

**CITY CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENT.**  
CONGREGATIONAL—Sunday school at 10 a. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at eight o'clock. The public is cordially invited to these services.

**Episcopal**—Prayer services at St. Alban's church at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Communion—1st Sundays 11 a. m., 3rd Sundays 7:45 a. m., each month. All are welcome to these services.

**Catholic**—Order of services: Mass 8:30 a. m. Mass and sermon, 10:30 a. m. Evening service at 8 o'clock. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m. Every Sunday.  
Wm. J. KIRWIN, O. M. I.

**Methodist**—Sunday school at 10 a. m. Sermons by pastor at 11 and 8. Class at 12. Junior League at 3. Epworth League at 6:45. Prayer meeting, Wednesday night at 7:45.  
BRYANT HOWE, Pastor.

**EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN**—Regular German preaching services in church, corner of E and 6th street east, every Sunday morning at 10:00. All Germans cordially invited.

Rev. Wm. BRUEGGEMAN,  
607 5th st. East.  
**CHRISTIAN SCIENCE**—219 Main Avenue—Services, Sunday at 11 a. m., and Wednesday at 8 p. m. Reading Room open all the time. Science literature on sale. Subject for next Sunday, "Soul and Body."

**EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CONGREGATIONAL**—Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by pastor. Junior C. E. at 1:30 p. m. Senior C. E. at 7:00 p. m. Prayer meetings every Wednesday and Saturday evenings at 7:30. All Germans cordially invited to these services.

Rev. GUSTAV HENKELMANN,  
505 3rd street West.

## ANTIQUITY OF DICE.

Origin of These Devices Buried in the Remote Past.

Scholars have delved in vain for the origin of dice, which, in various shapes, have been used in forms of worship and religious ceremonies since the dawn of history. Their earlier use was for the forecasting of events and obtaining of divine guidance. Their adaptation to a game of chance was comparatively quite recent.

There is a surprising number of varieties of dice, but they may be divided into two general classes. The most familiar form is the cube. With two exceptions—the Korean and Etruscan—cubic dice have the spots so arranged that the six and one, five and two and three and four are opposite, making the sum of the opposite sides invariably seven. In all ages the number seven has been regarded with particular awe and as having much mystic import.

The dice just described are not only proper to modern Europe and America, but to classical Greece and Rome, ancient Syria, Persia, India, China, Japan and Siam. The other form is the long, square prism sometimes found amid prehistoric ruins in Europe and existing today in India.

A most interesting form is the top or spinning dice, with four or six sides, which was twirled with the thumb and second finger, of which a specimen was discovered in the remains of Naucratis, a Greek colony of 600 B. C. Two specimens of dice have been discovered at Babylon.—Harpers Weekly.

## AN ARCTIC RESCUE.

The Feeling When the Relief Ship Came Into View.

Very often during the months of daylight we stood on the cliff straining our eyes to see the longed for relief ship. As the summer of 1905 slipped on we almost despaired, but one day in July, when hope had almost abandoned us, we saw one of the boys jumping up and down and supposed that at last his brain had given way under the strain. In fact, many of us were almost crazy with the monotony and anxiety that were upon us day after day. We watched a moment and wondered which of us would be the next to go off his balance.

When we went to him and saw what he saw, the long looked for relief ship, I don't know whether we all jumped for joy or what we did, for we have no memory of our actions in that hour. Quickly each man gathered his little kit, ready to rush to the boats and leave forever that island where death had stared us in the face for sixteen months and where we had almost given up all hope of ever again looking upon the faces of our loved ones.

In our frantic haste to be gone many of us left behind relics and records which we prized and later regretted the loss of. At the end of sixteen months the relief ship Terra Nova had arrived, and we steamed to Norway, where our party divided, some going to London and others to Germany.—Captain Edwin Collin's Account of the Ziegler Polar Expedition in National Magazine.

## Has Seven Sons.

A mother who had only one child, a son, lost him through an accident by drowning when he was seventeen. His body was washed out to sea and never recovered. She very much wanted a portrait of him, and she called a famous artist who was a friend of the family. He asked for every photograph she had of her son from babyhood onward. When the painting arrived it represented a glade in a wood. Playing about were five little children of various ages, but all the same boy as his mother had known him. Coming down the center, joyous, gay, was the seventeen-year-old lad leading his baby self of one year by the hand. The mother looked at the picture and burst into tears. "I have lost seven sons," she said.

"You had lost six of them before your son died," the artist replied.

## Stealing Sea Water.

"They arrested me in Italy for stealing a bucket of water out of the sea." The reporter laughed. He thought that the tourist on the pier was joking, but the tourist resumed: "It's a fact. You can't draw water out of the Italian seas without a permit. The idea is to prevent your dodging the salt tax. Salt, you know, is very heavily taxed in Italy. It's a government monopoly. You buy it only in the government tobacco shops—a nickel a package, vest pocket size. And the government won't let you monkey with sea water lest you extract the salt from it."

