

Bellefonte, Pa., April 23, 1915.

LOVE BY TELEPHONE.

[By Lucy Gorton 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-souled 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 Huh-telephone! Who maniac. 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



Dreams

"I'll be at my task bright and early

ning from the fence up into the old

The fourth evening Hetty did not

start away until she saw Mr. Barclay

busy in what he called his little of-

fice, looking over his business papers.

It was quite dusk by the time she

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

It was he who had uttered the

"Well, how's the outlook?" queried

"In the room where his safe is, all

"Mercy!" gasped the startled Hetty,

alone. There's a rich haul, partner.

as the two strangers disappeared in

the direction of the farm house.

bright idea occurred to her. She

snatched free the receiver of the tele-

"X-X"-oh, quick, please! please!

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

"Will they never come?" she cried,

standing out in the road and looking townwards. 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

who are going to rob uncle!"

"They are going to rob uncle!"

she breathed frantically.

whistle and in a few moments a com-

rade of the same type slouched into

directly beneath her leafy shelter.

reached her destination.

every evening!"

apple tree.

the old tree.

view

the first comer.

"Girl gone?"

"Half an hour ago."

"And the old man?"

"Capital."

Come on.

phone

tomorrow before your uncle is up and It is a common saying that one about," planned Ned. "Come here todreams of that which one has been morrow evening, climb up in the tree. thinking most about. This is the ex-There's a comfortable seat on the secception and not the rule. The dream ond branch. Take down the receiver. may be of something that one thought Call up 'XX.' I'll arrange with the of at some time, but possibly not for switch-board girls as to what that years, that would not be recalled in means. Then--last kiss here, but I'll waking hours, which had lain dormant send you a dozen over the wires in the mind, to be prosaically rehearsed through some operation of Oh, the delight of it! That blissful physical functions, such as impeded twilight hour! The deft hand of the respiration, feverish conditions, some master workman had arranged the posture of the body, a late supper, poswires so that only a suspicious, searchsibly ended with a dessert of mince ing person could have guessed the pie, stomachic distress, clogging of the mission of the double wire loop runcirculation or some bodily pain.

For three consecutive evenings Het-Aluminum Aluminum cooking utensils are a dety sauntered carelessly down the road. Her uncle supposed she was golight until they turn dark inside-then ing to visit the daughter of the farmthey are abomination. It is easy, however, to keep them bright. Either er just next to them. Hetty had nowash them in soda and water or boil ticed him standing at the door of the house the last evening of the three, tomato parings in them; cuttings from watching her till she was out of sight. r¹ ibarb and the water it was washed in alone will often do the work. So She made a cautious detour to reach will lemon and table salt.

Bayberry Shrub.

The plant from which the bayberry candle is made is the shrub Myrcia 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 Myrcia 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 friend you make." "That's so. No matte how old you are, if you have been Her wits worked quick. She was through college you can always fin aware that the men folks on the next some one to play poker or bet on the farm were not at home. Then a races or go on a spree with."-Life.

Wooden. "I can't seem to figure out how t make his box." "Why don't you us your head, man?" CASTORIA Bears the signature of Chas.H.Fletcher In use for over thirty years, and The Kind You Have Always Bought.

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Medical.

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He's an Electrical Maniac."

the old orchard road near the farm. Fifteen minutes earlier she repaired to the old tree that had been to them a favorite trysting place.

Ned came spinning along on his bicycle, not a moment late, a fine specimen of a healthy, buoyant young man interested and happy in his work. He swung a coil of wire and his tool bag to the road and was over the fence in a joyous leap.

"Dear girl!" he said fondly, and then started at Hetty in alarm, for she was weeping.

Bit by bit the miserable story came out. He consoled her, he reiterated his love. He said nothing of revenge, elopement or discouragement.

"Little lady," he observed in his hopeful sanguine way, "all right! If I can't see you, I can keep on loving you, can't I?"

"Yes, yes," murmured Hetty brokenly, "but I shan't hear-those loving words! Why, not to have you tell me how you think of me every day-"

"But you shall," announced Ned definitely. "You have agreed not to write to me. Don't. You have promised not to meet me. Keep your word. I'll arrange all that, but-trust me to break down this wall of prejudice. Oceans shan't part us. In the meantime, until things settle downthis'

Ned drew from his coat pocket one of the tools he used in putting in wires. He waved it buoyantly.

"Yonder," he said, pointing to the barb wire fence, "is a conductor right at hand. I'll connect up half a mile down the road with Farmer Moore's house line. The feeder will go up there," and he pointed among the branches of the old apple tree.

"Oh, Ned!" cried Hetty, clasping her hands in ecstasy, "you-you don't mean-"

"That I am going to put a telephone especially for you up in that tree. Why, every evening we can talk over the line for hours, if we want to." "You darling!" evuberated Hetty

breathlessly. "" how tortunate it is that yer to bout tele-

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 priv-Hege."

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.

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