

Congregational Church—Rev. F. F. Farrington, pastor. Services for Sunday Jan. 21: Sunday School, 9:30 a. m.; preaching service, 10:45 a. m., subject, "Retribution;" C. E. Society meeting, 6:45 p. m.; preaching service, 7:30 p. m., subject, "Pointed Lessons from the Book of Ruth." A welcome for all.

First Methodist Episcopal Church—R. A. Brown, minister. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.; Roy Baker, superintendent. Preaching service at 10:45 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sermons by the pastor. Morning subject, "The Love that Serves." Text, Gen. 29:20, "And Jacob served seven years for Rachel and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her." Epworth League at 6:45 p. m. Good music by the vested choir at each service. The revival meetings are expected to begin Feb. 4th, the pastor doing the preaching and Mr. J. W. Henderson, evangelist, in charge of the music. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Bedell Danish Lutheran Church—Rev. J. Simonsen, pastor, West Seminoles St. Sunday school 9:30 a. m. every Sunday. Services at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m., first and third Sundays in the month, and each Friday evening previous to first and third Sundays at 7:30 p. m. Everybody welcome.

St. Peters Danish Lutheran Church—Rev. N. V. Holm, pastor, (corner Lincoln and W. Chippewa streets). Sunday school, 9 a. m.; church service, 10 a. m., (except third Sunday); Young Peoples meeting 2nd and 4th Sunday, 2:30 p. m.; choir practice Friday, 7:30 p. m.

German Lutheran Church—Rev. W. O. J. Kisteman, pastor. Sunday services at 9:30 a. m.

Dogs and Porcupines.

No matter how many lessons a dog has received, it is a peculiarity long noted that it will attack a porcupine every time it is met. A setter or pointer after partridges, just as a half or full blooded hound after deer, will throw himself on a porcupine every time it is seen and immediately set up the same familiar howl of dismay. When cornered the porcupine rolls up into a ball, hiding legs, head and belly and presenting nothing except an animated cactus. It has the faculty of loosening its hold on the quills, which are imbedded in pores in its skin, and they come off and stick to another object at the slightest touch. In fact, so quick is the attack of the dog and so rapidly does he retreat, howling, with muzzle and breast covered with the spines, that many say the hedgehog can throw its quills, but this is nonsense.—Exchange.

China's Haunted Spots.

In China there is a strong belief that spots in rivers, creeks and ponds where people have been drowned are haunted by specters who spring out upon the unwary and drown them. Should the hauntings become very frequent the spot is exorcised. This ceremony consists in the decapitation of a white horse by a specially selected executioner on the site of the hauntings. The head of the slaughtered animal is placed in an earthenware jar and buried in the exact spot where it was killed, which spot is carefully marked by the erection of a stone tablet.

Birdskin Garments.

Eskimo women wear the most curious kind of underclothing, its peculiarity being that it is made of the skins of birds. These skins before being sewed together are chewed well by the women in order to make them soft. About a hundred skins are required to make a shirt, and the labor of chewing the skins which form their garments is quite enough to account for the massive, well developed jaws of Eskimo women.

Warned In Time.

A soft answer sometimes disarms. A story is told of a landlond on the north shore. A guest, seldom satisfied, came to him and said, "Mr. Smith—that was not the landlond's name—" "Mr. Smith, your coffee is rotten." The landlond shook him by the hand. "Thank you, sir; thank you, I haven't had my breakfast yet, and I'll skip the coffee this time. Much obliged."—Boston Herald.

Complimentary.

Uncle Tom—Have you named your dog yet, Harry? Harry—Sure thing, I named him after you, Uncle Tom.—That's not very complimentary, is it? Harry—Oh, well, he hasn't got sense enough to know the difference.—Chicago News.

His Busy Time.

"How high did de ole mule kick him?" "Go long, man! You think he had time ter measure de distance?"—Atlanta Constitution.

Good Care Assured.

"Are you sure he is a good doctor?" "Well, he is recommended by the president of the insurance company that has a \$50,000 policy on my life."—Smart Set.

