years!"

little fcolish in telling a woman something he doubted she would find the least interest in. He glanced quickly at her.
"Wait, Carter, until I see if Teddy's

window is open, and let me get my sewing. I never can think as clearly as when I'm darning stockings. It gives me a perspec-"Well, Anne, its this way: For the last three years I've been interested in

bauxite. That's a chemical that is used pretty largely and its going to be used more and more, as I see it. I won't bother to explain what the stuff is for you prob-Anne interrupted.

"I know, Carter, something of it. heard you mention it once to someone, and I looked it up. It's very important and it's mined abroad, isn't it?

Exactly. Glad you know. It's mined abroad and the foreign miners have never done the right thing by us in the way of prices and opportunities of handling it. The stuff, over here, has been almost entirely in the hands of us. Charles H. Meredith's firm and myself have worked together on it. We represent a sort of a httle trust. You know what a trust-

"Yes, of course, Carter, it's—_."
"All right then. And Ansou—Henry
A. Anson—represents the independent interest, those outside the trust, see!" Well, I can't explain the details to you, but about a month ago my foreign agent sent us word that the miners abroad were waking up to the fact that if they wanted to do business on this side of the water they had to make concessions in prices. Meredith heard the same thing, but he didn't take much stock in the thing. I got my men to work and the upshot of it all is that in ten days there is to be a meeting of the producers in Paris. Meredith was kept practically in ignorance of it until today when he gets a cable from his representa tive to hotfoot over to Paris if he wants to be in the deal. It's too late. He can't get away. He's all up in the air about it. The man looked helplessly at the lad. Been telephoning all day"—Ridgely laugh—The bridge was not two hundred feet away. ed grimly—"but he can't do anything. Meanwhile my man, Ladew, has his pas-

sage all bought, and sails day after tomorrow at nine

Ridgely knocked out his pipe and gazed triumphantly at his wife. "Now do you see anything?"
"Wait, Carter—what does it mean? I

"Mean! My dear girl, it means just this—if Meredith can't get away, then I'm the only firm represented at the conference. I've got Meredith under my thumb now. He'll have to do as I say-have to."

And Anson-"There you are! Anson doesn't know one word, I believe, of what's going on. He hasn't a man in Paris. He's relied absolutely on his power here at home (and on Meredith and me). See that? Anne, if this deal goes through; if Anson doesn't hear of it until too late for him to sail; if all this comes out as I plan, we'll be rich, old girl, rich, for there are thousands of tons bought, and Anson—well, Anson will be ruined in a year, or will do as we

The possibility of the thing took hold on Anne's brain, her eyes sparkled and her hands twisted nervously. "In a year we'll-we'll go to Paris, too,

Anne, and we'll have our vacation—you and I—and the boy. And we'll see all the blooming dukes and dukesses and castles, and whatever else they've got to offer over there." Ridgely laughed. 'O. Carter!'

"Sure we will. The thing can't fail. Why, it means thousands of dollars to me. I've worked for this for years—and now its

"Carter, you're-you're wonderful," Anne cried excitedly. "You're bully."

After a moment he subsided apologetically into his chair and took up his pipe.

"We'll see, we'll see."

Anne suddenly looked straight into his "Carter, is it-quite-it is quite fair to Anson, isn't it? That is, it isn't anything

not quite-quite-." "It's business, Anne," he answered ourtly. "Business. The way men make and break each other. Fair? I guess it's fair enough when everything's considered. He tried to drive me out of it and hurt and she was hurrying to the curb. Teddy my business. He'll get a dose of his own medicine. "And if it goes through," he finally

concluded, "I'm going to be in a position to declare the prices of bauxite in the United States. Me-alone-Carter Ridgely. How about that! Eb?"

"O, it's splendid-it's a man's splendid chance. But doesn't it make a woman's schemes seem little and trifling and petty? Ridgely laughed patronizingly and went about shutting the house for the night. "You see now why Ansons won't be likely to be neighborly, Anne?"

