THE CRUCIFIX.

Daniel Kerlin woke when the clock in the kitchen beneath him struck twelve. Close to the window a whippoor-will sang his nervous, almost incessant song and in the brief inter-vals of his chanting an owl crooned

softly and then gave a shrill cry.

It was neither the bright light of the full moon nor the various noises which wakened Daniel; it was rest-lessness and grief. Yesterday his mother had been buried and he was now, at eighteen, alone in the world. They had always lived in this secluded spot and here she had taught him to read and to till the garden and to make baskets. He knew little of his father, who had died soon after he was born. His mother had been beautiful and he had inherited her thick, light, bright hair and her blue eyes shadowed by dark lashes. He had inherited also her shyness; she never went away from the house, and when pedestrians came up the lonely path she closed the door.

Unaccustomed to his loss, Daniel turned his face into the pillow and cried with the blind woe of a child and the desperate, fully conscious grief of an adult. After a while he rose and went to the window. Night clothes were unheard of and he wore underwear fashioned by his mother to his strong young body. He had not attained his full growth, but he promised to be six feet tall.

The long oval valley upon which he gazed had a magical beauty in the June night. The sides were wooded but the bottom lands were partially cleared and there, now gleaming in the moonlight, now hidden by small stretches of woodland, wound a broad stream. Clustered in the center of the valley were dark solid massesthe buildings, most in ruin, of the ex-tensive and elaborate establishment of a colonial forge abandoned for fifty years. The huge house of the proprietor had become a tenement and the heavy rains penetrated downward to the first story where a few families of basket weavers lived wretchedly. The ancient furnace stack was a mass of tumbled bricks, and of forge and store and stables only their walls remained. The site of the row of workingmen's houses could be recognized by small heaps of grass-grown stones, once the chimneys of log and plaster cabins.

away, and though it was constructed not of logs but of substantial stone, it too had been built for a furnaceman, his great-grandfather, Daniel La Roche, a Swiss who was a moulder. Young Daniel knew nothing of the elder Daniel's history, not even his trade, and still less of his genius.

As lonely and heartsick, he sat As lonely and heartsick, he sat least they looked up they assumed the last they looked up they assumed the attitude of paralyzed creatures. Before them in the road stood a magnificent automobile, heavy and long and dark blue in color, with cushions of gray and trimmings which shone like looking into the valley there came mine; then, rounding a curve in the about a familiar change. The oval road, came out near the mansion and from the front like protruding eves filled with mist, the stream disap- the ruined stack where a group of peared, then the faintly outlined men sat around a rough table peeling On the driver's seat was a man in the highest of the treetops. The hated and feared them; they were moon remained the only object with vicious and their speech was evil. corporeal form. Dainel lifted his They had often coaxed him to join hands and closed thumbs and fore-them; he was no baby, they said, to fingers as though he moulded the sit all day at home with his mammy. moon. The perfection of the bright He hated to speak to them, but othercircle hanging in the sky enchanted wise he could get no osiers. him; he breathed heavily and his warm, rapidly flowing blood dried the the hard faces seemed harder in the tears on his cheeks.

Though Daniel's house was far

the room and went down the stairs. ready for peeling and all around for The house was constructed for more formal living than was common growth of osiers. among artisans; there was a central He heard a mu hall and the doors were paneled.

mother's labors, tears came once more into his smarting eyes and his hands trembled as he lighted the lamp. The room was furnished with plain, simple furniture and there were a few homewoven rugs on the floor. Among the cooking vessels and spoons were some which had been made before the Revolution. On a table lay the simple tools of the basket-making trade by which his mother, and then he and his mother together, had made a living. The art was continued from colonial times; even when the forge business was at its height and wages were good, the old men and the women made baskets. Imported osiers were still cultivated in the lowlands, soaked in the stream and peeled on tables in the shade of a thick eak. Since he was ten years old Daniel had secured from Jim Scholl, the chief of the basket weavers, a supply for his mother's work, and had carried back the finished product.

