

Services and Meetings in the Various Churches

Trinity Episcopal Church
C. Wolcott, D. D. Rector. Holy Communion, Sunday 7:30 a. m. Morning Prayer, Sunday 11:00 a. m. Holy Communion, first Sunday in the month, 11:00 a. m. Evening Prayer, Sunday School 9:45 a. m.

St. Mary's Church
Pastor, Rev. C. E. Lundgren. Sunday services, 8:30 a. m. Sunday School 11:45 a. m. High Mass 10:00 a. m.

Evangelical Lutheran Church
Rev. C. E. Lundgren, pastor. Services, preaching at 3:00 p. m. School at 2:00 p. m. Wednesday evening 8:00 p. m.

Church of Christ, Scientist
Pastor, Rev. C. E. Lundgren. Services, every Sunday morning at 10:00 a. m. Sunday school, immediately following morning service. Wednesday evening testimonial at 8:00 o'clock.

Reading Room, 119 East Avenue, is open daily, from 9 to 12 a. m. and 1 to 4 p. m. All authorized Christian Science materials on file for reference, and may be loaned if desired.

Evangelical Church
Pastor, Rev. C. E. Lundgren. Services, every Sunday morning at 10:00 a. m. Sunday school, 11:45 a. m. High Mass 10:00 a. m. Wednesday evening 8:00 p. m.

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Abel's Rebellion

How "He Made Good" By CLARISSA MACKIE

Abel Durham had lived for years at Miss Pollock's boarding house and had patiently eaten the dishes that were set before him till one Sunday morning he revolted at the usual corned beef hash or bacon and eggs. He declined to eat her breakfast and sought Miss Pollock and gave notice that he would leave. He gave, among other reasons for his doing so, that he was about to be married.

Anastasia Pollock's head went up proudly. Fire came to her blue eyes. "Biddy," she said smoothly, "ask Mrs. Jasper if she will have some more corned beef hash!"

Abel Durham pattered down the brownstone steps of his boarding place and wandered aimlessly to the corner, where he waited for a car. His eye glanced slyly back at Miss Pollock's comfortable abode, and he stifled a sigh as he thought of its many good qualities, its homelike atmosphere and its home cooked food, and to one who had been a dweller in boarding houses during twenty years of city life, Miss Pollock's house was a pleasant refuge.

Each day in the week brought its allotted bill of fare, and there was no wavering from this. As her mother had ordered so Miss Anastasia carried on the house when the mantle fell upon her delicate shoulders.

This rebellion of Abel Durham was the outcome of several years of hopeful waiting for a change. Now he had not only given up his pleasant front room with the open fireplace, but he had told Miss Pollock he was to be married. How to make good this last reckless statement was puzzling the usually tranquil mind of the bachelor.

Abel Durham had not courted a girl for twenty years, not since he had left Teileft village to enter business life in the great city. "I will do it. I've got to make good," said Abel, with a sickly smile, as he boarded his car and rode to the railroad station. He bought a ticket for Teileft and took his place in the stuffy, cindery coach that the railroad company considered good enough for the little single track Teileft branch.

"Whoop-eeee-eee!" shrieked the engine as it wound away among the hills toward Teileft. Abel Durham looked out of the window and noted the familiar landmarks as the train rumbled through villages, over bridges or skirted the river bank in its progress. Suddenly a large mountain overshadowed them.

"Teileft mountain," murmured Abel without joy in his tones. Since he had left the home of his boyhood all his family had moved to the far west, so that Abel was not going home to any near relatives. Perhaps there were distant cousins, but it might be they were dead or had forgotten him.

Abel Durham was bound on a singular errand. He was going back to Teileft to try to resurrect one of his old romances. He had told Miss Pollock he was to be married, and married he must be. His busy life had left no room for sentiment, and so he perforce must fall back upon the half finished romances of his young manhood. There was pretty Amy Cox. She had given him a pink rose when he left Teileft and told him she would wait for him—a hundred years if necessary!

Somehow Abel had forgotten all about Amy in the rush of business. They had corresponded for awhile, and now he couldn't remember who had been the first to stop writing. "Teileft!" called the brakeman. The station stage backed down, and the driver yelled to him: "Stage! All—yup!"

Abel climbed into the long, swaying vehicle and rattled around in its emptiness as the big white horses bore them through the village streets at a helter skelter pace.

"Where you want to go?" called the driver from a corner of his mouth. "Philander Cox's place," replied Abel, turning red.

"Up mountain way," muttered the man as if for his own information. The stage whirled perpendicularly around the corner by the postoffice and rattled along the road that ran by the river bank. At last they began to climb the mountain toward a white house perched among the oaks.

"Whoa—yup!" called the driver, and Abel paid his fare and dismounted. The stage rattled down the mountain, and Abel went into the yard of the familiar place.

The same boxwood bordered the paths, and the same roses bloomed, and the same bees tumbled in and out of the blossoms. He felt a boy once more as he settled his necktie and started toward the house.