II. Teddy Ridgely tiptoed quietly down the stairs and through the hall to the front porch. Once there, he sighed with relief and felt the tension of his dread ease up. His mother evidently had not beard him. Most likely she was asleep, as she supposed him to be. Teddy was seven and he felt the shame of an afternoon nap keenly. He paused irresolutely and then went back into the house with nervous caution.

When he again appeared he had his fire en "I'll p'tend a fire," he said, beaming on the cat.

Teddy was not too deeply absorbed in an imaginary conflagration behind the chrysanthemums that he was not acutely aware. after the lapse of some fifteen minutes, that Mr. Saunders had come in his new automobile to call upon the young lady who was visiting in the house opposite. Hence he left his fire engine capriciously and watched with deep fascination while Mr. Saunders slowed up and leaped out of his machine

"Hello, Teddy," said Mr. Saunders. Teddy approached. "'Lo," he muttered "What make

he muttered "What makes it Saunders laughed. "Gasoline. Ever hear of it? You pull this and push that and steer her with this—and off she goes.

Great eh Teddy? "Gee," said Teddy, with awe.

Teddy had never seen an automobile when it was peaceful and at rest. After Mr. Saunders had been in the house oppo glowing embers. Presently he refilled his site for some minutes, the boy came closer pipe, lighted it and leaning back in his chair, looked at his wife with a thoughtful, half-doubting eye.

site for some minutes, the boy came closer and scanned the great, flaming-red monster. Presently with a comprehensive glance about him he clambered in; his fingers itched to touch the shiny levers that Mr. Saunders had touched; Teddy pushed cautiously on them. With a snort, all unnoticed by Mr. Saunders and the young la-

dy, the mechanism rolled swiftly down the street. And in it sat Teddy. Anson came home early that afternoon. He was tired and worried. There seemed to be something untoward ahead of him; and he had not been able of late to keep He grinned boyishly.
"You'll do, Anne. Well it's this way."
Ridgely hesitated again as if deliberating with Ridgely that troubled him exceedingwith himself whether he was not getting a ly; Somewhere, something was going on little foolish in telling a woman something that he had not foreseen. He felt out of sorts and irritable as he stepped off the

train "I'll go for a walk-that will clear my

head," Anson said to himself. "Confound that Ridgely."

He struck off into the country, made a circuit of the village and was coming up the river road when he saw an automobile in the distance. As it came nearer Anson heard above the rattle and pant of the car a child's shrill scream. Standing up in it wavered a slight little fellow with streaming yellow hair and staring, terror-stricken blue eyes. His hands were stretched out piteously in front of him.

How he came to do it Anson never knew. But over his short, stocky, iron-muscled frame shot such a wave of strength as he had not felt since the days he the line" in Yale. He insisted afterward that the felt the muscles of his body harden like steel first, then came the thought that if the kid in the machine went on at the protested.

She tried to tell him then how great was yards he'd be smashed to pieces or drowned, for the river bridge was being repaired that day and the planking was completely

gone.
"The rushing scarlet devil was almost or Anson. As it swerved horribly from side to side the boy grew more and more terrified and his grasp on the seat weakened.
Anson set his teeth.

"God," he muttered. Anson jumped to the middle of the road : with the sure keen eye of an athlete and the lithe quickness of a mountain cat, he

sprang straight at the machine. For an instant the shock blinded and stunned him, then he knew that he had made it. Clutching desperately at the front of the car he crawled up into it beside the

boy. "Can't you stop her?" Anson gasped The boy shook his head fearfully. "I don't know how to do it either! Good

tightened like ropes. Something between prayer and a curse stuck in his throat. He snatched off his coat and wound the boy in it

"Keep still, boy, and don't struggle. We're going to jump for it," he commanded rapidly. He poised himself for the jump on the edge of the automobile. The lad was sob-

bing hysterically.

''God help us,'' Anson cried.

When Anson regained consciousness some one was bending over him and wip-ing the blood off his head. He felt a sickening sensation of pain and burt. Presently he knew the trouble was in his left arm.

"Is the kid all right?" he asked wearily. "Yes. He's not much hurt-just shaken up and bruised. Here he is. My name's Saunders. The little devil got in my machine when I was making a call and got it going. You're better now, eh? That arm

at a neighboring house. "They say you jumped in and jumped out, old man, while she was going. Gad, that's a nervy thing. A man saw you do it. But I don't know your name, do I?"