The kitchen was not Daniel's destination; it was not memorials of his mother which he sought for solace. He carried the lamp across to the parlor, which had not been opened for his mother's funeral. Here the white walls were dingy and the woodwork yellowed by time. There were two dark objects, the iron frame of the cavernous fireplace and, hanging opposite the fireplace on a strong nail, a crucifix, also of iron and about eighteen inches high.

Before the fireplace Daniel set his lamp on the floor and knelt down. Top and sides were exquisitely wrought in a conventional pattern of arabesques and upon the back there was a fanciful design. Under a tree with delicate foliage knelt an old man building a fire, a bundle of fagots by his side. The wind ruffied his beard and fluttered the leaves above his head. In design and execution the

fireplace was the work of an artist.

When he had looked for a long time Daniel rose stiffly and placed his lamp on a window sill and stood before the crucifix. Presently he took it down, gazed at it, held it in his hands and followed with his fingers the curves of the body and the veined leaves of the clover which ended the trips of each beam.

He carried lamp and crucifix at last across to the kitchen and took from ions did their best to replace his in- his mother's, the flesh of her face had the table drawer a knife and a few half-carved sticks of soft wood. He was trying to reproduce the beauti-

under his hands, but he had neither technical knowledge nor plastic ma-terial. There was a kind of clay near the ore bank out of which he had tried to model his mother's head, but it did not retain its form. He knew that iron castings were made by pressing a mold into wet, hard sand and letting the molten iron flow into the mold; but molten iron was as impos-

sible of attainment as malleable clay. Depressed and discouraged, he blew out the light and went to his room, where he placed the crucifix on his pillow. His was no religious sentiment; if his ancestors had been Roman Catholics they had so long had no religion that they had forgotten it. With the crucifix touching his

cheek he fell asleep. When Daniel opened his eyes it was morning. Now he did not wish to see the crucifix; his longings seemed as hopeless as they were vague. As he put on his shirt and trous rs and shoes he looked into the valley. The mist had long been dissipated, the stream ran through beds of living green, the sea of treetops had still the brightness of spring. He could see the upper story of the old mansion and through an open space almost the whole of the ruined stack.

As he breakfasted he made sorrowful plans for his future. He would tend his garden and continue his basket making. He had a desperate need for money; his mother had had but twenty dollars in her purse and the cost of her funeral was forty. She had impressed upon him her own horror of debt and, whatever happend offerwards he wast first new who ed afterwards, he must first pay what he owed. He did the basket-making with ease but he hated its monotony. If he could have shaped each basket differently from its fellows it would not have been so tiresome, but the dealer in Linchester would accept only those which conformed to his pat-

Having finished his breakfast, he hung the crucifix on its nail and, locking the doors of the parlor and of the house, went down the winding road. The road was almost overgrown; the wheels of the undertaker's wagon which had carried his mother's body had crushed tall weeds of this season's growth and small shrubs which were several years old. Beyond his house on the mountain lay a wild and beautiful region where the virgin woods were still untouched. There was a small cataract called Tumbling Run, the only fall for many miles, and round it in the spring was a wilderness of flowers. To this section he was the only visitor. The few bas-ket makers in the valley were afraid of the quiet and loneliness and also of ers failed to hear and see a sound and snakes. Daniel had seen but few sight new to their valley. When at poisonous snakes and he believed that

masses of the buildings, then even the willow stems. His mother had

He approached the table slowly; light of the beautiful morning. In Barefooted as he was, he crossed the stream lay bundles of withes several acres there was a thick

He heard a muttered sentence, but all and the doors were paneled. he went on bravely. The chief ob-In the kitchen, the scene of his ject of his dislike was the speaker, Jim Scholl, a fat man with a porcine face and the tiniest eyes, who wore corduroy trousers and an ancient sweater, once white.

"I want to buy some willows," said Daniel, realizing with astonishment that it was difficult to frame his An oath from Sch words.

The men continued to stare; they had suffered Daniel's pride while his mother lived, but they would tolerate it no longer.

"We don't sell no peeled stock," said Scholl in a surly tone. "It's easy to weave; peeling's the hard part. Hereafter them that weaves, peels. Better start now."

