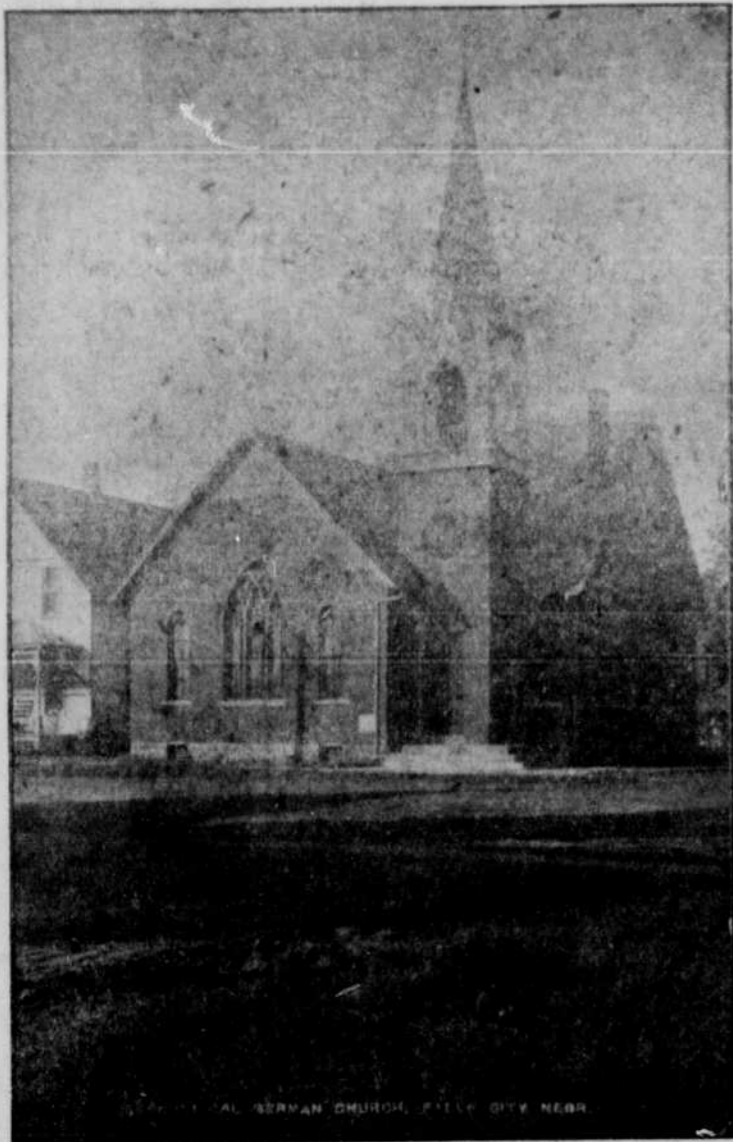


## Evangelical Cerman Church



The beginning of the Evangelical Association in Falls City dates back to the year 1888. At about that time several families from nearby appointments had moved to Falls City. The church of their choice not being represented here, they requested Rev. Ferdinand Harder at that time the preacher in charge of Zion and Preston churches, to locate a permanent appointment in Falls City. Rev. Harder granted this request by instructing his assistant, Rev. J. Roehring, who preached here repeatedly during the summer of 1888.

During the year 1907 the little brick church showed more and more the need of being replaced by a larger building. When Rev. M. Manshardt, the pastor in charge, called attention to the need of a larger building to accommodate the people that worshipped therein, he found a quick response by his entire congregation, old and young, of whom some that took very active part in the building of the new church have gone to the great beyond. "Their works do follow them." The rebuilt and enlarged church was dedicated in July of 1907.

### THINKLETS

Thoughts Gathered From The Pens Of Busy People.

Stretching the truth won't make it go any farther.

Little do ye know your own blessedness, for to travel hopefully is better than to arrive, and true success is to labor.—Stephenson.

There may be method in madness but methodical people are too dull to be ever thought mad.

The only way to get something for nothing is to start a fight about it.

You would doubtless be surprised if you knew what people you sneer at think of you—if they give you a thought.

To a man is the final refuge of a woman who has failed in the struggle of life. It is the prescription of those who were once tried.—Inalls.

The race for wealth ends at the grave yard.

Your thoughts will control you if you don't control them. Thoughts are good servants but bad masters.

Endurance comes to him who loves his work; work when play never tires.

Knowledge is the sequence of thing learned by experience; it is common sense classified.

Self praise is like a common fire cracker, noisy but useless.

Wake up and get up, put up or shut up, boost and push and get in the game to win.

You can't see clearly through another's eyeglasses. You are the only one who can develop your own thinker.

Marriage is a lottery—and the prize is often drawn in a preambulator.