The best preparation for the future is the present well worn to the last duty done.—George MacDonald.

Then He Got His.

She—I consider, John, that sheep are the stupidest creatures living. He (absentmindedly)—Yes, my lamb!

ONE MUST FEEL IT

By PHILIP VANDEVEER

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My engagement with Edith was short, sweet and fiery. We parted after a quarrel and never spoke again. The only things which passed between us after the break were the gifts I had bestowed upon her and our letters. When mine came back to me I tossed them into a drawer in a writing desk I kept for personal use in my home, intending to destroy them when I had time. But somehow I disliked to touch anything that reminded me of this love turned to hate.

My engagement to Mildred that followed was a very different affair. I resolved that I would write no such twaddle as I had written Edith. Mildred was one of those undemonstrative girls whose feelings are often very strong, but who keep them pent, fearing that some one may detect them. Such people rarely make friends. Those they meet casually are never drawn to them, but the few who break through their shells adore them.

Our engagement was a long one, for I was obliged not only to set my house in order, but first to get the house. I was satisfied that Mildred was the woman I wanted for a wife. We were companionable, interested in each other and our joint affairs and had complementary tastes. But there was no gush. When we parted and met our kiss was more like one between brother and sister than between lovers. Nevertheless we were wrapped up in each other.

Our engagement had lasted a year, and so used had I become to considering Mildred as my own personal property that I gradually dropped what few endearments I had been used to giving her. I was away from her frequently, and so great was my aversion—after my experience with Edith—to love letters that I never wrote one to Mildred. Finally, during my absences I did not write her at all. Mildred never complained of this in the slightest. Indeed, she never wrote me except in reply to a letter of mine, and it was usually shorter and less demonstrative than mine.

Then came a thunderclap. While from home I received a letter from Mildred's sister Clara informing me that Mildred was intending on my return to break our engagement. The reason she would give was that she had found that she did not love me well enough to marry me. The real reason was my unlovelike treatment of her. "You have mistaken her," wrote Clara. "She is brimful of romance, feeling, everything that tends to bring out a grand passion. She loves you devotedly, as you would have known had you treated her in a way to bring out the strength of her passion."

With a mute blessing upon Clara for giving me a chance to avert the calamity before it should fall, I sat about the work of rectifying my mistake. I began at once a letter—ignoring, of course, the information I possessed—which would meet my Mildred's most ardent desires. What was my disappointment, my chagrin, my terror, to discover that I could not write in the required vein. I wrote a dozen letters, none of which satisfied me. Those that were exuberant of love seemed to belie me; those in which I expressed what I conceived to be a full modicum of the tender passion seemed cold to me. Every one of them I destroyed. Whether it was that the attempt to write a love letter awakened a remembrance of my affair with Edith that had made such effusions repulsive to me I could not conjecture; I only knew that they were now impossible to me.

Then a brilliant thought struck me. I had once written such letters, and they were still in my possession. I could copy them, or when they did not enter into my particulars—were similar to mine—I might use the originals. I telegraphed Clara to send at once a package marked "To be destroyed" contained in a drawer at my desk at home. Two days later I received it by express.

Nearly all the letters began "Dearest," or "Dearest sweetheart," or "Dearest, sweetest, loveliest," with no name at the end of the string. I selected one which I had written during an absence from Edith, and it fitted the case exactly. With a little acid I took out the date and wrote another. I put in a postscript saying that since we had been engaged I had been longing—I put it "longing"—to write as I felt, but her coldness had induced me to refrain. Absence, which makes the heart grow fonder, had burst the bonds. Then, sealing the epistle, I sent it to Mildred.

I received a reply which thrilled me with delight. The poor girl poured out her heart as spontaneously as a bird singing for its mate. The spell was broken. I was enabled to reply in kind. When I returned we sprang into each other's arms, a pair of real lovers. That was years ago. Now that I have been married twenty years, my power of writing love letters to my wife has deserted me. Feeling that a cold, unlovely condition was arising between us, once when on a journey I sent her one of the letters I had written to my first love. Expecting that it would draw us together as had been done in the past. This is the reply I received:

I have just taken from the postman a letter from you which makes me fear you have gone daff. I am fearfully anxious to get some one to telegraph me at once an explanation. I am ready to go to you at once if you have received a stroke.