Hateful tears came into Daniel's eyes. His mother would let him have nothing to do with them, but his moher was dead, and he must have money.

One of the men slid along the bench to make room, another reached into the stream for a bundle of withes. "I can't stop my hand bleeding," he complained.

"Did you cut it?" asked Daniel, in the thick, sorrowful voice which was to be the most beautiful object in the his own but which sounded so strange. world. "It's the water," explained the basket maker. "You had the easy part. the open space but, once hidden by The hands get hard from weaving, the trees, he quickened his step. The then the water makes 'em sore." showed his hardened palm. "Feel of

Daniel touched it gingerly. Bleeding fissures separated the callous

spots.
"You needn't be afraid. Your own'll get like it," declared the man

foliage of the leaves, of the delicious malleability of clay under his fingers. His hands would be ruined!

"If your going to work, then work," Said Scholl fiercely.

Daniel sat with his mates at the rough table. The day was clear and the summer sun poured its heat into the valley. The heat did not penetrate through the feligion of the car.

She was older than his mother, but they were those were those were drowning in the not, stented an of noon.

At sight of him the little woman leaned forward and beckoned, and he went slowly to the side of the car. She was older than his mother, but the work of the care the work of the care the care that the work of the care the care that the care trate through the foliage of the oak, there was something similar in the but was reflected upward from the two faces, perhaps in the shape and

sects hummed incessantly.

He worked silently and with a burning unhappiness. His companhad without being aware of it. Like

ful, agonized figure and his work was not bad though he believed it a failure. He wished to create beautiful things, and he felt them taking shape Just 50 Years Ago by Bell.

The original telephone invented by Alexander Graham Bell, shown here in the possession of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C.

On March 10, 1876, just half a century ago, the first sentence was spoken over a telephone line.

Since then untold billions of sentences have been heard over the gigantic line interlacement in which our civilization virtually is cradled, comments the Pennsylvania Public Service Information Committee.

In America today 50,000,000 conversations are heard daily over the telephone wires. The historic sentence of fifty years

ago was spoken by the inventor of the telephone. It was addressed to his assistant.

"Mr. Watson," said Alexander Graham Bell, "come here; I want you." Those words were spoken over a crude device, later pronounced by socalled experts as "a clever contraption, but impracticable for business purposes."

Since then men have traveled vast distances to answer telephone calls. Wheels of industry revolve at the telephone's commands.

Thoughts, actions and development of nations, as well as individuals, today are influenced through utilization of the once "clever but impracticable contraption."

old house the women and children idled, their laughter carrying across the open space as they teased Scholl's oldest daughter about Daniel. She pretended indifference, but last evening she had waited for him on the lonely track. Afraid of her to the depths of his soul, he had passed with bent head. It seemed to him that he was sinking in a slimy pit and he was tempted hourly to lock his door and leave forever the place which had be-come fearful. But he must pay his

When he thought wildly of going away he planned to take with him the iron crucifix. The fireback with the arabesques and the old man build-ing his little fire under the windy tree he would have to leave.

Absorbed in their talk, the workgray and trimmings which shone like from the front like protruding eyes of an enormous, scintillating beetle. livery and sitting alone in the rear was a little woman in a black dress.

The inhabitants of the valley had seen a hundred times the ancient, dilapidated runabout of the dealer who came from Linchester to fetch their baskets, but they had never seen such vehicle as this. The men remained motionless, the women open-mouthed; some of the children ran to their mothers.

The little woman leaned forward, looking this way and that—at the old stone building, at the roofless walls of barns and storehouses and, finally, at the stolid, almost bestial workers and the slatternly women. Then the car moved away as quietly as it had come. It went, strange to see, not back on the hard road made of slag from the furnace, but up the overgrown, untraveled road on which partial Kerlin lived

An oath from Scholl expressed the amazement of the basket makers, who stared at each other, then toward the hillside and the leafy depths into which the car had vanished, then at the excited women trooping toward the shape of her features and as he did them. They still did not move or take so his fingers curved. But he could up their osiers or their peeling knives, not succeed in visualizing her; he and the women surrounded them before they looked at Daniel as one more closely concerned than they.