Be your own best friend, your own pal and take that pal's good advice. If you are honest with that pal you won't deceive others.

A friend in need is a friend in all kinds of weather—the fair weather friend seldom has an umbrella for you when clouds gather for a rainy day.

If you don't want to be crowded push ahead; there are too many doing the small things in life.

"What I can do," sounds well in talking but what you do looks better to those you talk with.

Don't worry. Half that wasted energy would do the family washing and chop the wood.

Make a noise like ready money and your friends will not forsake you.

You cannot deny the bravery of women—the costumes of some of them would try the stoutest heart.

Aunt Sophia says it is not all the false hair that is on it—that makes thick headed woman.

We need more writers who help the woman at the tub, rather than the woman at the club.—Col. Hunter.

Most people are popular—with themselves.

Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare to us our friends Soften to us our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavors. If it may not be, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving to one another.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

We can't help feeling sorry for the man who has been handed the idea that he is too big for his brain to digest.

"I have been troubled with constipation for two years and tried all of the best physicians in Bristol, Tenn., and they could do nothing for me," writes Thos. E. Williams, Middleboro, Ky. "Two packages of Chamberlain Stomach and Liver Tablets cured me. For sale by all dealers.

# Anthony Riggs' Fortune

by Clarissa Mackie

"Christmas comes but once a year—and when it goes I'm glad of it!" misquoted Mr. Anthony Riggs, looking sourly at the toe of his slipper.

As Anthony Riggs lived all alone in the big house, there was no one to reply to his unpleasant remarks. Downstairs in the kitchen his one servant clattered noisily about her work. Everywhere else in the house it was very quiet. And there is no silence like that of a great house which has once known the joyful clamor of a large and happy family.

Years ago Anthony had had a love affair, but it ended most unhappily. The girl had married another man and Anthony Riggs had been left to develop into a morose old bachelor—and not so very old at that.

"Christmas comes but once a year—and I'll try to get as far away from it as I can," misquoted Mr. Riggs once more, as he kicked off his slippers and reached for his shoes. When he was buttoned tightly into his fur-lined ulster and his sealskin cap was pulled down over his ears there was nothing to be seen save a pair of very bright brown eyes and an aristocratic nose.

Once in the snowy streets Anthony Riggs found himself nearer to Christmas than he had been before. The shops were overflowing with holly wreaths and branches of mistletoe, toys and games and candy and nuts. Beautiful gifts were displayed in the windows and many happy, expectant faces were pressed against the plate-glass panes.

"Please, sir," said a small voice at Anthony's elbow, "can't you give me a job carrying your bundles?"

"What bundles?" frowned Anthony. "Your Christmas presents—what you're going to buy, sir," said the little boy, respectfully.

"I'm not going to buy any presents," replied Anthony quite fiercely. "Here's something for you—go and buy your own gifts and don't bother me!" He thrust a dollar bill into the eager little fingers and strode on, unmindful of the curious glances of those who had overheard his conversation with the little lad.

A glittering window full of jewels threw a flashlight on his memory. It was in that same shop he had once purchased a ring for Mary Wood. The ring had been returned to him and he had flung it into the farthest corner of his desk. It was there now.

He turned away and sauntered on. In front of his own church, friendly hands drew him into the brightly lighted basement of the edifice where the annual Christmas bazaar was in progress.

There was a merry throng of men, women and children moving to and fro among the booths devoted to the sale of fancy articles, toys and candy. Supper tables occupied one end of the room and in an obscure corner a fortune teller's tent was made of gay shawls. In the middle of the room stood a gigantic Christmas tree, loaded with gifts wrapped in tissue paper.

"Ten cents will entitle you to a gift from the tree," explained his guide.

"I don't like presents," said Anthony grimly.

Duncan Smith's smiled quizzically. "Very well, suit yourself, Anthony! There is the fortune teller—perhaps she will predict a happy future for you! There is the supper table, that will insure you a good meal—and the booths—pay your money and take your choice!" He moved away and left Anthony Riggs standing pale and cold in the midst of the happy crowd.

Perhaps it was because he did not know what else to do that Anthony awaited his turn at the fortune teller's tent, and once within its dim recesses he felt foolishly aware that the future held nothing for him that he did not know.

The gypsy's dark head was concealed in the folds of a lace mantilla; from the flowing sleeves of her red velvet bodice, two slim brown arms and hands flashed out and caught his large hand. The lace-draped head bent over his palm.

"You have had much sorrow," said the gypsy in a low musical voice, "but much of it has been your own making! Do the things I shall tell you and you will live to be very happy and see your dearest wish gratified!" Anthony smiled sardonically. "And the three things I shall do?" he asked.