A pretty girl sitting on the steps of the house arose as he approached. Abel Durham stood with his hat in his hand, his eyes staring at this reincarnation of Amy Cox's youth. How had Amy contrived to remain so youthful? He was suddenly conscious of the ball spot on the forehead of the crowd about his feet. At Miss Pollock's table and among his business associates he never thought of his age. In the face of Amy's perpetual youth he felt like Rip Van Winkle.

"Amy, I don't believe you remember me." He smiled tentatively at her. The girl smiled vaguely and edged toward the front door. "Ma!" she called. "Well," cried an impatient voice from within.

"Here's an old gentleman to see somebody," she ended crudely and then fled in the direction of the gate, where a young man in a red necktie was suddenly waiting to take her to drive in a shining new buggy.

"Old gentleman!" Abel Durham turned crimson at the opprobrious term. The front door opened and a faded little woman came out drying her hands on her gingham apron. She had obviously just concluded washing the Sunday dinner dishes, and she sank into the nearest rocking chair with a weary sigh, removing her apron and tossing it aside all in one swift gesture.

"How do you do?" she queried without interest as she surveyed Abel's immaculate figure. "Won't you sit down a spell? Pa's over to Westwood today. I guess you're the new preacher from North Teileft, ain't you?"

Abel Durham stared at her. This faded little gray haired woman was the mother of the girl he had taken for Amy. "So this must be Amy. Amy must be married! A chill feeling took possession of his well ordered being, and he suddenly thought of his room at Miss Pollock's, and a great fear assailed him that Miss Anastasia might rent the room to some one else before he returned.

"I'm not the new preacher," he said, with a sickly smile. "I'm Abel Durham. Don't you remember me?"

The woman sat up and peered down at him from Amy Cox's beautiful blue eyes. "Abel Durham!" she gasped at last. "To think of your catching me like this! I'd never have known you—your grown so fat!"

"Fat?" echoed Abel helplessly. She laughed with amusement. "Don't you know it? My, don't you remember how thin you used to be? The boys used to call you 'Skinny' Durham. I remember once Jake Fenlow called you that and you struck out at him and you had an awful fight. You liked him, though, although you was such a skinny little fellow! You couldn't lick him, could you? You're too fat!"

"I couldn't, eh? What has become of Jake Fenlow?" demanded Abel fiercely. "I married him," said Amy calmly. "There was a long silence. 'I've got to be going,' said Abel suddenly. 'I was just looking around the mountain, and I thought I'd drop in and see you.'

"Glad to see you. Come in whenever you're passing by," invited Mrs. Fenlow ambiguously. "Jangle, what are you up to in there?" She darted inside the house, and Abel Durham took advantage of her absence to depart.

He hurried down the mountain road, panting and puffing with the unaccustomed exertion. He overtook the shining new buggy and noted with a sickening recollection of his own lost youth that the young man in the red necktie had his arm around pretty Amy's slender waist. He heard the girl giggle as she rushed past them in a cloud of dust raised by his own hurried feet.

Along by the river bank he overtook the stage, making its lazy way toward the station, and he buried himself in its mussy depths with a sigh of relief. All the way back to the city his mind was busy with plans for the future, so that when in the quiet of the Sunday evening he presented himself at Miss Anastasia Pollock's parlor door he was not only immaculately gowned, but his mind was set in order as well.

Anastasia was reading by the light of a pink shaded lamp, and a pink shawl was thrown about her shoulders, lending a fictitious glow to her pale cheeks. Her fair hair was slightly loosened and softened the sharp outlines down by relentless time.

For a moment Abel Durham watched her, a queer little feeling of wanting to protest Anastasia from the storms of life disturbing his heart. Remove Miss Pollock from this boarding house atmosphere, place her in a charming home, let her rest and rest again—why, Anastasia would be handsome! He longed to do it, and the desire had been born in his way back there on the mountain, when he had realized that it was too late to take up the broken threads of youth. The threads of his middle age were interwoven with the threads of Anastasia Pollock's life. Together they would make a fabric of gray and silver, with the rosy thread of romance running through!

"Oh, Mr. Durham!" fluttered Anastasia as she closed the door and came forward. "I can't go away, Miss Pollock," said Abel firmly.

"You said you were going to be married," murmured Anastasia. "I suppose you'll want to bring the lady here?"

Abel shook his head. "I shall never marry any one unless you will have me, Miss Pollock, Anastasia, I should say," he said. "I hope you don't mind if I call you Anastasia?"

It took the bewildered Anastasia a half hour to understand that Abel Durham really meant what he said, and then she dropped her tired head and said that Abel might call her anything he liked.

"I'll call you wife, then," said Abel boldly as he kissed her cheek. And this is a significant fact that the Durhams never will permit a dish of corned beef hash at their cosy breakfast table.

SETTING THE TABLE

It Was Akin to a Religious Ceremony in Queen Bees' Court.

