

The Farmer.

By Susan L. Harlach.

I sing the song of the plain folks, Of the toilers in the sun; Of those who work from the dawning 'Til after the day is done.

A MODERN MONA LISA

Although it was late, two urchins were already sprinting across the road to see what had happened, and Paul Loring knew that they were sure to be the forerunners of a crowd.

Presently, emerging into a quiet square, he stopped before one of those typical Bloomsbury houses—mostly boarding houses now—which were at one time the homes of merchant princes.

Mrs. Loring followed her son downstairs and began to do things a capable person is expected to do in such a crisis.

"You can lay her down now," said Mrs. Loring when she had stripped this from the rounded, white shoulders and was beginning to undo more mysterious inner garments.

"Oh, darn!" he said, going down on hands and knees to recover the valuable rings and trinkets that were scattered round.

His mother was speaking gently and stroking the girl's hands. Under cover of the soothing murmur, he came close to the head of the couch and gazed down at the girl's face.

For a second eyes held eyes and then the girl slowly smiled. With that smile the color ebbed back into her face, and he found himself marveling at the delicate pink and white of her.

"You'd better go now, dear," continued the elder woman. "I know your business is urgent."

There was a faint elusive half-smile on the girl's lips that reminded him somehow of the Mona Lisa.

"Where am I?" "I nearly ran you down with my car. You fainted and I brought you here."

The girl shook her head helplessly and gazed at the man with clinging, pitiful eyes that seemed to implore him to help her.

Mrs. Loring suddenly thought of the wash-leather bag. "This was round your neck," she said, placing it in the other's hands.

The girl examined the trinkets as if she had never seen them before. "Are these mine, then?" she asked.

"Yes, by the way, I hope they're all there. Paul upset the bag just now."

The girl's hands dropped listlessly to her lap and her eyes dropped until the lashes showed strangely dark against the delicate skin.

"Really, Paul, the position is impossible. This girl has been here for a fortnight and we are as far from finding out anything about her as we were in the beginning.

"You don't sound altogether hospitable, Mother," he said, "and considering that my reckless driving is responsible for her loss of memory—"

"That's a red herring, Paul. Can you honestly say that you have tried to find out who she is?"

"At present she shows no overwhelming desire to be informed on the subject," he remarked dryly.

"Then, Paul," said Mrs. Loring, forgetting, in her anxiety, to be tactful, "has it struck you that there may be another reason why there is no outcry? Has it occurred to you that she may be—worthless?"

"You know, Paul, you used to say that you required to know a great deal about the reputed honest man before you passed him as such, and that you never took anyone on trust."

"Do you mean that you are prepared to take her on trust?" "Absolutely, Mother. I am certain she is as pure and good as she is sweet and beautiful and I—I love her."

"Mrs. Loring was stunned into silence. Paul Methodically placed a mark in his book, shut it, and returned it to its place on the shelves.

"Finished studying?" called a golden voice from one of the deep window recesses.

For answer she smiled silently and gazed at him till the poignancy of their locked glances became almost unendurable.

"The girl pressed him to her, then drew away and gazed past him broodingly, not seeing the thing upon which her eyes rested."

"Yes? she cried, and the voice had an edge to it that sounded foreign to her honey-sweet personality."

"I have thought that any one of your rings might be an engagement ring."

"Let it be soon," she cried. "Oh, Paul! Let it be soon, for fear some clutching hand should arise out of my past and tear us apart."

"Bradley accuses me of not doing my share of the work," he said a trifle ruefully, as he resumed his seat.

"It's the truth, my dear. It's been so hard to tear myself away from you, even for a short time, that I've left more and more to old Bradley, who, good fellow as he is, has at last kicked. He says he's been working so hard for the last two years that he absolutely must have a rest, and I must carry on alone for a bit."

"It's only fair, Melisande. I can't let him do all the work while I draw half the money. By the way, he tells me he has written a letter about a case. Now where the dickens—Ah yes, this is his handwriting."

"Loring picked up a letter as he spoke, and began to read, his brows gradually drawing together into a frown as he did so."

"H'm! I shall have to run down into Hampshire after breakfast," he said. "Where's the time-table?"

"Why not, not today?" "It's our anniversary. Had you forgotten? Just two years ago today you found me lying in the roadway."

"But Loring shook his head. "We'll keep our anniversary tomorrow—or at least the first day I have free, beloved," he corrected himself.