"They've went to your house, Dan-Daniel grew pale. "They've got no call to go to my

"Well, that's where they've went all the same." Daniel flung his leg over the bench and rose-though he had so carefully locked the door, they might get in

and take his crucifix. He believed it With deliberation Daniel crossed car could not have gone far, certain-ly not beyond his house. He could hear it breathing heavily and ran on. When he paused again he heard noth-

penetrated the woods in some magical fashion. Coming upon his house at a turn ill-naturedly.

Daniel thought of the smooth surface of the crucifix, of the delicate quietly, but the chauffer looked about uneasily, seeking a way of exit. Daniel stood gazing forbiddingly. Everything was perfectly still, the birds were drowsing in the hot, scented air

ing. Either it had stopped, or it had

hard-baked ground. The stream expression of the eyes. Her hair was shimmered in the sun, a myriad in-

She spoke in a low tone which pleased his ear. 'Is this your house?"

"Yes," answered Daniel. "What is your name?" "Daniel Kerlin."

The name, it was clear, signified nothing. The stranger laid her slender hand on the door of her car and leaned forward, speaking wih hesitation as though she were not sure of

the boy's interest.

"When I was a little girl I lived at the forge with my grandfather. Thirty thousand acres of land belonged to him. Wagons brought the charcoal from the hillside and trains of the contract that the irrespondent with the contract that the contract the contract that the contract th mules took the iron away with the pigs bent so they would fit over their backs. We had parties and there was dancing, with coaches coming and going. All the gentlefolk within a hundred miles visited us. We used to come up this road to a place called Tumbling Run where there was a beautiful cataract. Do you know

where it is?" "Oh, yes," said Daniel.
"Can I get nearer in my car?" "I don't believe you can."
"Could you go with me

"Could you go with me the place?" "Yes," said Daniel. "Not to-day. Say a week from

"Yes," promised Daniel, unable to take his eyes away from her face. "My name is Mrs. Allen. I live near Linchester, but I've been away for many years. You'll meet me

"Yes," promised Daniel again. "I'll stay home from work." Daniel lay supine, his arms clasped

behind his head. It was a warm night and his room was close with the unstirring air of the woods and the heavy atmosphere of a man's house-

Near at hand, crickets chirped and katydids answered one another with monotonous regularity. Daniel re-joiced, believing them to be the harbingers of a dry day. To-morrow—no, it was to-day, Mrs. Allen was to return. His life grew more intolerable, the speech of his mates more foul and insinuating, his longings for escape more desperate. Mrs. Allen had given him for a moment a sense of peace and security, as though he had seen his mother. He tried to recall

He had a wild intention to show her the crucifix and his carvings and to say, "He could make things like this, and hands and flowers and faces if I were taught," and the bold intention kept him awake. She was rich, she had seen the world, she might know how to advise him. He turned on his pillow and clasped his hands in a gesture of supplication. "If you would help me!" he said aloud.

(Concluded next week.)

Huguenot Was First

New York Physician Dr. Johannes La Montagne was the arst educated man of medicine to settle down in the little Dutch town of what is now New York and hang out his shingle officially. He was a Huguenot gentleman of forty-two, a man who had obtained a splendid medical and general background at the University of Leyden. He had married a girl named Rachel DeForest, whose family had moved to this new country, and the letters home had told of such promise that he decided to try it for himself.

So in 1637 he came. Almost immediately he assumed an important place in the community life. His reputation gave him professional as well as social position and he became one of the big men of the day. Governor Kieft appointed him to his council within a year after his arrival, and he was retained also by Governor Stuyvesant when that slightly crusty Dutchman took the reins.

Doctor La Montagne treated his first case in what are known as these parts as long ago as 1637.—New York Evening Post.

Ancient Methods of

Heating and Lighting The time when man's curiosity and courage first enabled him to investigate the phenomena of fire was certainly not less than 35,000 years ago. It probably happened in Europe during

the Glacial age. One of the earliest methods was by twirling a pointed stick in a hole in dry wood, leading to the hearth fire. This was followed by the shell lampa shell filled with animal fats or fish

oil, with grass or moss as the wick The oldest bronze lamp known was found in Cyprus, and is probably 4,000 years old. In Homer's Odyssey the use of three braziers in the palace to give light is mentioned—a method made possible by the fact that roofs were commonly open in those days.