Saunders raised Anson a little and gave

him some brandy that he had obtained

"Anson is my name. I'm new here. Who is the boy?' "That?-that's Teddy Ridgely-Carter Ridgely's son."

"Ugh," grunted Anson feebly. "You saved his life, I reckon. The ma chine's in toothpicks on the river bed now." "Mr. Saunders-I-I'd like to get home; and that kid needs his mother. Can't you get us somewhere, soon."

Anne Ridgely stood on the front lawn peering anxiously up and down the street or Teddy when she saw Saunders approaching, Anson and the boy lying on the bottom of the farm wagon he had borrowed. ond stopped.

Saunders tried to wave his hand in a reassuring gesture, and shook his head cheerfully. In a moment her faintness was gone put his head importantly out of the wagon His yellow curls were matted with blood

and his face was scratched and dirty.
"I'm hurt," he announced eagerly try ing to scramble out, "an' so's he." "It's Mr. Anson, Mrs. Ridgely," said Saunders. "And I suspect he's saved this

boy of yours from a pretty bad accident. Teddy ran away with my machine, the Anne put down Teddy upon the ground having, in hasty examination, assured her

self that he was more dirty than injured. "Mr. Anson! O, I am so grateful! What are you going to do with him Mr. Saunders? Mrs. Anson is away for the after-noon. I saw her drive away. She's in town, I think." Anne spoke rapidly. The bruised man in the wagon raised his

head and eyed Anne with wan pleasantness, "I'm all right, — it is Mrs. Ridgely, isn't it? That boy of —yours—is —." Then he fainted weakly.

When he opened his eyes again he lay comfortably on the leather couch in the Ridgely's little library. Anne was deftly washing his face and bands, for the gravel of the road had ground into his flesh cruelly. She hastened to give him a stimulant. He lay silent for a time, glad for her gentle care. Presently he tried to rise. The effort was too much for him and he sank back with a laugh.

"Can't make it just yet, Mrs. Ridgely. I'm foolshly knocked out—but—in a min ute—I'll be all right." Anne tried to thank him brokenly but it

was not the time for words. He stopped her with a gesture. "'Twasn't anything. Please don't. Anson closed his eyes again and rested gratefully. As she looked down at him,

ghastly white of face save where the angry red bruises had swollen and discolored Anne's heart was wrung. The sight of a strong man helpless is enough at any time to arouse a tender woman's deepest pity, but when that man has got burt from a deed that saved a precious life there is no limitation to the emotions. and back of her tremendous sense of

gratitude, there was another emotion struggling in her heart. "He's saved Teddy's life," she kept re peating, holding back the real issue from her brain. "How can we ever repay him?

O, what ought I to do?" She left Anson for a few moments to at tend to her hoy. Teddy looked up at her from his bed where Sallie had put him and smiled feebly. His arms stole around her

neck. "O, muddy, muddy," he sobbed. thought once when I was in it that I was never going to see you again." Anne buried her face in the hed clothes

and cried with him, nervously and excitedly, while Teddy told her as best he could how it all happened.
"Mother's going down stairs, Teddy,"

she said presently, "to see if she can help the blessed man who saved your life." "I'm going to tell him about that Paris thing. I can't bear it not to. But it's not my secret, it's Carter's. He must tell him, himself; but, O, what if he shouldn't want to. It's business not to, but-No-I mustn' be disloyal. O, I can't bear to see him lying there like that, and to know that we're trying to get away his money. It's awful. But Carter—O, dear, O, dear—...

All this ran rioting through Anne's mind as she descended the stairs. In the hall she made her resolve. "I shall tell bim."

Anson was standing a little shakily when

she entered the library.

