

AMARILLY IN LOVE

"Amarilly'll use everything she learns," said Lily Rose.

"She don't seem to know yet what she's a-goin' to do. She knows so much, I suppose it'll be hard fer her to tell what to choose."

"I wish," began Lily Rose wistfully, "that she would —"

She was interrupted in the utterance of her best wishes for Amarilly by the sound of wagon wheels and a stentorian "Whoa, there!"

"Oh!" she cried wildly, throwing the dish towel into space, "here's Sol already come to lay the wires."

The all-absorbing topic of thought and conversation at the farm for the next few days was Lily Rose's telephone. What form of instrument to have and where it should hang were weighty problems. The terms "receiver", "transmitter", and "extension" were used ostentatiously and familiarly. When the amazing innovation was at last installed and they were bidden to "try it out", they made connections with awed countenances and muffled voices.

"Why, I can hear every word jest as plain