To Decorate The Church

Corn, wheat and other grains of simliar character can be used to outline all three one year for \$1.35. Samples arches, or form a mass of decoration free if requested. to their apex, or in other prominent places where strong effects are desirable. The corn should be left on to reveal the golden ear within. The wheat, rye or oats, used with the corn, should be on long stalks in order to fully bring out their beauty. To cut the heads with short stalks is to destroy their individuality. Let the corn reach out well to each side, when used at the top of an arch. Toward the middle work in the grains spoken of, and for the center use large clusters of orange-scarlet mountain ash berries. In order to highten the color effeet at this point, it may be well to use some evergreen. This contrasts well with the prevailing tints of corn and wheat, and forms a fine background against which the clustered fruit can display its bright coloring. Groups of garden and field products the church with artistic as well as showy effect, if the work of decoration is intrusted to the right persons.

The altar or pulpit can be draped with ferns which can be found in woodland ways until snow covers them. Among these the berries of the bittersweet will show like flowers. Long branches of this vine, laden with fruit, can be twined along the chancel along this line are infinite. rail, working in, here and there, bits of evergreen to relieve the monotony of red which would result if the berries alone were used. In localities where bittersweet is not obtainable, mountain ash berries can be used if and scattered lightly along the ground work of ferns or evergreen branches arranged to simulate a vine. Crabapples of red and yellow, in groups of effective.

On large spaces, such as one generally finds between windows in most can easily be arranged, against which all kinds of fruits can be made to show to fine effect, if too many are not used at one point. Care must be taken to avoid an excess in this direc- acter of the paper that he manages! grace of flowers, and if we use too Church and Home," by Eben E. Rex- to say on that subject.) ford, in Good Housekeeping for No-

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The Good Housekeeping Magazine, Farm and Home and The Independent,

was struck by the fast mail at 6; its stalk, with the husks torn apart o'clock last Monday morning near Avery, and instantly killed.

W.M Owen Jones

Editor Independent: Your editorial on the class in journalism in the university is unjust to the managing editor of the Journal, who had charge of the class. This gentleman is a loyal and interested alumnus, who undertook the work for love of it, and received no compensation. The work was helpful to the students, and there never was any feature of it that The Independent could have objected to it the facts were known to its editor. In accusing the republicans of putting Mr. Jones in the university, and Mr. Jones of initiating the students into can be arranged here and there about the journalistic immoralities of the Journal, I fear The Independent has done one of the ungodly acts that we have been led to suppose the Journal had a patent on.

Did it ever occur to The Independent that Mr. Jones might have learned at the Journal office a great deal about how things ought not to be done? You must admit that the opportunities

It would be deplorable if the boys and girls of Nebraska were to be taught to believe that the Journal leads an exemplary life-but why villify a gentleman like Mr. Jones for things for which he is not responsible? the large clusters are broken apart Or abuse him for crimes he has never EDNA D. BULLOCK.

Lincoln, Neb.

(Will Owen Jones is the managing three or four, a foot or so apart, are editor of the State Journal. "Why villify a gentleman like Mr. Jones for things for which he is not responsible?" This old pop editor has been churches, panels of evergreen branches in journalism for the most of the time for thirty years, and now it seems that he is to learn something new about the profession! A managing editor is not responsible for the chartion. Fruits lack the lightness and The mendacity and foulness of the State Journal has been inexpressable. many we produce a heavy, clumsy ef- Will Owen Jones is its managing edifeet.- Thanksgiving Decorttions for tor. That is all The Independent has

A Repayment

for "After Dinner" by Edith Juliet Rich.

