CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Preaching hours at 11 and 7:30.

M. E. CHURCH.

Preaching Sunday morning and evening. Sunday school at 9:45. Epworth league at 6:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.—Jas. Moore, pastor.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Preaching Sunday morning and evening. Sunday school at 10. B. Y. P. U. at 6:30. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.—J. R. G. Russell, pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Preaching Sunday morning and evening. Sunday school at 10. Christian Endeavor at 6:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.—W. T. Wardle, pastor.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Preaching Sunday morning and evening. Bible school at 10. Senior Christian Endeavor at 6:30. Bible class and prayer meeting Thursday evening.—L. Green, pastor.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH.

Preaching Sunday morning and evening at the Dallas college chapel. Sunday school at 10. Christian Endeavor at 6:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.—A. A. Winter, pastor.

Wounds of the Heart.

In wounds of the heart itself the escape of blood is never in large quantity, and the lethal consequences are due to the fact that the escape of blood from within its cavity or cavities into the surrounding sac of the pericardium mechanically interrupts the alternate contraction and expansion by which its pumping action is maintained. Accordingly the results of the wound of the heart are usually identical with those of gradual suffocation.—American Medicine.

One Thing Unbroken.

Standing over the shattered remains of their last Dresden china statuette, the exasperated mistress said to the awkward servant:

"Is there anything you haven't broken since you have been with me?"

"Yes, mum," replied the servant. "I have yet to break me record for destructiveness."—Baltimore American.

His Revenge.

He—And so your answer is final. You will not be mine?

She—Never! But pray don't go and blow your brains out.

He—It would be an idle attempt. People say if I had any brains I never should have proposed to you.

Testing It.

"Say, old man, let's go out and have a big time tonight."

"What are you celebrating?"

"I've just thought out a new excuse to mention to my wife."—Harper's Bazar.

A Clear Case.

She—I've noticed Dr. Singleton calling at the house of that young widow almost every day. She must be pretty ill.

He—Not ill; only pretty.

It is better to write one word upon the rock than a thousand on the water and the sand.—Gladstone.

Too Much System.

Don't make of yourself a purely domestic machine. Order, system and cleanliness are of course imperative in the well regulated home, but don't be so dreadfully systematic that you keep the other members of your household in terror of violating some fixed rule. Keep in touch with the world, in harmony with your husband and children, and if you have any ornamental accomplishments cultivate them, and you will get from life the best it has to offer.

Dainty Luncheon Cloths.

Luncheon cloths may be used in various ways for small table covers, as centers over cloths or on polished tables for luncheons, such as fruit, salad Dutch, chafing dish or full course luncheon. Some of these cloths made of the oriental embroidery are very effective When a white and gold effect is wished as in the horse chestnut or buckeye design, the gold thread is used.

The Kitchen Walls.

No one in these days thinks of papering or whitewashing a kitchen The walls should be oil painted in a flat finish—that is, without varnish—and if it is properly done they may be washed freely without injury to the surface. There are also several patent wall coverings resembling light oil cloth that are put on like paper.

Blackheads.

It is said that a lotion composed of two ounces each of rosewater, alcohol and glycerin, with one teaspoonful of borax, is a certain cure for blackheads. After bathing the face night and morning rub in with the hand.

In a woman a long, narrow foot always shows high breeding, and a small foot does not always appear desirable as the exceedingly small ones mean a weak and submissive character.

"Can you inform me if there are any colleges for women in Germany?" some one asked the secretary of Berlin university. "No, thank God!" was the reply.

There are more than fifty women "drummers" in the United States in the employ of commercial houses.

Nine hours' sleep at night and a brief nap during the day is a first class youth preserver.

For Over Sixty Years.

MRS. CLARE W. GETTER.

She Is Treasurer of a Railroad and a Capable Official.

Mrs. Clare Getter, treasurer of the Kishatoquillas Valley railroad at Belleville, Pa., has filled the office successfully for eight years and has proved that a woman can be a capable and efficient officer of such a corporation. She enjoys the unique distinction of being one of two women in the world who hold official positions and take active part in the management of railway systems.