Primitive Ideas of Hygiene.

Hindu ambassadors once sent to England by a native prince were regarded as so polluted that on their return to India nothing but being born again would purify them, and they were accordingly dragged through a gold image of the sacred Yoni.

A writer describes a curious custom of the Barsetse in South Africa. A few days after the death of a man the doctor comes and makes an incision on the forehead of each of the survivors of his relatives and fills it with medicine to ward off the contagion and the effect of the sorcery that caused his death.

Leland calls attention to a custom of taking medicines on the threshold in ancient Tuscany, the idea being that the threshold was the border line between the outer world where evil spirits freely roam.

If a person dies within an Eskimo hut everything in the hut must be destroyed or thrown away as well as everything which had come into contact with the deceased.—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

Scientific Manager.

One cold winter day some railroad officials while making an inspection of a large yard stepped for a moment inside a switchman's shanty to get warm. Among them was a general superintendent who was known to have a mania for "scientific management" and the reduction of expenses. As they were leaving the switchman asked the traveling yardmaster, whom he knew:

"Now, can ye be tellin' me who that man is?"

"That's the general superintendent," the yardmaster replied.

"What do you think o' that? He's a foine lookin' man, and ye never would believe the tales ye are hearin' about 'im."

"What have you heard about him, Mike?" was the curious question.

"Why, they do say that he was at the funeral of Mr. Mitchell's wife and when the six pallbearers came out he raised his hand and said: 'Hold on a minute, boys. I think ye can get along without two of 'em.'—Everybody's Magazine.

Know What a Prism Is?

John Smith and Henry Jones are eating lunch together. John Smith casually takes two cubes of sugar and places them side by side.

"That makes a perfect prism, doesn't it?" John Smith remarks casually.

"Prism nothing!" replies Henry Jones. "That isn't a prism."

"Sure it is," remarks Smith. "Don't you know a prism when you see one?"

"I certainly do," is the retort. "A prism is a triangular piece of glass used to divide light into the primary colors. Can't you recall enough of your school days to remember that?"

"Oh, yes; I remember that all right. But these two cubes of sugar, placed side by side, make a prism too."

"Bet you the lunch you're wrong," challenges Jones.

"You're on," promptly agrees Smith, and a dictionary was sent for.

Jones had to pay the bet. If you don't believe it, look in a dictionary yourself and see.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Hay In Church.

A curious custom has been observed from time immemorial at Old Weston, Huntingdonshire, in England. The church there is dedicated to St. Swithin, and on the Sunday most nearly approaching St. Swithin's day the edifice is strewn with new mown hay. The tradition is that an old lady bequeathed a field for charitable purposes on condition that the tenant provided the hay to lessen the annoyance caused by the squeaking of the new shoes worn by the villagers on Feast Sunday. There are other explanations—one that it is an offering of the first fruits of the hay harvest and another that it is a survival of the custom of strewing the church (when the floor was only beaten earth) with rushes.

A New Creation.

Margaret, aged eleven, had just returned from her first visit to the zoo. "Well," said her mother, smiling, "did you see the elephants and the giraffe and the kangaroos?" Margaret looked thoughtful.

"We saw the elephant and the giraffe and the dan-ger-roos."

"What?" said Mrs. Blank.

"The dan-ger-roos. It said, 'These animals are d-a-n-g-e-r-o-u-s.'—Harper's Magazine.

Still "Johnny."

One summer when an admirable ex-secretaire of the navy was visiting his native village of Buckfield in Maine he sent some clothes to the village washerwoman and, driving by the next week in company with a representative to congress, stopped to ask for them. The woman turned to her assistant. "May," said she, "is Johnny's washing done yet?"—Christian Register.