"O you mustn't," she cried anxiously
He laughed. "I'm perfectly fit now,
Mrs. Ridgely, and I'm going home. I think Mrs. Anson will be there now. I've been a great nuisance to you. Forgive me—aud, please, not now—don't thank me please, not now-don't thank me-please.

ber debt, but he jestingly refused to listen. All at once matters were on a new basis. With his strength back, Anson seemed more the stranger, the man of the world. She could not mother him now. Their relations bad advanced from weakness to strength. Anne could not tell this man in cold blood that her husband bad on foot a plan to ruin his business. She bowed her

head wearily.
"Some day, Mr. Anson, I'll try to-to -tell you-what is on my mind. I-I cannot-now.

Anson accepted a stick of Ridgely's for support and walked slowly homeward. As went out of her sight, Anne collapsed on the leather couch where he had lain. "O, it's terrible," she cried.

Teddy called to her from above. "Muddy, I'm-I'm sorry I was naughty. But you're glad I'm here, aren't you?" The little voice smote her afresh. In her grav eyes flashed the shining light of pur-

"I'll tell him," she said. "It may be Anson's face settled into heavy, dull ex- too late, but I'll tell—it's the price of pressionless lines; the cords in his neck Teddy." She ran after Ansou, calling his name. "That kid of yours had a close shave to-

day," said the expressman as Ridgely left the train that night. "What do you mean?" asked Ridgely

"O he got mixed up with Al Saunders' auto. Got in an' got it goin' an' like to run straight to kingdom come. Would, too, if that new man, Anson, badn't a done a circus act with him."

"Is he-hurt?" stammered Ridgely, his face ashen. "No-hardly any. Anson's done up,

though." "My God, that's awful, Thomas." He went on the run down the street. At

his door he met Anne. "Well-tell me !" be cried. "T-t-ted-dy's not-h-hurt much-he's asleep now," sobbed Anne excitedly, as she flung herself on Ridgely. "But, O, Carter, Mr. Anson's awfully bruised and —h-his arm—his left one—is hurt terribly -and-O, dear -- Teddy was -- very naughty, very- and Mr. A-Anson s-s-saved his life, they say, by jumping from it--and it was going fifteen or twenty miles-an hour-just picked him right up and jumped-and the river was right there."

"There, there, old girl, don't cry so," oothed Ridgely.

Anne suddenly straightened up and faced him solemnly. "Carter -- there's something else, too, told him what you told me not to tell last night. I don't care. I couldn't help it. I had to. After he's saved Teddy's life, I didn't care what happened. I'd rather al-

ways be poor.' Ridgely eyed her keenly.
"You told, eh," he said slowly.

He picked up his hat and turned toward the door. "Guess I'll go to see how Anson is. May-

Even before he was near enough to speak to, she knew with intuitive sense that things were wrong and her heart for a sec-

With the Japanese Army.

In the advance of the Japanese army lown the peninsula, telephone linesmen bearing on their shoulders coils of thin copper wire, not much larger and of no mor than a pack-thread, followed through the kaoliang fields on each side of the commander. The moment be stopped, a table was produced, a receiver was snapped on the wire and a telegrapher stood ready. More remarkable was the advance of the telephone into the contested redoubt of the Eternal Dragon, where a station was placed and operated for four months, with the Russians holding trenches only forty meters distant and on three sides. At this station, along the front of which twenty men a day were slain by sharp-shooters, mail was delivered every time that a trans port arrived, which was almost daily Men on the firing line received postal cards from their sweethearts and mothers an

hour before death. Telephone and postoffice followed the flag; the Red Cross preceded it. The medical corps came, not in the wake of the army, but close on the heels of the pioneers. Before even the infantrymen entered a Chinese village it was explored, the water of its wells analyzed, its houses tested for bacteria and the lines of encampment laid down. This unusual sanitation is looked upon by surgical authorities as perhaps the chief cause of Japanese success Richard Barry's "the New Siege Warfare at Port Arthur" in the March Century.