Mrs. Getter is the wife of Dr. J. P. Getter, one of the original projectors of the road and its general manager since its completion in June, 1883. She was one of the original stockholders, and, taking an active interest in its success and wishing to assist her husband, who had a large practice in addition to his duties as a railroad manager, she early became acquainted with the details of the financial management and was elected treasurer.

MRS. CLARE W. GETTER.

All bills are sent direct to her. She pays the salaries of officers and men, keeps the company's bank account and assists in making out the interstate commerce reports. Her official signature is "Clare W. Getter." As a consequence a great deal of mail matter comes to her addressed Mr. Clare W. Getter.

The most trying ordeal of her connection with railroad management came to her one day when in the absence of all the other officers of the road a hasty request for a special train to carry a large party from Reedsville to Gibboney Park was referred to her. She quietly took her hands from a pan of dough which she was kneading in her kitchen, gave the necessary orders, looked after the details of change in passing points so that there would be no error that might result in accident and resumed her baking.—Philadelphia Press.

BUDS AND FLOWERS OF HOME LIFE.

Paine's Celery Compound Makes and Keeps the Children Well and Strong.

Mothers Make It the Home Medicine For the Little Ones.

The children, God bless them, are the buds and flowers of our homes. Without their prattle and hearty laughter, our homes would be desolate. They should ever be carefully tended in childhood and youth, if we expect them to ripen into perfect men and women.

In the home and at school, the children have their times of ill health and suffering. We often note the pallid and bloodless cheeks, heavy eyes, nervous movements, and twitchings of limbs and muscles. They complain of headache, drowsiness, weariness, dyspepsia, and indigestion. All such symptoms and ailments mean that the seeds of disease will have a fast and firm hold, unless proper measures are taken to restore a perfect condition of health.

Thousands of wise and prudent parents have made their children happy, healthy, and vigorous by giving them nature's medicine, Paine's Celery Compound. In many severe and complicated cases, Paine's Celery Compound has restored health when the little ones were given up by physicians.

If your dear ones are not as hearty, strong, and rugged as they should be, try the health giving virtues of Paine's Celery Compound. It makes and keeps the children well.

Serving the Table.

A few simple rules may be laid down for serving the table. As a general rule, the maid removes the large service plates used under the soup plates at the time she brings the filled plates. Sometimes when the service plates are unusually handsome they are allowed to remain on the table until the dessert is served, so that the guests may always have plates before them.

The maid passes the larger dishes and plates by hand, the smaller dishes holding olives, bonbons and sugar being passed on a tray. She serves all of the dishes from the left. Tea, coffee and beverages are served from the right. The guest may never take the plate from the waitress, but must permit her to place it on the table before him, says the Philadelphia North American.

Finger bowls should be used only with fruit courses. When the dish is a bit out of the ordinary it is quite the thing for the hostess to cause herself to be first served, when she begins to eat, thus demonstrating to the guests the proper way to eat it. When the hostess is not served first it is the rule to begin with the lady next to her on the right and begin with a different guest with each course, so that no one shall be always last.

The French always serve the host or hostess first, a custom calculated to put the guests at ease. For luncheon it is best to serve hot rolls tucked into napkins rather than bread on plates. A popular innovation is the thin sandwich of bread and butter.

The Allowance Question.

Some women are violently opposed in theory to the allowance plan. "I don't want to be paid $20 or $50 a month by my husband, as if I were an employee," they say. "Marriage is a partnership. I am one of the partners. It is true that my husband is the working partner and that it is convenient for us both that he should act as the cashier of the firm, but I should no more think of stipulating for the payment of so much spending money a month than I should of stipulating for two cups of coffee at breakfast every morning. If I wanted $200 I should know that I could have it, if it was there to have. If, on the other hand, I had no use for money at the time it would not worry me in the least not to get it. In a word, I have too much confidence in my husband and too much pride in my wifehood to clamor for a fixed allowance. I didn't marry my husband to make money out of him, anyway."—New York Tribune.

Massachusetts Women.

The special report of the Massachusetts bureau of statistics of labor on

Placing Him Right.