And Got a Lecture.

"Well, old man, how did you get along after I left you at midnight? Get home all right?"

"No. A confounded nose policeman haled me to the station, where I spent the rest of the night."

"Lucky 'dout," I reached home."—Boston Transcript.

Conservation Too.

"What is this domestic science?" inquired the engaged girl.

"It consists of making hash out of the leftover meat and croquettes out of the leftover hash," explained her more experienced friend.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Bell Clappers of Opium.

The infinite patience of the Chinese is well illustrated in a smuggling story which I heard from an imperial maritime customs official at one of the "barriers" on the upper Yangtze. The incident occurred several years ago in an attempt to avoid duty on a small amount of Szechuan opium that was headed for Shanghai.

"An important article of down river trade," said the official in question, "is the little belled and spangled cap worn by the Chinese children from two to six years of age. In passing a number of boxes of these in the spring of 1900 I chanced to notice that the flaps of the cap I was examining was rather stiff. Forcing it open purely out of curiosity, I was astonished to find a tiny pellet of opium hardly a quarter of an inch in diameter which had been substituted for the clapper. Of course we had to search the whole lot, and our aggregate haul from about 5,000 caps—a couple of days' work for us—was less than ten pounds of opium."—Wide World Magazine.

Gleaning in England.

There is a popular but quite erroneous belief that a common law right of gleaning exists in England. A legal obiter dictum that a man who enters a field for the purpose of gleaning cannot be prosecuted for trespass received the dubious support of Blackstone. But a majority of judges decided in a case which came before the old court of common pleas that to grant a general right to glean would be contrary to public policy, because it would "demoralize the poor" and "open a wide door to fraud." In many parts of England the privilege is confined to the wives and children of the harvesters. Yet the privilege of gleaning became so firmly established in England that the local custom has been recognized by many acts of parliament. In some country districts the "gleaning bell" is still regularly rung from the tower of the parish church during harvest time twice a day to let the gleaners know when they may commence and when they must finish.—Westminster Gazette.

Persia's Great Superstition.

The greatest superstition in Persia is what is known as the "evil eye." You must not say to some one whom you meet, "How well you are looking!" for if you do and that person is taken ill it will be because you gave him the evil eye. You must not say to a mother, "What a pretty baby!" "What a bright child!" for if you do and anything unfortunate happens to the child you will be considered responsible. Many mothers let their children go dirty and poorly clothed in order that they may not attract favorable attention. The sign which is thought to have some power to avert the evil eye consists in holding the second and third fingers of both hands close to the palms with the thumbs, while the other fingers are extended straight out. Then with the hands behind you you make a downward movement three times.—Los Angeles Times.

What Is Fun?

"I don't see what fun it can be for you to go on these fishing expeditions with your husband," said her best friend.

"That's because you don't know anything about fishing," she replied.

"Do you?"

"Indeed I do. I can sit in the stern of the boat and give advice to the best of them. And when a big fish gets away nobody can beat me telling how it ought to have been or might have been landed."

"I shouldn't think that would be much fun for you."

"Shouldn't you? Well, that's because you don't know how mad it makes my husband. Kid, you don't know what fun it is."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Spanish Meat Balls.

Spanish meat balls are as palatable as they are rare, and made thus: One can of tomatoes, one onion chopped fine, garlic or cayenne to taste. This forms the "Spanish." One and a half pounds of hamburger steak, soak half a loaf of stale bread, drain off all water. Take one egg, pepper and salt to taste, mix together, roll into balls the size of an egg and cook in the "Spanish" three quarters of an hour.—National Magazine.

His Suspicions Aroused.

"John, do you love your little wife?" "Yes."

"Do you love me very much?" "Oh, yes."

"Will you always love me?" "Yes. Say, woman, what have you gone and ordered sent home now?"—Pittsburgh Post.

Her Question.

Molly (holiday making in the country)—I say, Mr. Hoats, do you mind if I ask a question? The Farmer—No, my dear. What is it? Molly—What I want to know is when you've finished milking that cow how do you turn it off?—London Sketch.