Taking Care of Them Herself

"Yes'm, she's pretty well, mother is," said the old man, pausing with his foot on the wagon wheel to answer an inquiry concerning his wife; "pretty well, if only 'twa'n't for worryin' about the children. 'Lizabeth's up to Conway this season, and mother's all the time afraid she'll be took sick away from home. Samuel's got a good place at Tanfield, and he's doing well, too, but his boardin' place is across the river. Sometimes he goes by ferryboat and sometimes he goes by skiff, and mother, she can't get over the feelin' that he's likely to be drowned. The two younger ones is home vet, but she says she's any ious about the time John'll be wantin' to strike out for himself, and she's always been afraid we'd never raise Car'line. No'm, there's nothing special the matter with any of 'em now, and the truck garden has done fine this year. Mother haint had a touch of her rheumatism all summer, and she'd be pretty well off if 'twasn't for worryin.' Christian? Bless you, yes, this forty year! She aint afraid but what the Lord will take care of her and all the rest of the world, but seems like she ain't got faith yet to b'lieve He's to be trusted with the children. - Well-pring.

Where Licorice Grows Wild.

A bundle of licorice root-slim, rough sticks of tobacco-brown wood -lay on the counter, and the sailor took one up and began to chew its end "I have seen the place where this stuff

grows wild," he said. "Do you know where that place is?"

"Can't say I do," replied the druggist.
"It is along the banks," said the sailor,
"of the Tigris and the Euphrates. The licorice is a wild plant in them parts. It stands three feet high, and its roots reach the water. For miles and miles the lico rice patches spread, and the smell of them fills the air. It is a sweet, heavy smell.

'In them parts they out the licorice plants regularly, and they use the poor, crooked, imperient sticks for firewood. The good, clean, straight sticks they bundle up -just like this bundle here-and ship to Eugland and America. Some of the sticks go to druggists, to be sold cheap or given away, but most of them, nearly all of them, go to the snuff and tohacco manufacturers. What for ? Why, to be used in adulter-I mean in flavoring tobacco and snuff."

Wild Silkworm Superior.

It is a curious but well-authenticated fact that the wild silkworm produces a silk which is declared to have a better lustre and stronger fibre than that of the captive silkworms. It was assumed that the confinement of and solicitous care received by the cultivated variety had produced a race which had lost some of its original vigor. Recent experiments, says the Kansas City Independent, seem to indicate that the effect so apparent is due entirely to the different food of the wild and the domestica ed silkworm. The leaves of the wild mulberry result in larger growth at each stage of development and larger and heavier mature worm, and one that produces a filament of superior quality.

-Margaret, who is half-past three, i fond of corn, which she had been ac-customed to eat off the cob One day this summer some cut-off corn was passed to Margaret

"Oh, I don't care for that," she said "I want the corn with a handle to it."

Telephones for Farmers

A Co-operative Scheme which Makes Telephone Serv ice Possible for the Farmer at Naminal Cost-Clubs Now Forming.

Nothing in recent years has come to one attention that we believe can exceed in interest the present proposition of the Bell Telephone company for furnishing tele-phones to farmers. We have looked carefully into the plan and for the information of our readers, presant herewith the salient

features. The development of the telephone in the last decade has been truly wonderful, and the present time finds almost without exception, each community of any inportance whatever, connected by telephone

wires with the great Bell system. Like all the great innovations of science which have been susceptible of application to commerce and social usage, the development of the telephone has naturally been along the lines of the greatest demand, and as was to be expected, its promoters gave their first attention to the thickly settled territories where its progress was as-

sured at the most rapid rate.

Now a days this development has covered almost every city, borough, village and hamlet in the country and to-day the great problem which the telephone people are striving to solve, is how to connect the farmer with their telephone system at so little cost and in such a manner as will make it not only a luxury in convenience, comfort and usefulness, but will indeed render it an absolute necessity for him: for from the very nature of his isolated life, the farmer has more need of the telephone than almost any other class of persons.