As a northern express drew up at a station in the early morning for a few minutes' wait, a pleasant looking gentleman stepped out on the platform, and, inhaling the fresh air, enthusiastically observed to the guard:

"Isn't this invigorating?"

"No, sir; it is Normanton," said the conscientious employee.

The pleasant looking gentleman retired.—London Telegraph.

Absence.

"We are here today," said the solemn looking man with a thin neck and a collar three sizes too large for him, "and gone tomorrow."

"That's right," agreed the dyspeptic looking man with the ivory black cigar, "and when we get back six months later some of our best friends want to know where we've been for the last two weeks."—Puck.

A Stamp Wasted.

Pettishly she stamped her foot. They were standing on the corner. He had offended her in some way. Again she stamped her foot.

"Well," he said slowly, "here is a letter box, but you must know you can't drop your foot in it. You are simply wasting postage."—Judge.

Revenge is a kind of wild justice which the more man's nature runs to the more ought law to weed it out.—

Mayer, Wilson & Co., San Francisco, California are sole agents for the Pacific coast.

GEMS IN VERSE

The Desire.

Give me no mansions ivory white
Nor palaces of pearl and gold;
Give me a child for all delight
Just four years old.

Give me no wings of rosy shine
Nor snowy raiment, fold on fold;
Give me a little boy all mine
Just four years old.

Give me no gold and starry crown
Nor harps nor palm branches unrolled;
Give me a nestling head of brown
Just four years old.

Give me a cheek that's like the peach,
Two arms to clasp me from the cold,
And all my heaven's within my reach
Just four years old.

Dear God, you give me from your skies
A little Paradise to hold,
As Mary once her Paradise,
Just four years old.
—Katharine Tynan in Spectator.

Enfoldings.

The snowflake that softly all night is whitening treetop and pathway;
The avalanche suddenly rushing with darkness and death to the hamlet;

The ray stealing in through the lattice to waken the day loving baby;
The pitiless horror of light in the sun smitten reach of the desert;

The seed with its pregnant surprise of welcome young leaflet and blossom;
The despair of the wilderness tangle and treacherous thicket of forest;

The happy west wind as it startles some noon laden flower from its dreaming;
The hurricane crashing its way through the homes and the life of the valley;

The play of the petlets of flame when the children laugh out on the hearthstone;
The town or the prairie consumed in a terrible, hissing combustion;

The glide of a wave on the sands with its myriad sparkle in breaking;
The roar and the fury of ocean, a limitless maelstrom of ruin;

The leaping of heart unto heart with bliss that can never be spoken;
The passion that maddens and shows how God may be thrust from his creatures—

For this do I tremble and start when the rose on the vine taps my shoulder;
For this when the storm beats me down my soul groweth bolder and bolder.
—Mary Mapes Dodge.

My Farm.

If ever I get rolling rich from working in the town,
I'm going to take my leisure in a way to gain renown.
No painted yacht, no palace grand, my waning hours will charm.
I'll simply pull up city stakes and move upon a farm.

So long I've toiled within the gates where chimneys puff and blare,
I'd give my fortune for a breath of real country air,
A humble cot in pretty vale, a place to sleep and eat!
Ah, life will be most blissful in my coming country seat!

I want no factories around, no whistles loud to hear,
Although I must insist upon a railway running near
To take me to the city any hour, night or day,
Consuming only ten or fifteen minutes on the way.

I'll rise each morning prompt at eight, be weather rain or shine,
And sally forth most farmerlike to feed the lowing kine.
I'll go to see my growing crops, my meadows waving far,
Surveying my belongings from my private trolley car.

My days I'll give to reading what the papers have to say
About the soil's rotation and the garden things that pay,
The little birds will sing to me, the gentle flowers will bloom,
And I'll have a grand piano in the family sitting room.

Oh, who would not a farmer be and spend his passing years
In following the calling of the sturdy pioneers!
Away with idle pamperings and luxuries that harm!
If ever I get rich enough, I'm going to buy a farm.
—Newark News.

At the Summit.

He started when the days were fair
And all the slopes were glad and green,
When all the world was free from care
And peace spread over every scene.
To reach a goal that Hope had set
Far, far ahead upon a height,
And, braving all the foes he met,
Kept on the way with all his might.