The session of the Chambers was over, and the Honorable Mr. Grandcadet, member for Deux-Garonnes, sonably. Ask your doctor about our took the fast train, on a pass of course, for his little borough, in order to feel the pulse of public opinion there. Comfortably seated in one corner of the coupe, Mr. Grandcadet unfolded an enormous evening journal, a paper favorable to the ministry, whose style strange decree, in accordance with was as heavy and dignified as duty it- which the former deputy, Mr. Grandself, and whose very letters seemed to have a solemn, puritanic caste. The Tower within six months and to be Panama episode-of no real import- spiked on the lightning-rod of that ance, you know, and exaggerated only building at the end of that period of by the enemies of the republic-was time banished to the third page, and everything pertaining thereto, was printed cadet started up out of his sleep. Day very small, almost unreadable. The was beginning to dawn. Mr. Grandcolumns of this worthy sheet, on the cadet recognized the bells and vineother hand, were filled with foreign yards of his district. "One thing is politics, with articles of overpowering certain, rabbit does not agree with interest, which began thus: "Affairs in me," he thought. "What a stup!d Venezuela Coming to a Head." "The dream I had. But away with forebod-Days of Lucupi's Ministry Seem to be ings. My re-election is assured. There Numbered." In order to make a good are no socialists here and the only posimpression upon the gentleman oppo- sible candidate of the monarchists, the site, Mr. Grandcadet kept his eyes Marquis de la Sour-Prend-Garde, is not firmly fixed on the official sheet, seem- to be dreaded. Besides, not a soul ingly intensely interested in the crisis knows the story of my 25,000 francsin Greece and the latest reports from and so, courage!

In reality, however, developments at had signed his name to nothing. So far so good. But who would vouch for it. that some compromising paper would tower, crow "Panama" in his ears. not expose him, one fine morning. For, to make a long story short, he had pocketed his little boodle, just as his wrong in so doing.

I ask the reader's judgment. He tning unpleasant to tell you." had had not the slightest expectation of receiving the last offer-had hesitated in fact, to accept it. A rich almost, on terms of friendship, had opened his eyes and made him see how opportune, how patriotic it would be for him to show himself in favor of the appropriation. This banker, a

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man of the world, a thorough gentleman, made him the proposition in the most tactful way, of course, that he take part in the financial operations about to be perfected in this important enterprise, and assured him, to allay A man supposed to be Martin Sorick all goubts, of the profitableness thereof -oh, well, only a trifle to be sure, a paltry little sum of 25,000 francs-and counted this amount out beforehandwith his hand on his heart. The reader

would without doubt have accepted as

Mr. Grandcadet did. I know you will interpose: "But those who signed for the payment." But now consider. If the enterprise succeeded they would not have opened their mouths, for then they would simply have made a good investment. They were gamblers, that was all. Do you want to know my opinion? The bribers do not interest me in the least. Could Mr. Grandcadet know in advance that this ill-reputed isthmus could not be pierced. Besides, he had already, several times, accepted recognition of his services in like affairs-trifles of course: the affairs had panned out more or less advantageously and nobody complained.

And now he believed his conscience need not trouble him; and were the whole truth to be told, he did not believe in this outbreak of public passion. It was all a scheme. Anybody could see that behind this screen of indignation was a plot of the old parties, the sympathizers of the Count of Paris and of General Boulanger. The Prime Minister had told the men so to their faces. Yes, indeed, but luckily he had been there; he. Grandcadet, to defend the threatened republic, to defend it with his life. Nobody had given him credit for it-the little, fat man, with his long, thin beard, and the droll look of one who prepares to bore a hole through the moon.

Yes, though the water be to his neck if it could not be avoided-he would die at the barricades, crying like the hero, Bandie, "Come here and see how a man dies for-25,000 francs." And still, in spite of all this fine reasoning, the honorable member from Deux-Garonnes was decidedly uneasy.

"How would it be," he said to himself, "if I tried to get a little sleep." he pulled his cap over his bald head, wrapped a blanket around his legs, stretched himself out full-length and fell into a deep sleep-but his sleep was troubled. Was it the pricks of conscience? More probably, it had been foolish of him to eat rabbit for his dinner at the station restaurant. for rabbit never agreed with him. He had a wild dream.