"I grieved him to see her mouth drooping at the corners and he tried when he left her to kiss away her disappointment."

guide upstairs to a state bedroom, where, in her coffin, lay the earthly remains of Lady Lennox-Foxe.

"This," said the bereaved husband (famelessly, indicating the still figure "is the work of my daughter."

"The day we discovered her fight," he continued, "Death laid his hand on my wife. For four years she has been slowly dying and—I have stayed my hand for her sake."

"He was, indeed shocked at the difference in appearance between the pictured woman and the pitiful mask in the coffin. The portrait reminded him of somebody; he could not think of whom."

"It's little enough I can do, after all," the old man said cheerily. "But when she is found I shall charge her with the theft of her mother's jewels and prosecute her with the full vigor of the law."

"Loring looked on in silence as the sunbeam moved downward, like a pointing finger, illuminating with slow inevitableness the pictured face of his wife."

"What's that?" she asked, darting at him like an eager bird. "Don't be afraid," she remarked, with adorable playfulness. "I don't suppose I should have understood. You seem to forget that I'm the youngest wife in the world—only two years old today."

At that he turned and stared at her, then crushed her to him, pressing passionate kisses upon her eyes and hair.

Three Pennsylvanians have been named on the National Advisory Council of the Modern Health Crusade, a movement in the schools. They are Dr. Thomas E. Finegan, State Superintendent of Schools; Dr. Charles J. Hatfield, a prominent Philadelphia physician who is managing director of the National Tuberculosis Association; and Mrs. Frederic Schoff, of Philadelphia, president of the National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teacher Associations.

President Wilson has endorsed the crusade in these words: "To the 35,000 young Health Crusaders of the District of Columbia and to the 6,000,000 Health Crusaders in the United States:

"It is deeply gratifying to me, as it must be to every patriotic citizen, to know that the children of our country are striving so earnestly to cooperate in building up the health of the nation. It is my earnest hope that every boy and girl will continue the good work until the 20,000,000 school children of the United States are united in the one great cause of better health for the children."

The National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teacher Associations has adopted a resolution endorsing the Modern Health Crusade and urging all of its local organizations to make the crusade a part of their program for community betterment.

Industrial Accidents in Pennsylvania. Industrial accidents killed 1,297 Pennsylvania workers during the first six months of this year, according to figures announced by Clifford B. Connelley, commissioner of the Department of Labor and Industry.

"Blue-Grass."

Among the most famous passages in the writings of the late Senator John J. Ingalls is his tribute to grass.

Next in importance to the divine profusion of water, light and air, those three great physical facts which render existence possible, may be reckoned the universal beneficence of grass. Exaggerated by tropical heats and vapors to the gigantic cane congested with its saccharine secretion, or dwarfed by Polar regions to the bracing between these extremes the maize with its resolute pennons, the rice plant of southern swamps, the wheat, rye, barley, oats and other cereals, no less than the humble verdure of hillside, pasture and prairie in the Temperate zone, grass is the most widely distributed of all vegetable beings, and is at once a type of our life and the emblem of our mortality.

Grass is the forgiveness of nature—her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, saturated with blood—corn with the rust of cannon, grow green again with grass and carnage is forgotten. Streets abandoned by traffic become grass grown like rural lanes and are obliterated. Forests decay, harvests perish, flowers vanish, but grass is immortal. Belegued by the seven hosts of winter, it withdraws into the impregnable fortress of its subterranean vitality and emerges upon the first solicitation of spring. Sown by the winds, by wandering birds, propagated by the subtle horticulture of the elements which are its ministers and servants, it softens the nude outline of the world. Its tenacious fibers hold the earth in its place and prevent its soluble components from washing into the vast sea. It invades the solitudes of deserts, climbs the inaccessible slopes and forbidding pinnacles of mountains, modifies climates and determines the history, character and destiny of nations. Unobtrusive and patient, it has immortal vigor and aggression. Banished from the thoroughfare and the field, it bides its time to return, and when vigilance is relaxed, or the dynasty has perished, it silently resumes the throne from which it never abdicates. It bears no bias, onry of bloom to charm the senses with fragrance and splendor, but its homely hue is more enchanting than the lily or the rose. It yields no fruit in earth or air, and yet should its harvest fail for a single year, famine would depopulate the world.