## Not Vindictive.

"There are germs lying in wait for you, no matter where you turn," said the scientist. "I know it," replied the matter of fact person. "I dislike germs as much as anybody can, but I'm not going to quit eating, drinking and breathing just to spite 'em."—Washington Star.

## The Widow's View of It.

Briggins (a wily one)—No, I shall never marry. I loved a girl once and she made a fool of me. The Widow (disappointed of her prey)—What a lasting impression she seems to have made!—Illustrated Bits.

## Pleasant Rehearsal.

Fair Amateur—The curtain will rise in a few minutes. Are you quite sure you know your words? Hero—Yes; all except the part where I kiss you. We'd better rehearse that again.

No man is really beaten until he himself admits it.

## MUSICAL MISERY.

When Bagpipes Squeak Out "The Star Spangled Banner."

"I wish," growled a man who made a tour of the British Isles, "that the British bandmasters would take a course of instruction in what constitutes the American national airs. Band concerts are the rage all over England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. During the summer season, probably as a compliment to the borders of Americans who are flinging away gold for their benefit, they present daily what is generally dubbed 'American national airs.'"

"The majority of these bandmasters think 'Dixie' is the national air, because they sagely observe it is the only one which Americans applaud. 'The Star Spangled Banner' is dismal and lugubrious enough under the best of circumstances, but to hear the Scotch bagpipes have a fling at it is indescribable misery. The man who wrote the 'Columbia' hymn would not know his own work as performed in Great Britain, and even the 'Kentucky Home' and other negro ballads get a touch between an Irish jig and a Scotch wail which robs the American visitor of any pleasure which he might experience in hearing songs from home. It may be that British, Scotch and Irish guests on this side of the water get some discomfort in hearing 'Annie Laurie.' I hope they do, for it would establish a sort of international musical balance."—New York Press.

## SLEEP SUPERSTITIONS.

How to Awaken at Any Hour You May Designate.

Sleep is the best cure for waking trouble. Hours for sleep: Nature gives five, Custom seven, Weariness takes nine, Laziness eleven.

If you wish to arise at a certain hour, before going to bed make with your right foot as many marks on the floor as the hour on which you wish to wake, then go to bed backward.

To insure happy dreams burn some hazelnuts and do the ashes up in a package, which you must place beneath your pillow. You will then dream sweetly.

If you wish ever to marry, never look under the bed.

If a person talks in his sleep, put his hand in a bowl of water and he will tell you all his secrets.

The Hindus say it is bad luck to sleep with your head to the north, but sleeping with your head to the south promotes longevity.

It is considered by some nations dangerous to sleep while thirsty, for the soul leaves the body in search of water, and if the body awakened too quickly the soul might not have time to return to it, so the body would die.

In Germany the nightmare is believed to be a spectral being which places itself upon the breast of the sleeper, depriving him of the power of utterance or motion.—Philadelphia Press.

## Parks of Australian Cities.

Australians, with a fine climate, believe in enjoying themselves, and there are plenty of facilities. Thus in Sydney there are parks and squares and public gardens with a total area of 4,335 acres. Sixteen miles from the city—a shilling excursion train fare—is the picturesque national park, containing 36,810 acres preserved in their natural state. A similar reserve called Kurligal Chase, comprising 35,300 acres of land, chiefly of densely wooded hills skirting for many miles around numerous tidal arms of Broken bay, is also held for the enjoyment of the public forever. Melbourne has no fewer than 5,400 acres of recreation grounds in or near the city. Adelaide is surrounded by a belt of park lands and has about 2,300 acres set apart for the public benefit. Nor are Perth and Hobart and Brisbane and some of the fine inland towns less well provided for.—Westminster Gazette.

## Malay Race Not Dying Out.

There is a very common idea that the Malay is a race that is dying out, killed in its own country by the enterprise of Chinese, Tamils, Javanese (who, however, are kinsmen of the Malays) and Europeans. To those who come out east expecting to find a few miserable remains of a once powerful race, whose probable fate is that of the Australian aborigines, it comes as a revelation to find a sturdy, independent and courteous race, whose language runs from Suez to Australia and who, so far from dying out, are yearly becoming more numerous.—Java Times.

## A Bad Start.

"Ever try this keep a smiling proposition?" "Tried it once, but with poor success. Unfortunately I started the experiment on a day that the boss felt grouchy."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## What Made Him Sick.

Teacher—Your little brother was all right when he left the house with you, and yet you say he's sick and won't be in school. The Kid—Sure! Didn't I give him the seagull wild me own hands?—Puck.

## Stationary Youth.

Rich Father—My daughter is too young to get married. She is only eighteen. Impecunious Lover—I know, sir, but I have waited patiently for years, and she doesn't seem to get any older.