The setting out of the dinner of Queen Elizabeth was a ceremonious function.

First came a gentleman with a rod, followed by a gentleman carrying a tablecloth, which, after they had knelt reverently three times, was spread upon the table. Then came two others, one with a rod, the other with a saltcellar, a plate and bread. They knelt three times, placed the things on the table, knelt again and retired. Next came a lady in waiting, followed by a second. The first lady, dressed in white, after kneeling three times, approached the table and solemnly rubbed the plates with the salt.

Then entered twenty-four yeomen of the guard clad in scarlet and each carrying a dish of gold. These dishes were placed upon the table, while the lady taster gave to each of the guards a taste from the dish he had brought in for fear of possible poison. These guards were selected from the tallest and stoutest men in all England.

At the close of this ceremony a number of unmarried ladies appeared and with great solemnity lifted the various dishes and carried them to the queen in her private apartments. The queen dined and supped alone, with few attendants, and it was seldom that any one was admitted at this time, and then only at the intercession of some one in power.

EARTH EATERS OF SIAM.

Among the Loas Dirt Is Considered a Great Delicacy.

The Loas of Siam, it is said, eat earth and enjoy it, just as the German drinks beer, the Frenchman wine and the Englishman his ale. No one knows exactly where they contracted the habit—perhaps during some time of great famine when there was nothing else to devour. At any rate, the habit is strong, and rich and poor alike indulge.

They prefer it when it is procured near waters so that it has the taste of fish. It is prepared into a pasty substance and smothered in the ground in a hot fire. It is sold in the markets and stores and is served at dinners and big functions of all kinds. Children, women and men eat it together.

Of course it is dreadfully hard on the digestion and in time produces intense pain, and death follows. But, like the opium eater, the dirt eater will beg for his food even at death's door.

In some parts of the Congo the dirt is sold in the shape of apples and oranges, and all kinds are eaten—yellow dirt, brown dirt, gray earth and pinkish variety, too, which is considered a great luxury indeed.—Portland Oregonian.

A Puzzle in Figures.

Take any number of three different figures, as 471, under it place the same figures in reverse order, subtract the lesser number and you will find that the middle figure of the result is invariably 9. Why it is so is something that only the most learned mathematical scholars can explain. Here is our case worked out:

Taking any number, say..... 471 Reversing figures..... 174 Subtracting, we have..... 297 Further still, we can now reverse this number 297 in the same way and add the two numbers, and the result will always come 1089. Thus:

Taking..... 297 Reversing..... 792 Adding, we have..... 1089 "Why should the answer always come out the same? Here's something for you to work over.

Two For a Quarter.

He was smoking a fine, full flavored Havana when he met his friend. "Have a cigar?" he inquired, very politely.

"Thanks," said the other gratefully, taking and lighting the proffered weed. After a few experimental puffs, however, the friend removed the cigar from his lip and, looking at it doubtfully, said, with a very evident abatement of gratitude in his tone: "What do you pay for these cigars?"

"Two for a quarter," said the original proprietor of both weeds, taking his own cigar out of his mouth and looking at it with considerable satisfaction. "This one cost me 20 cents and that 5."

The conversation languished at this point.—Puck.

Mixed.

"How do you like my biscuits, hubby? I got the recipe out of a paper." "Well, my dear, I found a button in one and a feather in another. Maybe you got the cooking recipe mixed with the fashion hints."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Descriptive.

Extract from a schoolboy's letter to his little brother—"You know Tom Wilson's neck. Well, he fell in the river up to it!"

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NEWSBOYS ON HORSEBACK. Carriers Make Quick Time to the Suburbs in Montevideo. Most American newsboys think themselves well off if they own a good suit of clothes, but in the Uruguayan capital of Montevideo there are over fifty newsboys who own horses and peddle their papers on horseback. Montevideo has 300,000 inhabitants, but it spreads over more territory than an American city of the same population; there are almost no tenement houses, and there are several large parks. Like Americans, the Uruguayans want their evening paper as soon as possible after it comes from the press. The horseback newsboys supply this demand with astonishing rapidity. La Razon, one of the leading evening journals, is issued at 5 o'clock. About twenty minutes before that hour the newsboys, mostly young men from eighteen to twenty-five years of age, gather in the street in front of the newspaper office. When the papers are brought out the clerk hands a bundle to each, and away he starts at a full gallop. All the business in the center of the town is done by ordinary "foot newsboys"; the horsemen race away to their "beats" in the suburbs, shouting with all their might, "La Razon! La Razon!" A customer who wishes to buy a paper steps to the sidewalk and holds out his arm. The horse knows the signal and pulls up so short that it is a wonder the rider is not catapulted over his head. So efficient is this system of equestrian newsboys that a dweller in the outskirts of Montevideo gets his evening paper almost as soon as the man who lives in the very heart of the city.—Youth's Companion. CROPLEY G. PHILLIPS President A. C. MORGAN Vice-President C. F. GRANT Cashier

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