At first he was at home, and opened his iron money chest; he had been Lincoln has one drug store that fills Adapted from the French of Francois Coppes robbed, and in the place where his big, green-leather purse usually lay, was nothing but an empty old stocking. Then he found himself in the midst of locked desks and the twilight shadows. Suddenly an enormous hat, lying on the President's chair, seemed to be imbued with life, and opening, distributed myriads of tiny slips of white paper, each bearing the name of Grandcadet's opponent in the last election; another minute and the scene had changed, and he stood, horrifled, before a court of justice and the judge rose and in funereal tones read a cadet, was sentenced to gild Eiffel

That was too borrible. Mr. Grand-

At the station stood the deputy's carriage. The perfect peace that reigned home made him very anxious, and his in his native place seemed to him the soul was filled with a vague dread. To best possible omen. During his drive be sure, his name had not been men- the white horse on the tavern sign did tioned yet; he had published nothing, not nigh, "Down with the thief," as a rallying call to the Boulangists, nor did the iron hen perched on the church

When he came home the serving main brought him his coffee, and while he drank that at his ease, the young colleagues had done, and thought no girl said, with very evident embarrassment-"Mr. Grandcadet, I have some-"What is, it my child?"

"To begin with, I am to be married." "To Peter, the harness-maker over banker, whom he had often met in his the way. That was settled two years political life, and with whom he was, ago. That I knew. It is to come off

'Yes, but you see, before I married I had to go to confession-and I was obliged to admit to the priest a wrong I had done you.

"A wrong—to me?" "In short, sir, forgive me," cried Theresa, and burst into tears. "Yes, I have been robbing you, robbing you for the past two years—and when I told the priest he ordered me to make good all I had taken-and here is the money-oh, to the very last penny, I

swear it. And the poor thing drew from her pocket a handful of gold and small change and put the money on the table in front of her master.

"What, you robbed me," cried Grandcadet, in angry surprise. "Yes, sir, I am sorry to say. Do not

make me unhappy by telling anybody, "All right, very well, leave me," he

replied impatiently; and when he was alone he began to ruminate. I beg of you, do not think that it oc-

curred to him to return his 25,000 francs. Once for all he looked upon this money as something earned, rightfully earned. No, in regard to betokened that he had been set upon of merit: Wood's smooth iron body, the action of the poor girl, whom the and thoroughly beaten. Enough se- body lined above fire belt, spark guard priest had been obliged to remind of quence was finally obtained from his inside, screw draft, spun urn, top well her neglected catechism, it was a so- confused blubbering to make out the brazed, tightest low priced stove on ciological, a statesmanly reflection that | following: rose in Mr. Grandcadet's soul.

He considered a moment. Then he gathered up the money that Theresa fish. I met Pepi on the street, and he had left there, and stuffed it into his told me not to go to the pond as the 21x16x20 inches; price, \$3.50. pockets and then-would you have believed it?—then he murmured, he the talked to me a long time, but I went pure freethinker, he who had always on to the pond.' raised his voice against all spiritual laws-he murmured, between his

"People may say what they choose. Religion is an absolute necessity-for the last house behind me and had

CUREP.

"Dear me. wife, not done yet? Why, here it is supper time, and you are still in your morning wrapper." said Mr. Williams as he came home from his work and found his wife still en deshabille.

"Yes, but do you not know that 'woman's work is never done?' There is the baby too"-

"Yes. Ella, but do you not know that all women have so much to do. If you would only hurry the least little bit, you would accomplish all the work in a much shorter time. I could do it all in onenalf the time.

"Oh, John!" "Well, you just go off somewhere and see if you don't find things in apple pie order' when you come back." Thus ended the evening chat.

The Tuesday following she received a note saying: Dear Ella-Come immediately. I am very ill.

When John returned from his work and

had read the note, he said: "Go. by all means. I will attend to the housekeeping," added he, with a confident air. "John, I shall be obliged to leave the baby at home. In case I should not be at

home again tomorrow will you see that "Of course. Do you think I would

starve him?" The next morning, while Mrs. W. was on her way to her mother's house, John was at home, introduced into the mysteries of the kitchen.

About dinner time he went down into the cellar and soon returned with a large bowl of sweet cream. After placing this on the table he put on his hat and coat and sauntered down to the butcher's after a steak for dinner. In going out he forgot to shut the door

after him, and on his return home he found five cats lapping the cream he had left on the table. "Well." said he, "I shall say nothing of

this to Elia, but I'll broil the steak, and that will quite make up for the loss of the cream.

He then tied one of Ella's aprons around him, as he had seen Ella do when she was about to engage in some such kind of work; put the steak into a frying pan and covered it over with a pot lid, fully expecting to find the steak nicely done when he should again raise the lid. Alas, however, the steak was burned to a cinder!