He found a thousand cares that he
Was forced to bear along the way,
But Love aided on him joyously
And journeyed with him day by day.
New hopes succeeded those that died.
And little triumphs made him glad,
And men who fell behind him sighed
To have such blessings as he had.

At last, one day he reached the goal,
So high, so distant at the start,
But joy came not to fill his soul;
Nay, there was sorrow in his heart.
The place was high that he had won,
And still a splendid place and fair,
But after all his work was done
He turned to find his rival there.
—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

Her New Vocabulary.

She possessed a mind discerning
That was stored and crammed with learning,
And her thoughts, forever burning
She could suitably express.
All her sentences were rounded
And her words imposing sounded;
I was really quite astounded
As I listened, I confess.

It was rather an infliction,
All this verbal unrestriction,
But her elegance of diction
Each precise and polished phrase,
And the beautiful selection
Of the words and their connection
And her most correct inflection—
They were quite beyond all praise.

But I saw her very lately,
And she did not talk ornately;
All that language suave and stately
She no longer kept on tap.
She was saying: "Bessums diddums
Where de bad old pin got hiddums
In his muzzer's p'ecious kiddums!"
To the baby in her lap.
—Boston Budget.

Fail, yet rejoice, because no less
The failure which makes thy distress
May teach another full success.

It may be that in some great need
Thy life's poor fragments are decreed
To help build up a lofty deed.
—Adelaide A. Proctor.

MIGHTY TREES OF SIERRA.

Greatest In Size of All Creations of the Living World.

During all the ages nature has favored the growth of forests on the Pacific mountains, providing the peculiar conditions which make them far different from, greater in size, more luxuriant, than any other in the world. Of all the creations of the living world none is so great in size, so majestic in presence, as the mighty trees of the Sierra and the Cascades. For here the air is always fertile with moisture, clouds blown in from the Pacific ocean rest among the mountain summits, even crowning the tops of the trees themselves, and here discharge their rain. The soil is deep and spongy with centuries of decomposing vegetable matter, furnishing an unequaled nurturing place for vegetation, and there are no extremes of heat in summer or depths of cold in winter, says the Century Magazine.

Every condition has been favorable to unexampled exuberance of growth not only of the largest trees, but of all manner of undergrowth, vine, shrub and brake. A huge tree falls, decays and is yellowed with thick moss. Immediately scores of young firs and cedars spring up along the top of it—the first chance of a bare spot in the wood. Old burned stumps, gathering soil in their hollow interiors, are nurseries for colonies of young trees, some strong individual finally shouldering out the others, growing larger, and, as the mother stump drops away, sending its roots downward into the earth through the disintegrating textures until it in time becomes a great tree.

Women's Strength In Tears.

The weakest woman in all the world is armed with one weapon against which man's pride and strength are powerless. Her tears will win when everything else has failed. A woman's tears move her own tender sex as well as the sterner masculine brutes. Old and young yield to their potential spell, and when the woman happens to be pretty there is no telling what will follow when her bright eyes grow misty with these messengers from a wounded heart. It is folly to attempt to stand out against a woman's tears. They have caused revolutions. They have made and unmade many a great cause. They can be met in only one way—unconditional surrender.—Exchange.

Legislation Against Weeds.

A bill has been introduced into the Canadian parliament which is intended to prohibit the sale of any commercial seeds that may contain seeds of such weeds as wild mustard, pennycress, oxeye daisy, perennial sow thistle, ragweed, bindweed and several others.

One Thing and Another.

Where brick can be had at moderate prices, and this is generally possible in our western states, it would seem that this kind of silo might in the end prove much cheaper than a wooden one, says Orange Judd Farmer.

Unleached wood ashes produced the highest yield of sugar beets at the Michigan experiment station.

Potato ground that has been kept free from weeds the season before is said to be good for sugar beets.

Rape makes an almost perfect food for sheep, lambs or hogs and may be used to advantage as a fall pasture for steers.

A sorghum crop following barley and cut the last day of September made seven tons of cured fodder per acre for an Iowa farmer.