One grass differs from another grass in glory. One is vulgar and another is patrician. There are grades in its vegetable nobility. Some varieties are useful. Some are beautiful. Others combine utility and ornament. The sour, reddest herbage of the swamps is base-born. Timothy and clover are a degree higher in the social scale. But the king, is blue grass. Why it is called blue, save that it is most vividly and intensely green, is inexplicable, but had its unknown priest baptised it with all the blasphemous of the prism, he would not have changed its hereditary title to imperial superiority over all its humbler kin.

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Women Voters May Keep Secret of Their Exact Age.

Harrisburg, Pa.—Unless some unsympathetic registration boards desire to make the election laws a shade stricter than they really were intended to be, Pennsylvania women, when they qualify as voters, will be saved from giving away the secret of their exact ages. That is the opinion of state officials who went over the question today.

One of the requirements necessary to qualify as a voter in the first second and third class cities is that they be personally registered on fixed days every two years. There is a long list of questions to be answered, one of which requires the telling of the "approximate" age. Among the other questions asked are the name, addresses, occupation, length of residence, height, approximate weight and color, but there is not a word about date of birth.

Under the term "approximate" age Pennsylvania women will have a subterfuge. Their sisters in boroughs and townships who do not have to bother with personal registrations are not in danger of revealing their age, as the only thing they have to do is to convince the assessor that they are more than twenty-one years old and have lived in the district for two years.

George D. Thorn, chief of the Bureau of elections in the State Department, said that he did not think that the women would be embarrassed by registration boards demanding their exact age under the wording of the law.

"Who is going to dispute with any woman what her approximate age is?" asked Mr. Thorn. He recalled a practice of former Representative Marlin E. Olmstead, of this city, who, whenever he registered, stated to the board gave his correct age. Registration boards always marked the congressman at "over fifty." Women may do likewise, Mr. Thorn said.

Fires Cause Heavy Loss in State. Harrisburg, July—Reports of fires in Pennsylvania during the first three months of 1920 which have been filed with the Bureau of Fire protection in the Department of State Police show that outside of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh there has been a total of 1656 fires causing an estimated loss to the owners of building and property of \$3,760,605.

The reports made to the State Bureau come through its agents in every county of the State and are made after the insurance adjustments are covered and there is little chance of inaccuracies on the estimated damages that the flames have created. On most occasions hasty estimates of fire losses are never borne out by final adjustments, but the State waits for its reports until insurance adjusters say what the real damage was, or make estimates where no insurance is carried.

During 1919 there were 12,862 fires in the State outside of Pittsburgh and Philadelphia and the total estimated loss was \$17,742,241. The most fires occurred in January with a total of 1265 but during March there were 1217 conflagrations causing the highest total monthly loss of the year of \$2,249,269. The lowest number of fires to occur on any single month last year was in May with 750. All records show that there are fewer fires during the summer months.

The records for this year show a great improvement throughout the State against the fire menace, there being but 597 fires reported in January, 505 in February and 554 in March. The losses have been little more than half of those the first three months in 1919.

JACKSONVILLE. Miss Frances Spencer, of Chicago, is spending a few days with friends hereabouts. Miss Anna Spigelmyer spent Sunday with the Misses Martha, Ethel and Florence Neff. Mr. and Mrs. Earl Armstrong, of Zion, were over Sunday guests at the home of County Commissioner George M. Harter. Mrs. Walter Daley, of Altoona, and Miss Hope Strunk, of State College, were week-end visitors at the George Ertle home. S. Yearick and family, of Philadelphia, are visiting friends in this vicinity. Mrs. Yearick's former home. They drove here in their big, new car and found the trip delightful. Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Thiel and daughter, Doris, who formerly lived in this vicinity, attended the festival held here last Saturday evening and had a pleasant time meeting their many old friends. Many other people from a distance were here for the festival, which proved a decided success. The Howard band furnished the music and quite a nice sum of money was realized.

MEDICAL. The Proper Course Information of Priceless Value to Every Bellefonte Citizen. How to act in an emergency is knowledge of inestimable worth, and this is particularly true of the diseases and ills of the human body. If you suffer with kidney backache, urinary disorders, or any form of kidney trouble, the advice contained in the following statement should add a valuable asset to your store of knowledge. What could be more convincing proof of the efficiency of Doan's Kidney Pills than the statement of a Bellefonte citizen who used them and who publicly tells of the benefit derived?

Mrs. L. A. Hill, E. Bishop St., says: "I am bothered by backache occasionally, but I keep Doan's Kidney Pills in the house and the benefit I derive from their use is very gratifying." Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills, the same that Mrs. Hill had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mrs., Buffalo, N. Y. 65-30.