

Bellefonte Pa. March 3, 1905.

FOR THE WATCHMAN

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...

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...

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 maid.

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 for some 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. "Anson? H'm! What Anson?" His voice deliberately uncaring 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, they've moved in to-day—Anson—a man and his wife." Ridgely removed his pipe slowly. "Anson? H'm! What Anson?" His voice deliberately uncaring in tone.

"Well, I'm glad we've got some decent neighbors at last; those boys were really too—"

"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, Carter?" "He sat silent for some time before he answered, staring inscrutably into the bed of glowing embers. Presently he refilled his pipe, lighted it and leaning back in his chair, looked at his wife with a thoughtful, 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 quizzical smile.

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 see what you've said, but—"

"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."

"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 sell; 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 want him to."

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

"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 it's come."

"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 eyes. "Carter, is it—quite—it is quite fair to Anson, isn't it? That is, it isn't anything not quite—"

"It's business, Anne," he answered curtly. "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 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 bazette in the United States. Me—alone—Carter Ridgely. How about that? Eh?"

"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 Anson won't be likely to be neighborly, Anne?"

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 breast ease up. His mother evidently had not heard 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 on the cat.

lightened like ropes. Something between a prayer and a curse struck 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 sobbing hysterically. "God help us," Anson cried.

When Anson regained consciousness some one was bending over him and wiping the blood off his head. He felt a sickening sensation of pain and hurt. 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—that's bad—ah!"

Saunders raised Anson a little and gave him some brandy that he had obtained at a neighboring house. "They say you jumped in and jumped out, old man, while she was going. Gad, that's a nifty thing. A man saw you do it. But I don't know your name, do I?"

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

"Up," he ranted Anson feebly. "You saved his life, I reckon. The machine's in toothpicks on the river bed now. 'Mr. Saunders—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 for Teddy when she saw Saunders approaching. Anson and the boy lying on the bottom of the farm wagon he had borrowed. Even before he was near enough to speak to, she knew with intuitive sense that things were wrong and her heart for a second stopped.

Saunders tried to wave his hand in a reassuring gesture, and shook his head miserably. In a moment her faintness was gone and she was hurrying to the curb. Teddy 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 trying to scramble out, "an' so's he."

"Mr. Anson, Mrs. Ridgely," said Saunders, "Anson is away for the afternoon. 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 pleasantness. "I'm all right, it is Mrs. Ridgely, isn't it? That boy of yours—"

When he faintly weakly. "You've opened his eyes again and rested comfortably on the leather couch in the Ridgely's little library. Anne was deftly washing his face and hands, 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 sigh.

"Can't make just yet, Mrs. Ridgely. I'm foolishly knocked out—but—in a minute—I'll be all right."

She ran after Anson, 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 sharply. "O, he got mixed up with Al Saunders' auto. Got in 'n' got it goin' 'n' like to run straight to kingdom come. Would, too, if that new man, Anson, hadn'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!" he cried. "T-t-teddy's not—hurt much—he's asleep now," sobbed Anne excitedly, as she flung herself on Ridgely. "But, O, Carter, Mr. Anson's awfully bruised and—his arm—his left one—is hurt terribly—and—O, dear—Teddy was—very naughty, very—and Mr. Anson s-s-saved his life, they say, by jumping from it—and it was going fifteen or twenty miles—an hour—just poked him right up and jumped—and the river was right there."

"There, there, old girl, don't cry so," soothed Ridgely. Anne suddenly straightened up and faced him solemnly.

"Carter—there's something else, too, I 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 always be poor."

Ridgely eyed her keenly. "You told, eh," he said slowly. "Yes."

He picked up his hat and turned toward the door. "Guess I'll go to see how Anson is. Maybe I can do something for him," said Ridgely. "He'll be in on the deal," he added.—By Emery Postle in the Pilgrim.

With the Japanese Army. In the advance of the Japanese army down the peninsula, telephone linesmen bearing on their shoulders coils of this copper wire, not much larger and of no more weight than a pack-thread, followed through the kaoliang fields on each side of the commander. The moment he 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 line, 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 sharpshooters, mail was delivered every time that a transport arrived, which was almost daily.

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, the houses swept 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.—From Richard Barry's "The New Siege Warfare at Port Arthur" in the March Century.

Taking Care of Them Herself. "Yes, 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 'twasn't for worryin' about the children. Elizabeth'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 yet, but she says she's anxious about the time John'll be wantin' to strike out for himself, and she always been afraid we'd never raise Carline. No'm, there's nothing special the matter with any of 'em now, and the truck garden has done fine this year. Mother baint 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 ain't afraid but what the world 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.—Wall-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's 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 licorice patches spread, and the smell of them fills the air. It is a sweet, heavy smell. "In them parts they cut the licorice plants regularly, and they use the poor, crooked, imperfect sticks for firewood. The good, clean, straight sticks they bundle up just like this bundle here—and ship to England 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 tobacco 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 domesticated silkworm. The leaves of the wild mulberry result in larger growth at each stage of development and a larger and heavier mature worm, and one that produces a filament of superior quality.

Telephones for Farmers.

A Co-operative Scheme which Makes Telephone Service Possible for the Farmer at Nominal Cost—Clubs Now Forming.

Nothing in recent years has come to our attention that we believe can exceed in interest the present proposition of the Bell Telephone company for furnishing telephones to farmers. We have looked carefully into the plan and for the information of our readers, present 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 importance whatever, connected by telephone wires with the great Bell system.

Like all the great innovations of science which 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.

Therefore 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 more.

It is the distinct step in advance of the old arrangement that makes the proposition of the Bell Company of such vital interest to the farmer. 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 these connecting 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 be found, and each club or group of farmers should 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 telephones on 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 Company has taken a step which will assure to the farmers telephone service at the lowest possible cost. 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 for 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 supplies oak or other hard wood for the cross-arms; even the pins on which the insulators are placed are made from wood cut on the farm. Men who do not contribute material send their teams to do the hauling, 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 procured.

The Bell Company has prepared a carefully worked out 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 telephone 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 arouse his neighbor by telephone and secure 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 room.

If prices rise or if the farmer is expecting them to rise or fall, he can call the nearest market town and buy and sell according 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.

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 neighbor. 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 stopping 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, beside 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 guards 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 hardly 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 horrible, 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 tranquilizing," said the members. One little woman objected to dispensing with the prayer and Santa Claus and all the dear traditions, but she was sternly stung by the modern mothers, who were strongly in the majority.

The Largest Diamond in the World. 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, amount, 960 carats.

Surprise for Spitters. Rapid enforcement of Chicago's anti-spitting ordinance led to more than fifty arrests a day in the retail business district. Among the men who have been arrested are business men from other cities. Business men, clerks, workmen and messenger boys hurrying along all are locked in jail. Some of those arrested were left 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 Litsany to my party? Mamma—Certainly. She is the minister's daughter. "Do minister's daughters 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 squeaked. That evening when he heard a cricket chirp he said: "What is that noise, mamma?" "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 ear and out at the other. Harry—Well, mamma, why don't you stop one of 'em up?

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

—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.

—Old Gentleman (to little girl who is weeping bitterly)—Why, what are you 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 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 sweet as the stars to sleep In the cradle of the sky. I saw an old man close his eyes In restless 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.