"That is strange," said John. "Ella's broiled steak never resembled this cer-

By this time he was quite hungry. He was not quite so boastful as he had been that morning.

"There is, at least, one thing I'll have for dinner. I'll warm up the petatoes that are left over from yesterday's din-So John put a large lump of lard in the

frying pan and soon after the potatoes. The potatoes were soon warm, but as he sat down to eat them he was surprised at their greasy appearance, as well as at the amount of lard left in the pan. How many times he had wished Ella

back again that day. In thinking of his many disappointments, together with the fact that he had not yet had his dinner. poor John knew not what to do with him-

The ringing of the doorbell aroused him, and he. forgetting his ridiculous appearance, rushed to the door. "I have come to call on Mrs. Wil-

liams," said the lady who rang the bell. "Mrs. Williams is not in at present." "Then I should like to see Mr. Wil-Hans, Stepan and Imre were following liams if he is in." me and had sticks in their hands. Then

"I am he, madam." "You?" said the lady, trying in vain to from the other side and they also car-

keep from laughing. Then poor John, suddenly recollecting his ridiculous appearance, felt ready to die of shame. There was no help for it, mad at one another and were going to however. He invited the lady into the figut among themselves. I went quetclose front parlor, in which the fumes of ly on to the pond. About half way the burned steak and hot fat were still there I met our gardener and stopped.

Scarce knowing what he was doing, he me, and he told me to go back to the led her to the sofa, and she sat down, village with him and he would see not upon it, but into the pan containing that they didn't touch me.

John started back, not knowing what to do or say.

In the midst of these troubles the baby unarmed? And then everyone of them began to cry, and John, now terrified be- knew that if he touched me the Herr youd everything, rushed into the other Professor would punish him. room, mentally resolving that if Ella did not come soon he would put an end to

The lady in the front room kept very a yell, calling out: "Skin the thief." quiet. She thought she heard some one crying. She listened. It was John. He was talking to himself. He said, "Oh. dear Ella, come back to me again and forgive me, and you shall never hear me

Then the old lady in the front room slipped off her wig, her old black veil boys. and her dress, and in a very few moments his Ella, for it was she, stood be-

boast again!

"Oh. Ella. forgive me!" were his first words on recovering from his surprise. . She forgave him, then told him how she had planned all to care him of housekeeping.

"You have done so, darling," said be .-New York News.

What Bandi Would Be

'A Seasonable Parable." Translated from the Hungarian for "After Dinner" by Isaac Behn.

At Bandi's home a large company had assembled on the cool veranda and were discussing the situation in China. The unanimous opinion was that the foreign ministers, resident in Pekin, had had no suspicion of the danger threatening them, and of which

they were now the victims. The conversation was interrupted by Bandi in great distress. The boy's clothes were soiled and torn, his face

"Yesterday papa bought me a fish-ing-rod, and I went to the pond to 18x13x14 inches; price, \$2.85. boys had sworn to beat me. Pepi

"You were not afraid that the ras-cals would whip you?" den them to touch me. When I had left FARMERS SUPPLY ASSOCIATION

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or SYPHILIS we cannot care.

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I saw some boys coming towards me

"Not a thing. I thought they were

"And you suspected nothing?"

'Well, and were you right?"

'Then you got frightened?"

"No, I was wrong. The boys drew

"No, not then. I thought there was

nearer and surrounded me and gave

a tmef somewhere and they would get

hold of him. I was so calm I even

looked around to see where the thief

was that they wanted to catch. But

look as I would, I saw no one but the

"Then?-why, then I don't know just

what did happen, for they rushed on

me from all sides. They threw me

down and trampled all over me.

couldn't see any more. I only felt

was being beaten and that the blows

Bandi's father, who had listened to

his son's recital with the closest at-

tention, and who seemed strongly ex-

asperated by his naif simplicity, ex-

heaven's name, Bandi, what will be-

It was evident that the youngster had

"I, papa? Why, I will be a diplo-

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long had it clearly defined in his own

mind what calling he would follow for

he answered with great seriousness:

mat. I will go as minister to Pekin."

Special

claimed with bitter misgiving:

come of you!"

the market.

ried sticks.

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