Coming to more recent times, the cresset, a species of cage filled with old rope smeared with pitch, was in

Candles were first introduced by the Phoenicians about 1000 years B. C., after which they became the regular indoor illuminant. About 400 B. C. candles in all the chief countries of Europe were displaced by oil lamps of clay and bronze and did not return to common use for a thousand years. The first friction match (the lucifer) was not invented until 1827, and a box of fifty cost half a crown (60 cents). The introduction of the Swedish safety match dates to about fifty years ago .-London Tit-Bits.

Winter Rains Stored for Time of Drought

In southern California, where land without water is worth little, various means have to be adopted to conserve the winter rainfall for the dry summer months. From May till October landowners depend on the underground

water supply. A recent development has been the construction of a vast natural "sponge" destined to hold the flood waters from the great canyons in the district. The water from the melting snow or rains is distributed over nearly 800 acres of rock and sandy land, covered from end to end with sage bushes. This area has been intersected by specially constructed ditches, with concrete distributing gates, by means of which the water is kept circulating, instead of

pouring away to waste. At the height of the season this wonderful "sponge" soaks up not less than 100,000 inches of rain, all of which can be pumped to the surface when re-

Official Sauerkraut

A definition and standard for sauerkraut has been adopted by the secretary of agriculture as a guide for the officials of the department in the enforcement of the federal food and drugs act, upon the recommendation of the joint committee on definitions and standards, as follows: "Sauerkraut is the clean, sound product, of the larvae but does not injure the characteristic acid flavor, obtained by adults. If arsenate of lead is added the full fermentation, chiefly lactic, to the dust then all will be killed. of properly prepared and shredded cabbage in the presence of not less than 2 per cent nor more than 3 per cent of salt. It contains upon completion of the fermentation, not less than 11/2 per cent of acid, expressed as lactic acid. Sauerkraut which has been rebrined in the process of canning or repacking contains not less than 1 per cent of acid expressed as lactic acid."

"Laborer" Was Right

Getting one's name on the voting list in an outlying town in Massachusetts for the first time is a serious ceremony. yet with touches of humor. For instance, one lady was asked what her occupation was and she replied 'Housewife." Whereupon the registrar volunteered this one: "I asked this question of one woman and she replied, 'Laborer.'" The registrar, somewhat puzzled, again queried, "What kind of labor?" The woman replied, "Well, I'm home all day."-Christian Science Monitor.

Another Diplomat

Five-year-old William, the son of religious parents, has been taught that Sunday is not a day for play. One Sunday his mother was surprised and horrified to find him sailing his toy boat in the bathtub.

"William!" she exclaimed. "Don't you know it's wicked to sail boats on Sunday?"

"Now don't get excited, mother," was the calm reply. "This isn't any pleasure excursion. This is a missionary boat going to darkest Africa."-The Open Road.

Suspicious of Columbus Columbus had returned to Spain oringing news of a wonderful new

land across the sea. "How much shall I write on it?" queried the maritime reporter of the Cadiz Evening Bulletin. his advertising if he wants any. It's

Probable Reason

"Well! well! Look at that fellow running and turning his head first one way, then the other, as he flees!" exclaimed a guest. "What do you suppose he is doing that for?"

"Not knowing the gent, can't say for certain," replied the landlord of the tavern at Peeweecuddyhump, "but prob'ly it is b'cuz he afn't able to turn it both ways at once."-Kansas City

FARM NOTES.

—A great many vegetables re-spond to lime; in fact, many will not grow well in soil that is at all acid. This is particularly true of asparagus, spinach, celery, beets, onions, and

-Clean culture of corn crop is needed if the European corn borer is to be conquered. Cleaning up the refuse in fields and burning it is recommended, by Pennsylvania State College specialists as a means of killing the borers which have hibernated there through the winter.