Heretofore the makers of different styles of telephones have advertised them for sale to farmers, but after buying his set of telephones the farmer was absolutely limited in his use of them and they were dependent for usefulness to him, only in exact proportion as he had neighbors equipped in a similar way. He and they bought their telephones and built their lines and could talk together and no

It is the distinct step in advance of the old arrangement that makes the proposition of the Bell Company of such vital interest

The Bell Company's plan is as follows:

THE BELL PLAN. The Bell Company will build a line to a given junction point, probably such point being at the outskirts of the borough limits of the towns where their Exchanges are located, and will assign certain wires from their switchboards to this junction point for the exclusive purpose of there connect-

ing up with the farmers' line. The farmers are to organize in convenient groups or clubs, and are to jointly build their own telephone line as far as this junction point, where the Bell people will attach to it and so connect the group or club of farmers' telephones with

their system. The Bell Company will at very low prices, either sell or rent all the necessary apparatus required for installing the instruments and will rent their telephones and transmitters—the actual speaking parts—at very nominal rates, offering a choice of several arrangements for service with their Exchange and their Exchange subscribers. These arrangements are planned to cover all the different conditions to he found, and each club or group of farmers would be privileged to select the one best suited to their own particular needs. One arrangement contemplates unlimited service between the telephones on the farmers' line and the telephones in the Bell Company's Exchange, and another arrangement contemplates unlimited conversations between the teler the farmers line and a small switching charge for each connection with a subscriber in the Company's Exchange. The prices which the Bell Company will establish are to be very cheap and will be graded to cover the

different plans of service.

By allowing the farmers to build their own lines, the Bell Campany has taken a step which will assure to the farmers telephone service at the lowest possible The farmer by erecting his own line is freed from any necessity to pay returns upon an investment of a telephone company. His line is his own, he builds it himself or jointly with the help of his friends and neighbors, and almost invariably a group of farmers clubbing together for the purpose, can furnish from their own place without an expenditure of any kind, practically all the materials including the labor, necessary for the construction of the line, with the possible exception of the wire. One man contributes from his wood lot, trees to make the poles; another sup-plies oak or other hard wood for the crossarms; even the pins on which the insulators are placed are made from wood cut on the farms. Men who do not contribute material send their teams to do the hanling, and others set the poles and string the wires. The pole line is in place before it is necessary to spend a dollar. Only the instruments and the wire remain to be pro-

cured. The Bell Company has prepared a carefully gotten up pamphlet for guidance in building rural lines. Any set of farmers can successfully build a country line by following its suggestions, and the expert assistance and advice of the Bell people can always be had for the asking.

WHAT TELEPHONE SERVICE MEANS TO THE FARMER.

The farmer is enabled by this connection to be of easy access to every other Bell tel-ephone user in the United States and he will also be able to get market reports and prices for his products before his produce is loaded upon his wagons.

In case of fire the farmer can quickly touse his neighbor by telephone and se cure assistance to put it out.

In case of sudden illness he can immediately communicate with the doctor and

learn just what should be done temporarily to alleviate the pain, or possibly even prolong life until he can reach the sick If prices rise or if the farmer is expect ng them to rise or fall, he can call the

cording as it is to his advantage to do so. When tramps come to the door while the men are out in the field and the women are alone, the sound of the telephone bell will protect them from harm.

nearest market town and buy and sell ac-

The cows may get into the corn or pigs in the clover, or a horse may get in trouble, with only the women at home; the telephone will usually bring a willing neigh-

While the farmer is in town he might unexpectedly be detained. How convenient to call up his house and tell the anxious wife the cause of his delay; also to ask how things are at home.

What a comfort and saving of time to be able to go to the telephone and call up your friend, ask the questions, deliver the message or place the order, instead of stop-ping work for the best part of the afternoon, hitching up a horse that ought to be

resting, and driving miles over muddy, frozen or snow-bound roads.

The telephone pays for itself by just such economies of time, energy, horse flesh, wear and tear on harness and wagons, be-side the neighborly feeling and protection

it gives the household.

Surely the rural free delivery of the mail and this liberal solution of the question of telephone service for farmers by the Bell telephone company, mark a new era in the history of our times. We predict that nothing has been originated in recent years that will appeal more directly to the farmers or be more greatly appreciated by them, than the placing of these two great modern conveniences—the mail and the Bell telephone at their thresholds.