## Early Intelligence.

Sunday School Teacher (finishing the narration)—And that is the story of Jonah and the whale. Johnny—Isn't it strange they knew what a Jonah was that long ago?

## CANINE JUSTICE.

Esquimo Dogs Seem to Have Laws of Their Own.

In his voyage of polar exploration Commander Flain observed among his dogs a sort of government quite independent of that of their keepers. They were of the Eskimo variety and were trained to work in teams. In their general conduct, however, they acted as a community, and their rules had reference to the common good. There was no penalty less than that of death.

During the period of darkness we lost eight dogs. Three of them, splendid large animals, were killed by their companions. The other five either wandered off on the young ice and were blown away or were killed by the pack at a distance from camp. Every dog was known by name.

It is a curious fact that when one dog has antagonized the others the only way to save him from destruction later on is to chain him. Then the other dogs let him alone. Unfortunately for us, the dogs that seemed to incur the enmity of their fellows were the large, strong animals, the bullies and fighters.

There seemed to be a degree of justice in their judgments. From close observation I found that the dogs generally forgave a bite on the head or body, but that an attack on the legs seemed to be considered foul play and must be paid for by the life of the offending canine. The whole pack united in his execution.—Youth's Companion.

## VIRTUE IN SMOKING.

One Man Who Now Has an Argument Handy For His Wife.

The wife of a Topeka man objects strenuously because her husband is a confirmed smoker. He is never happy without a cigar or a pipe. The other morning she gave him a ten dollar bill and told him to buy several things for her. He pushed the bill into his coat pocket and rushed out of the house to catch a car.

He found that he had to wait a few minutes at the corner, for the cars were off schedule that morning, and then he proceeded to light a cigar. But he found no matches—all of his pockets were bare of them. Suddenly he happened to think that he also missed the ten dollar bill. A hurried search disclosed that it was gone.

He turned right about and retraced his steps. Just as he got in front of his home he happened to look into the street, and there was that "ten" tumbling around in the wind. His wife saw him go and pick it up, and she demanded an explanation. He promptly told her how looking for a match had caused him to discover that he had lost the bill.

"Now tell me there isn't any virtue in smoking," he snorted as he puffed out his chest.—Kansas City Journal.

## Where Women Do All the Work.

The smallest dependency of France is the Ile d'Hoedie, situated at the east of Belle Isle. Its population is 200. They do not speak French, except the cure and the schoolmaster, but Celtic, and they are provided with food at an inn managed by the women. Fishing is the principal industry. The profits are shared out each year among the inhabitants. The men live on soup and fish and smoke pipes with lobster claws for stems. The women do all the hard work—get in the harvest, look out for wreckage and gather seaweed, from which they extract soda. The town has no streets. The houses are of mud. The islanders have a yearly feast in the early part of October. The island possesses a good water supply. The governing body is composed of the ten ancients of the place under the direction of the cure.

## The Villain's Teeth.

The two sets of false teeth looked just alike, but one set cost \$10 more than the other. "There is a lot of extra work on those expensive teeth," said the dentist. "They are made for an actor who always plays the part of heavy villain in melodrama, and he has to have teeth that he can hiss with. I experimented on three different sets of teeth before I got the combination. Somehow the nice, even teeth that I usually turn out wouldn't permit the sibilant 'ss-sses' that he deals in to escape with sufficient venom. You wouldn't believe how much tinkering it takes to lick teeth into shape for the 's-deaths' and 'od's bloods' to sound just right. Of all the people I ever made teeth for the heavy stage villain is hardest to fit."—New York Press.

## What Is a Gentleman?

I'll have to give you the real definition of a real gentleman: "A man that's clean inside and out; who neither looks up to the rich nor down on the poor; who can lose without sulking and who can win without bragging; who is considerate of women, children and old people; who is too brave to lie, too generous to cheat and who takes his share of the good and lets other people have theirs."—New York Sun.

## He Was Wise.

"It seems queer that she ever took a fancy to him. He isn't at all the kind of man one would expect her to admire."

"I know, but he always had a way of noticing it when she happened to have on a new hat or a gown that had just come from the dressmaker's."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Tommy's Question.

Tommy—Papa, when a thing is bought it goes to the buyer, doesn't it? Tommy's Papa—Yes, my son. Tommy—Then how is it that when you buy coal it goes to the cellar?

## Mike Walsh

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Cures Coughs, Colds, Croup, Grip

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We are pleased to inform our readers that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy does not contain narcotics of any kind. This makes it the safest and best for children.

It makes no difference when you caught that cold, you have it and want to get rid of it quickly. Take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

It won't do to fool with a bad cold. No one can tell what the end will be. Pneumonia, croup, chronic bronchitis and consumption invariably result from a neglected cold. As a cure for coughs and colds nothing can compare with Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Sold everywhere at 25c, 50c and \$1.00.

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