"The day after tomorrow is Christmas day. Tomorrow night you must make three persons happy. Find three persons who are poor and needy and provide them with a bountiful dinner; have gifts for them and when they have gone away blessing you—then, you may receive a gift yourself."

"What will it be? I don't want a gift—I haven't kept Christmas for years," protested Anthony, as he placed some money on the table.

"Time you did, then! Don't forget—

or you will lose your last chance of being happy. And stay—" A slim hand arrested his going.

"Yes?" Anthony's voice was very cold.

"Be sure to have that ring in readiness—you may need it!"

And the next instant Anthony found himself elbowed out of the tent by impatient waiters at the door, and without another glance about the decorated room he left the church and went home, much perturbed.

Of course, Anthony Riggs knew that the fortune teller could be none other than some member of his church who was familiar with more or less of the detail of his life and habits. He was surprised at his own lack of indignation because his private affairs had been dismissed by a stranger—indeed, he almost felt a glow of gratification that he was still numbered among those to whom something wonderful might happen.

"I'll try it, anyway," said Anthony that night as he blew out his candle. "It can do no harm."

It is a simple matter to make poor people happy. Anthony Riggs found it so. The day before Christmas was marked by a series of galvanic shocks for the servant maid in the basement of Anthony's fine house. Before night the pantries were filled with delicious viands and the smell of spices and mince-meat pervaded the house.

Anthony's three persons became six, for it was so easy to add another one and still another to the little company he had invited. They were old men and women and they enjoyed the feast of good things with a pleasure that made Anthony's heart ache as it had never ached since the day when Mary Wood had sent back his ring.

At last he sent them home in carriages laden with the remains of the dinner and with many gifts that would add comfort to declining years. The best gift of all was that Anthony Riggs had promised not to forget them—he would be their benefactor till they had passed into the hands of the great benefactor.

When he was alone in the brightly lighted parlor, with the blaze of the chandelier falling on the silver threads in his black hair, Anthony thought



"And You—You Meant What You Promised?—That Happiness Would Come to Me?"

of the bitter years he had wasted—years in which he might have made many persons happy. The reward of good deeds was warm in his heart this night and he forgot that there was not one to offer him a gift with loving words. He had received the greatest of all gifts—the love and gratitude of his fellow men.

The door softly opened and a woman crept in, small, slender woman with dusky hair and dark eyes shining like stars.

Anthony Riggs did not look up. He had forgotten that the fortune teller had promised him a gift that night. On his little finger was a small ring set with a single pearl.

"Anthony!" The visitor's voice was low and musical.

"Mary Wood," said Anthony hoarsely; and then with a glance at the black lace draped about her head, he added:

"You were the fortune teller last night?"

"Yes."

"And you—you meant what you promised?—that happiness would come to me?"

"It has come, Anthony," she faltered drawing near to him. "We were so mistaken—you and I—and the years have been long. I am free now—they said you needed me and that night when I saw your bitter face I knew you needed the influence of a greater love than mine before we met."

Anthony Riggs took his sweetheart into his arms. "I have found the greater love, Mary, and its root is pity. My love for you will be better and worthier because of my love for the poor and needy. And tomorrow—tomorrow you will marry me and become my Christmas gift in truth?"

"Yes," said Mary Wood.

And so Anthony Riggs slipped the little pearl ring on her finger.

(Copyright, 1910.)

### A Way Out of It.

Anna was making Christmas presents.

"Oh, dear, this doesn't look nice," said she.

Little Helen, looking on, remarked in a sympathizing tone:

"Oh, well, auntie, you can give it to some one who is near-sighted."

# Shields' Variety Store



## Headquarters for Santa Claus Bring the Children

The best line of Holiday Goods Ever Shown in Falls City, and at Lowest Prices

DOLLS Until You Can't Rest  
Fancy China, Glassware and Jewelry a specialty.

# SHIELDS' VARIETY STORE

## To Patrons and Friends

I wish to thank my many friends and patrons for their business during the past year. I have been in business here for twenty-three years and this year has proved to be the most successful in every particular, and I hope to merit the continuance of your patronage during 1911.

I have some nice Suit Cases, Fur Coats from \$15 to \$28, Fur, Plush and Wool Robes. I also have a very large stock of Blankets; a large line of Saddles and Bridles, and the best line of Harness in the state.

Now is the time to have your Harness washed and oiled and put in shape for spring work.

**PAUL HESSLER**

**MEAT** Fresh meat of all kinds may be had of Mack & Nixon, either at the Market in Barada or at the Mack farm. Good Beef, 8c and pork pound. Pork dressed 11c. Will deliver if not too far out.

**Mack & Nixon, Barada, Nebr.**