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Church Notes.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL, Rev. M. H. Hartsing, Pastor. Sunday services at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Epworth League at 6 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7 p. m. All are invited.

PRESBYTERIAN—Rev. H. S. Justema, Pastor. Sabbath services at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E. meeting at 6 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. Everyone invited.

BAPTIST. Sabbath services at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. B. Y. P. U. at 6 p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. All are welcome.

UNITED PRESBYTERIAN—M. B. Maxwell, Pastor. Sabbath School at 2 p. m. Public worship and sermon at 3 p. m. Y. P. C. U. each Thursday evening at 7 p. m. All are welcome.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL—Rev. H. Hyerson, Rector. Sunday services 10:30 a. m. Evening services each alternate Sunday. All are cordially invited.

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SHADOW OF THE ROCKIES

The mountains from my window lie outrolled,
Their solemn peaks with coronals of snow,
O'er which the fires of dawn and sunset flow,
And keen, high ridges by fierce winds patrolled,
With evening comes a mighty shadow cold
Across my doorway as the sun sinks low,
And high above, the loftier summits show
Faint as the twilight tames their outlines bold.
Then from the hights the spirit of repose
Steals earthward, with the peace that long has lain
Secure amid the deep untrodden snows.
A shadow-stream, for which my soul is fain,
That from the towering peak of silence flows,
And pours its balm upon the toiling plain.

—Meredith Nicholson in Century.

Who Was the Winner?

BY EVA WILLIAMS MALONE

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"A pair of gloves to a box of candy that I can bring your adorable young rector to a proposal before Easter," Will Hartshorn said to himself. "I don't know why all this fuss and feathers about a parson, and can't come down to common clay. Never mind, I'll prove to you that he's a man just like the rest. Will you take the wager?"

She was bewitchingly pretty and she knew it; she was a consummate flirt and others knew of, if she did not.

"I'll accept the wager on one condition," the Rev. Alonzo la to proposed and to be rejected. It's rather dangerous sport, fanning these ravishing young divines into one's own especial preserves, Mabelle," and he gave her a look that might mean cousinly affection and might mean a great deal more.

Rejected! of course he's to be rejected, only all are for a century, at least, and her merry laugh rang through the room. To look at her one would have felt that she might well defy Time and Change, and claim Youth and Beauty as a perpetual dower.

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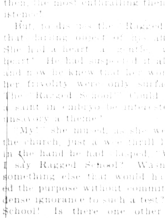
A boy sealed the compact with a cousinly kiss, to be sure, and then the wicked little sinner began to form the plan of campaign.

The next afternoon the Rev. Alonzo was surprised and delighted to see his fair young friend hurrying up the walk to the Linden residence. Her slow, listless gait betrayed sad news, and then was summer with the unspeakable guileless eyes was surprised to find that the game promised to be something more than she had anticipated. She fingered just a little to make quite sure that he was aware of her presence. Then, when she felt rather than saw him coming to greet her, she slipped away. It went home feeling that the services had not been quite in vain. But what was the end, how and where the lack, I doubt if he admitted to himself.

The following day she came late, but lingered to ask him if he would mind dropping in quite informally the next forenoon to discuss a little plan of hers about the Ragged School. He invited him to drop in and discuss pro-tem how it would have felt with the nest sweet thrill of surprise at such a proposal from the one young woman most worth pleasing in the world.

He found the Ragged School that afternoon, and the look in the young woman's face as she had answered his question, she had replied indifferently, only surface deep, the Ragged School, and how much she wanted it carried on carried on successfully.

Then she stopped, went from the church just a few small steps in the hand he had clasped. Why did I say Ragged School? Wasn't there something else that would have revealed the purpose better than such consummate ignorance to such a test? Ragged School! Is there one other subject that I know of quite so little about as the Ragged School? I wonder where my good fairy was when she found not put some other excuse for



"At the Lenten service."

an invitation into my stupid head! But I'm in for it now, and I'll drive by the Ragged School and get a few 'blots' for tomorrow. Maybe my best ed plan will materialize between now and then.

Somehow, at the sight of the real thing—the eager pinched faces with their hunger for better things written upon them—something genuine warmly stirred in her heart. For a moment then it had. Heretofore only at the Moloch of the down consuming vitals in her gilded, pampered life she had never seen anything like this. Then she thought: "It is such work as this that fill his life while I and the unworthy of her wager with her cousin dyed her cheek with blushes that outvied the rouge. She entered her carriage self-condemned humiliated, he saw her drive away and found in heart a full justification of the best thoughts he had given her.

When he came the next day, she had a genuine plan, and in its discussion with him, she marveled at her own earnestness; and at the depth and intensity of the man whom she had planned to make her toy as she had made others. When he was gone, she asked herself which was the real world—his or hers?

"I wonder if I am a hypocrite?" she asked herself, "which did I really mean, the wager with Charlie or this? How this true man would despise me if he knew!"

Toward the close of Lent Charlie said rather captiously:

"By the way, dear girl, I don't hear so much about that young rector and his rejection, as I had expected. I'm afraid your charms are beginning to fail! Don't forget the gloves if he doesn't come to time, and remember, it's to be a good round 'No.' You've been most distressingly pious ever since Ash Wednesday. I'm bound to admit. Every time I've called, it seems to me the servant has said:

"'Miss Evelyn has gone to church.'

"'And this Ragged School fad. Don't you think that's piling it on rather heavy, Puss?'

"The Ragged School is all right! Don't you bother about it or me.

"There was just a little touch of

"About the Ragged School"

something in her tone and bearing that made his distrust relative scan her face earnestly. He had always felt that when the time for seriousness between him and Evelyn came, all would be well.

"Think here Cuz," he said, "don't you forget I'm to be No. 1, that's a part of the compact, you remember."

"Oh certainly, we both understand that," she retorted with a return of her accustomed gayety. But he left her with a thorn in his heart.

Easter morning he received, buried in the coldness of lilies, a pair of gloves from which fell a bit of perfumed paper. He seized it and his hand trembled as he read:

"Dear Old Charlie:

"I send the gloves. I hope you won't mind that the play has not turned out just right. He did all that could have been expected, but the leading lady failed at the very last moment and I made 'Yes' instead of 'No.' He came and came to see me when I am Mrs. Percival The Manor. EVELYN.

"N. B. Two could not our villainous plot to Alonzo, so we needn't feel the slightest compunction about winning. But he never went."

Profitable Farming in Alaska.

Gov. Brady of Alaska and other people connected with the material development of that country are beginning to call attention to the fact that there is money to be made in farming in Alaska. Gov. Brady has a farm on Kodiak island, and he says that he has raised on it potatoes, turnips, cabbages and other vegetables that have taken premiums at the Seattle fair. He says that the soil is rich and that the climate is favorable to the growth of vegetables. Mr. Brady has also a farm on the Kenai peninsula