

LOVE BY TELEPHONE.

[By Lucy Gordon Barrows.]

"No!" shouted Simon Barclay in a thunderous tone, crushing out the fondest of human hopes, immovable as a rock.

His pretty niece, Hetty, covered her face with her hands and broke down utterly in a storm of tears.

"Cruel—cruel!" she sobbed. "And a last meeting with this gay gallivanting young man—understand?" pursued her callous-voiced relative.

"You are breaking my heart!" moaned Hetty, and really believing it, "It isn't because Ned Monroe is after your little fortune, as most young fellows are nowadays."

"What—what is it, then?" faltered poor Hetty.

"It's because he's an electrical maniac. Huh—telephone! Who heard of such a thing in my young days? Gossip-breeders, I call 'em! Worse than that—catering to laziness. Tried to get me to put one in my house. I'd like to see 'em! Now I've said my say. Drop this beau, or I'll send you off a thousand miles to my sister, where you can't see him."

Antiquated, narrow-minded Simon Barclay had invented a new name for the most estimable young man in Redfern. He hated all innovations, especially a telephone. There was a reason. Simon had bargained too slowly in the purchase of a piece of property he coveted, a shrewd neighbor had got to a telephone and outbid him. He hated telephones after that, and Ned Monroe in the bargain, for was not that energetic young man the head linesman of the district telephone plant?

Hetty moped around the house all day. She was disconsolate. If ever a girl loved a bright intelligent young fellow, it was she. As to Ned, she knew that she was to him as the apple of his eye. She dreaded meeting him, but she was loyal to a promise she had made to her uncle that there would be no exchange of notes, no clandestine meetings. Hetty knew that promptly at 5:30 Ned would pass

"I'll be at my task bright and early tomorrow before your uncle is up and about," planned Ned. "Come here tomorrow evening, climb up in the tree. There's a comfortable seat on the second branch. Take down the receiver. Call up 'XX.' I'll arrange with the switch-board girls as to what that means. Then—last kiss here, but I'll send you a dozen over the wires every evening!"

Oh, the delight of it! That blissful twilight hour! The deft hand of the master workman had arranged the wires so that only a suspicious, searching person could have guessed the mission of the double wire loop running from the fence up into the old apple tree.

For three consecutive evenings Hetty sauntered carelessly down the road. Her uncle supposed she was going to visit the daughter of the farmer just next to them. Hetty had noticed him standing at the door of the house the last evening of the three, watching her till she was out of sight. She made a cautious detour to reach the old tree.

The fourth evening Hetty did not start away until she saw Mr. Barclay busy in what he called his little office, looking over his business papers. It was quite dusk by the time she reached her destination.

She had climbed into the tree and had herself comfortably disposed, when she was startled by a low quick whistle. A man came over the fence, rough looking and sinister. He stood directly beneath her leafy shelter.

It was he who had uttered the whistle and in a few moments a comrade of the same type slouched into view.

"Well, how's the outlook?" queried the first comer.

"Capital."

"Girl gone?"

"Half an hour ago."

"And the old man?"

"In the room where his safe is, all alone. There's a rich haul, partner. Come on."

"Mercy!" gasped the startled Hetty, as the two strangers disappeared in the direction of the farm house.

"They are going to rob uncle!" Her wits worked quick. She was aware that the men folks on the next farm were not at home. Then a bright idea occurred to her. She snatched free the receiver of the telephone.

"X-X"—oh, quick, please! please!" she breathed frantically.

And then as the connection was made: "Oh, Ned! come quick, with help. There are two burglars here who are going to rob uncle!"

"Will they never come?" she cried, standing out in the road and looking towards. Then her heart took hope. Two distant sparks grew brighter, the lamps of a speeding automobile. Then she could hear the chug-chug of the flying machine. She ran out into the road and waved her neck scarf.

Two town officers accompanied her lover. One guarded the front door of the house as they reached it. Ned and the other man went around to the porch that opened into the office of old Simon.

"Just in time!" announced Ned, and he and the officer sprang into the room. One of the burglars was guarding their victim with a revolver. The other had just lifted his strong box from the safe.

The officers departed with their prisoners. Ned explained.

"A telephone did it?" muttered old Simon, closely hugging his treasure box. "But for that—Join hands!" he said abruptly. "I'm converted, Hetty. This young man may put in a 'phone in the morning. As to coming here regular, I fancy he's earned the privilege."

And so love by telephone led to love directly under the home roof. (Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

His Important Medical Discovery Should Be Recorded in His Memorial.

There has been a suggestion that in a memorial to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes some worthy recognition be made of his incomparable service to mankind in the discovery and propagation against obstacles that would have deterred a less honest and sympathetic mind of the contagiousness of childbed fever and its remedy. Lay persons and unfortunately many in the profession are unaware of this epoch-making discovery by a man whose memory is beloved and honored for his literary attainments only. A disease which consigned thousands of recent mothers to untimely graves was suddenly deprived of its malign prevalence by the discovery of Doctor Holmes that it was contracted by contact with the doctor or nurse and that simple precautions by them would prevent its occurrence. Persecuted in his own country by the ridicule of great professors in that specialty, Holmes pursued the even tenor of his way until his idea was accepted in England. Thence it was carried to the continent, where it was taken up by a Hungarian physician who reduced the mortality in the Vienna hospitals enormously. To the latter his countrymen have erected a monument in Budapest, and annually homage is paid to his memory, while Holmes is barely remembered in the United States for this scientific discovery, which it is said he valued more highly than his literary fame.

Reason cannot show itself more reasonable than to cease reasoning on things above reason.—Sir P. Sidney.

Dreams.

It is a common saying that one dreams of that which one has been thinking most about. This is the exception and not the rule. The dream may be of something that one thought of at some time, but possibly not for years, that would not be recalled in waking hours, which had lain dormant in the mind, to be prosaically rehearsed through some operation of physical functions, such as impeded respiration, feverish conditions, some posture of the body, a late supper, possibly ended with a dessert of mince pie, stomachic distress, clogging of the circulation or some bodily pain.

Aluminum.

Aluminum cooking utensils are a delight until they turn dark inside—then they are abomination. It is easy, however, to keep them bright. Either wash them in soda and water or boil tomato parings in them; cuttings from r' barb and the water it was washed in alone will often do the work. So will lemon and table salt.

Bayberry Shrub.

The plant from which the bayberry candle is made is the shrub Myrica cerifera, a plant which is common in New England, and especially along the coast of Maine. The bayberry shrub is not closely related to the Myrica acris, or West India bay, from the leaves of which bay rum is obtained by distillation.

What Gives Milk Its Color.

Recent experiments show that the color of milk is chiefly due to the presence of carotin, a coloring matter found abundantly in green plants, especially in grass. The yellow pigments of our bodies also consist of carotin, which is probably derived chiefly from our food.

One Solid Benefit.

"I tell you, sir, the great benefit of a college education lies in the friends you make." "That's so. No matter how old you are, if you have been through college you can always find some one to play poker or bet on the races or go on a spree with."—Life.

Wooden.

"I can't seem to figure out how to make his box." "Why don't you use your head, man?"

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