Another outbreak of the bacon hog fever is predicted by National Stockman.

Bright's Disease.

The largest sum ever paid for a prescription, changed hands in San Francisco August 30th, 1901. The transfer involved in coin and stock $112,500 and was paid by a party of business men for a specific for Bright's disease and diabetes, hitherto incurable diseases. They commenced the serious investigation of the specific November 15th, 1900. They interviewed scores of the cured and tried it out on its merits by putting over three dozen cases on the treatment and watching them. They also got physicians to name chronic, incurable cases, and administered it with the physicians for judges. Up to August 25th, eighty seven per cent of the test cases were either well or progressing favorably. There being but thirteen per cent of failures, the parties were satisfied and closed the transaction. The proceedings of the investigating committee and the clinical reports of the test cases were published and will be mailed free on application. Address John J. Felton Company, 420 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

So little has been written in the poultry journals regarding pheasants that few persons realize the pleasure and profit derived from them.

In a year's collection of over twenty journals I have found but two brief articles. Yet they are the most interesting, beautiful and profitable birds one can raise, requiring far less care and room than chickens.

The golden pheasant is my favorite, and I have one pen of beauties as playful as kittens and quite as tame.

The beautiful plumage is beyond description and must be seen to be appreciated. The cock dances up and down the cage on pleasant days from morning till night, displaying his tippet of orange and black first on one side, then on the other.

Sometimes he will stand on his perch, drop his wings and spread the rich gold feathers on his back, displaying the exquisite steel blue wing coverts, green shoulders and dazzling red breast as he turns from side to side, or he will spread his tail, which is twenty-six inches long, sweeping it gracefully as he walks to and fro.

It costs but very little more to buy a trio of golden pheasants in full plumage than it does to buy a yard of poultry. The advantage of pheasants is that they may be kept in small yards. I have a continuous row of pens, each 8 by 16, six feet high, with an open shed in the rear 4 by 8. The sides and top are of one inch mesh netting and covered with woodbine and wild grape vines.

From one pen of imported birds (two hens and a cock) I disposed of thirty-six eggs and set twenty. Of the twenty set nineteen hatched, and I have raised seventeen of these.

By September the young pheasants bring from $12 to $15 per trio and keep increasing in value until three years old. They are not in full plumage until the second year, although they begin to show their bright colors the first season.

To start with, it is much better to buy a trio in full plumage, as they will pay for themselves the first year.

The eggs are white and the size of a small bantam egg. The young birds are of course very small, but bright and easily tamed. Last spring I had two bantam hens come off the same day, one with nine pheasants, the other with nine chickens.

In September I had nine pheasants, worth at least $36; of bantams, seven cockerels and two pullets. Two pairs of the bantams won first prize at the poultry show, yet the nine are worth no more than one trio of golden pheasants.

The more I see of these birds the more I admire them, and I cannot imagine anything more attractive or ornamental than a cage of golden pheasants. They are extremely neat and fastidious in their habits, graceful and happy looking.

From the time they come from the shell until they attain their full plumage they are a constant surprise, and they interest me daily by their cute and knowing ways and by the exhibition of their varied plumage.—M. G. Richardson in American Poultry Journal.

Preservation of Eggs.

In a report to the department of commerce and labor Consul General Richard Guenther at Frankfurt-am-Main, Germany, tells of a German process for the preservation of eggs. He says:

"German papers state that it is possible to keep eggs fresh for any length of time by simply immersing them in a 10 per cent solution of silicate of soda, commonly called 'liquid glass.' This produces the formation of a coating which renders the eggs perfectly air tight. The eggs so treated retain their fresh taste for many months. The best proof of the efficacy of this treatment has been furnished by the fact that such eggs, after having been kept for a whole year, were hatched, and the chickens were strong and healthy.

"The preserving solution is best prepared by dissolving one pound of liquid glass in four quarts of cold water. The eggs are then immersed in this solution, which should be kept in a glazed earthenware vessel, and the eggs are kept in the solution for a short time. If one of these preserved eggs is to be boiled, the shell must first be perforated in order to prevent cracking."