Lobster Mortality High

A lobster lays thousands of eggs, most of which hatch, but few ever live to grow up. This is not the fault of the mother, for she carries them about with her for nearly a year, and with admirable instinct gnards them as she does her own life. When the young are set free, her duty is done, for they must then shift for themselves. Though bardly larger than mosquitoes, being about one-third of an inch long, the little ones leave their parents on the bottom and swim toward the light-to the surface, where, from one to two months, if fortune favors them, they lead a free, roving life. The open sea is a poor nursery for such weaklings, which become the sport of every storm and the prey of numberless hungry mouths. Out of a brood of 10,000 it would be a rare chance for more than one or two lobsters to reach maturity, or finally to end their career in the kitchen or the chafing dish-From Nature and Science in March St. Nicholas.

"Now I Lay Me" is Tabooed.

The good old prayer, "Now I Lay Me," dear to the hearts of childhood, has been tabooed by the Westside Women's Council of Chicago, who hold that it is depressing. They take especial umbrage at the line "If I should die before I wake."

Mrs. Edgar A. Hall, president of the council, said: "The idea of dying in the night is borrible, and I never use it." She submitted this substitute: Father, we thank Thee for the night,

And for the pleasant morning light; For rest, and food and loving care, And all that makes the world so fair. The council sighed with content when these lines were read. "They are so restful and tranquilzing," said the members. One little woman objected to dispensing with the prayer and Sauta Claus and all

sat upon by the modern mothers, who were strongly in the majority The Largest Diamond in the World.

the dear traditions, but she was sternly

News comes from Johannesburg that the largest diamond ever found has been taken out of the Premier mine. It weighs 3,032 carats in the rough. A few years ago a large black diamond was found in Brazil, which was somewhat larger. This gem was of no ornamental use, however, and was eventually cut up and used in making diamond drills. Except for this, the gem just found is three times larger than any hitherto discovered. The stone weighs about a pound and a-half. In cutting it from forty per cent to sixty per cent will be lost. The stone's value will depend, of

course, upon its quality and shape. Approximately, the new stone weighs about 621.56 grammes, or about a pound and a-half avoirdupois. The last diamond of any note found in recent years was the "Syndicate," dug up in the DeBeers mines. It weighed, uncut, 960 carats.

Surprise for Spitters

Rapid enforcement of Chicago's antispitting ordinance led to more than fifty arrests a day in the retail business dis trict. Among those who have been arrested are business men from other cities. Business men, clerks, workingmen and messenger boys hurrying along all are locked in jail. Some of those arrested were let off with small fines, some were discharged without fine and some were released on bond to appear later.

-Wee Hostess--Mamma, shall I invite Lucy Littnay to my party?

Mamma—Certainly. She is the minister's daughter. "Do minister's danghters get invited everywhere?"

'Always."

"They has lots of fun, I'pose? I wish my papa was a minister 'stead of a miserable sinner -Little Bertie saw his mamma oil the hinge of the kitchen door when it squeak-

ed. That evening when he heard a cricket chirp he said: "What is that noise, mam-ma?" "That is a cricket, Bertie," his mother answered. Then suddenly Bertie ran for the machine oil can and said "Let's oil it, mamma ; it squeaks." — Mamma—Harry, you have again failed to do as you were told. I'm afraid that everything I tell you goes in at one

Harry-Well, mamma, why don't you stop one of 'em up? Worried.

ear and out at the other.

"Your son William always impressed me as being such a thoughtful boy. "Les, his pa and me are worried about him a good deal. We're afraid he's going to be a scholar."

How to Economize Coal.

Coal that is kept in a dry and airy place will burn much longer than that which is kept in a close cellar with no ventilation. When coal is kept in an airless place it gets rid of its gas, and the absence of this renders it less powerful and more wasteful when burned.

crying about, little girl?
Little Girl-Oh, I don't know. 'Cause I'm a woman, I s'pose. -There's quite a difference between

weeping bitterly)-Why, what are you

-Old Gentleman (to little girl who is

convincing a man that he is wrong and convincing him that you are right. The Coming and the Going.

I heard a mother croon to her child A song as I wandered by,

A song that would sing the stars to sleep In the cradle of the sky. I saw an old man close his eyes In restful sleep-God send

As sweet a rest for my weary frame When I come to my journey's end. And I thought of the years that lay between Of the darkness and the doubt : But God is good-there is peace at the gate.

When a soul goes in or out. -Jean Mohr, in November Era