Education.

Education gives fecundity of thought, copiousness of illustration, quickness of vision, fancy, words, images and illustrations; it decorates every common thing and gives the power of trifling without being undignified and absurd.—Sydney Smith.

Easy Enough.

Tommy's Mamma—Why aren't you a good boy like Willie Blones? Tommy—Huh! It's easy enough for him to be good. He's sick most of the time.—Judge.

Another life, if it were not better than this, would be less a promise than a threat.—J. Petit Senn

A Royal Test

By EMMA L. SHANKLIN

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The king of Holland—all this happened several centuries ago—sent a messenger to his daughter, the Princess Sophia, to say to her that his majesty commanded her to come to his cabinet. When she reached it her father informed her that he had agreed to give her in marriage to the Crown Prince Carl of Prussia.

"But I have never seen the prince," she said.

"That has nothing to do with the matter," replied the king.

"If the prince wishes to marry me let him come and woo me," said the princess, and she left the room.

What action his majesty took in the matter was never known, but presently along came the crown prince of Prussia with a splendid retinue to ask the hand of the Princess Sophia. Nobody but those most interested knew what was going on except that the prince had come on an errand of marriage and that his stay was much longer than was customary on such royal occasions. There were social functions at the palace, but the crown prince of Prussia and the princess of Holland were seldom seen together.

The truth is that Sophia received her royal suitor coolly. She neither consented nor dissented from his proposition for her hand. The prince seemed to consider the affair a diplomatic one and spent his time in those diversions which occupy men alone, paying very little attention to the woman he sought for his wife.

The princess not only paid no attention to this neglect, but appeared to be infatuated with Baron von Schelwig, one of the members of the prince's suit. Von Schelwig was a very handsome man and though this was his chief attraction, he was universally acknowledged to be a lady killer.

Prince Carl did not seem to mind the princess' infatuation a bit. He hunted and skated and played cards just the same. The king of Holland, to whom the alliance was of great importance, every day dreaded that his royal highness would withdraw his application for his daughter's hand and return to Germany in high dudgeon. But Carl, who had made a formal application on his arrival, paid no further attention to the matter, apparently waiting for his reply from the government of Holland. Meanwhile, the encouragement the princess gave Von Schelwig was noticed by all the court, every one wondering how she could accept the attentions of the subordinate when the master had come to make application for her hand.

One day after a hunting party which was attended by both men and women the Princess Sophia, who had kept Von Schelwig in attendance upon her during the entire day, the hunt being finished, entered her carriage to dine at the palace. When passing through an unfrequented place she was stopped by a masked horseman, who rode up to the window and addressed the princess:

"The crown prince of Prussia, who has come to propose for your highness' hand, is sensible of the slight put upon him by your acceptance of the attentions of a member of his suit. But as a prince of the blood and a suitor for your highness' hand it is unbecoming of him to make any protest. I therefore take it upon myself to resent the insult thrust upon him. But to prevent a court scandal I deem it advisable to warn you. Know that if Baron Von Schelwig presumes to join you hereafter at any court function I will call him to account as offering an insult to my sovereign and my prospective sovereign and shall kill him."

"Your royal highness need not be so fierce about it," said the princess. "I would not for the world jeopardize the life of the crown prince of Prussia."

"You know me!"

"I knew you the moment I heard your voice."

Carl tore off his mask with an exclamation of chagrin. Seeing the princess smiling at him, he hung his head.

"Now that I know my acceptance of your subordinate's attentions are distasteful to you, I assure you, I will not again permit them."

"I regret my action, since it will deprive you of the company of the man—"

"I do not love Von Schelwig."

"Then why, may I ask, does a princess of the royal house of Holland permit the attentions of one holding the lowest rank of any of my suit?"

"That I might discover the sentiments of his master."

"My sentiments! What do you know of them, except that I have, by my father's order, proposed for your hand?"