-Cutworms often cause serious damage to some small fruits, vege-tables and other crops. Because of reports of serious damage to straw-berries and blackberries in 1924, the entomologists of the New York State agricultural experiment station at Geneva gave directions for controlling the insect.

—Cut alfalfa or clover hay makes a splendid litter for little chicks the first week or so of their lives. It not only affords a safe place to work but also supplies the chicks with some green feed. Avoid dirty litter because the chaff and barbs that are thrown up when the youngsters scratch get in the little fellow's eyes and irritate the tissues, often caus-

ing the eyes to go shut. —This is the time of year when many dairymen must watch the cool-ing of milk more carefully than they have during the past few months. Nature has helped all winter but now she will work the opposite way. Cool the milk over a cooler with running water or in a can set in a tank of ice and water. Stir with a clean stirring rod or spoon. Milk that is stirred cools five times as rapidly as milk standing still.

-There are two asparagus beetles, the common asparagus beetle and the 12-spotted beetle that infest asparagus. The adults winter in rubbish or whatever shelter they can find near the asparagus patch. They become active about the time asparagus is first ready to cut, laying many eggs. Both the larvae and the adults feed, eating holes in the stalks.
When the asparagus is being cut

for market there will be little injury to the shoots for the eggs will not have been on the shoots long enough for them to hatch or the larvae get to a size sufficient to do any damage. If the patch is cut clean once in three to five days the grower will have little trouble.

Leave a row or two along the side of the asparagus patch uncut as a trap crop, spraying these plants frequently with one pound of powdered arsenate of lead in forty gallons of water.

As soon as cropping has been dis-continued, spray the whole planta-tion with arsenate of lead as directed above.

The use of poultry has been advo-cated for years. The field is enclosed and fifteen to twenty hens are placed on each acre. Spraying will proba-bly be unnecessary if hens or other poultry are used to control the beetle. On small areas dusting the plants with air-slacked lime helps. It kills Use five ounces of the powdered arsenate of lead, by weight, in one peck. by measure, of air-slacked lime or land plaster. Have it thoroughly mixed and apply in the early morning while the dew is on. Do not use plants which have been dusted with

poison for food. For information on the pests of garden crops send specimens of the insect or the work it does to the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Plant Industry, Harrisburg and information for the control of the trouble will be given.

-One result of the recent European trip of Dr. L. O. Howard, chief of the bureau of entomology of th United States Department of Agriculture, was the discovery that there exist in Europe two parasites of the Euporean earwig which is at present a great nuisance in the vicinity of Seattle, Wash.; Portland, Ore.; and Newport, R. I. Arrangements were made by Doctor Howard to have the bureau's laboratory at Hyeres, France, study the parasites and prepare shipments to this country at an early date.

The European earwig in its several stages feeds on very tender green shoots of clover and grass, dahlia plants and blossoms, and the stamens and petals of various flowers. Mellow garden soil, lawns with a southern exposure, or similar places make fertile breeding and hibernating grounds for the earwigs, which multiply rapidly, the female laying from 50 to 90 shiny white eggs each season.

The adult earwig is rich reddish

brown with the wing covers and legs dull yellow brown, and the wings three-fourths of an inch in length. In late summer the adults gather in large numbers in crevices or behind vines for mating. At other times during the day they hide in any crevice, folds of clothing, or even behind a convenient leaf which offers protection. They may be found in large numbers on porches, behind chair cushions, under rugs, and in folds of awnings. The European earwig was first noticed at Newport in 1911, at Seattle in 1915, and at Portland shortly after. It was undoubtedly "Don't write anything," replied the brought in from Europe, where it is city editor. "Let Columbus pay for very common, although not considered of great economic importance. In probably a real estate promotion this country, however, the earwig has scheme."—New York University Med- multiplied rapidly in infested areas and has become a serious pest and caused much annoyance. It is possible that it may spread to other sections of the country if not checked.

In addition to the parasites which have been discovered, there are other enemies of the earwig. Toads eat the larvae readily. Hens devour the adults ravenously, but the earwigs are so hidden during the day that fowls can hardly be considered as an important factor in controlling the insect. Poisoned baits and sprays furnish other means of control.

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