"Was not obedience of your royal father's order sufficient? Did your duty to his majesty compel you to threaten to kill a member of your own suit, whose attentions I have permitted?"

"The slight."

"Would a duel with an inferior wipe out that slight?"

The prince knew that he had revealed the secret of his jealousy.

"Perhaps your highness will give your horse to one of my attendants and ride to the palace with me," added the princess.

Throwing himself from his horse, Prince Carl entered the carriage and the two drove on side by side.

The next day the prince and princess were formally betrothed.

PICKING UP STONES

By M. QUAD

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Farmer Josiah White was out in the barnyard milking the one horned cow when his wife came sauntering out. She spoke about the new wagon shed and the need of a pump for the well and finally got around to say:

"Josiah, you won't be mad, will you?"

"Have you broke a lot of dishes?" he asked as he looked up.

"No."

"Then I guess I won't be mad. What is it?"

"George Lee was over here to see Jennie today. He's got back from college. He didn't stay but an hour, and I was sittin' with 'em on the veranda all the time. Nothing to be mad about, is there?"

"Well, no, but I should have talked right up to him if I had found him here. He knows I can't abide a lazy man, and that he can never marry Jennie with my consent. If she runs away to marry him, then she can never darken my door ag'in. So he's back, eh?"

"Yes; he's finished college."

"Well, what's he goin' to do, now that he's got through college? Is he goin' to take right hold and work like thunder to pay the old folks back?"

"Josiah, I can't exactly explain what he's made of himself, but pickin' up stones has somethin' to do with it. Jennie knows, and after he was gone she said it was a good trade. Did you ever hear of what they call a goldst?"

"Never, by gosh, and I don't want to. Go on, to pickin' up stones, is he? Go on 'round pickin' up stones instead of usin' a hoe in the cornfield. You needn't say any more, Sarah. I can see that he's turned out wuss'n I predicted he would."

Three years previous to the above conversation George Lee, a farmer's son, had come courting Jennie White. He was twenty and Jennie a year younger. He was called a smart young man, and Jennie was something of a belle, and from the farmer's standpoint it seemed to be a good match. It seemed so until young Lee announced that he was going to college. That changed Mr. White's opinion of him at once. Colleges were for shirks and squirts and one horse lawyers. They simply spoiled farmers' sons. Every rascal he had ever read of had been a college graduate. He didn't turn the young man out doors, but he gave him to understand that the daughter would be for some one who could tell a cabbage head from a burdock.

And unbeknown to him, though not engaged, the young people had maintained a friendly correspondence and met occasionally, and now things had reached a sort of climax. George Lee had boldly called at the house, and the farmer's wife had noted what she called "signs." That talk in the barnyard had been to prepare the husband and father for what might happen, for she believed that something would happen. George Lee didn't seem to be a bit afraid of anybody or anything, as she expressed it to herself, and she noticed that Jennie was very fidgety.

Yes, something happened. It came two days later. Mr. Lee called again, and just in time to catch the father before going to the field for his afternoon's work. He stood right up like a man before father and mother and said that he loved Jennie, hoped she loved him, and wanted her for a wife. His coolness and dignity took the old man back for a minute, but presently he asked:

"Are you going to run the farm for your father?"

"No, Mr. White. I have something better."

"I heard it was goin' around and pickin' up stones in the fields."

"I shall pick up stones and I shall throw stones away. That is part of the profession. By and by I hope I shall find what I am looking for."

"Then you look for it and when you find it you can come back. Better stay away till you do. I don't want Jennie so upset that she can't help her mother make soft soap and put up pickled peaches."

Six weeks assed away, and one noon when Farmer White came up from the field he found young Lee waiting for him. At his feet was a heavy block of something done up in a newspaper.

"You told me when I found something almost as good as gold or silver to come again," said the young man.

"But you hadn't done it."

"I think so. Here's a block of building marble that I've taken from the ridge back there. There's thousands and thousands of tons of it, and it is all on your farm. There's a railroad only a mile away and a big city twenty miles off. Will you take \$10,000 for your farm?"