

A WEDDING IN CHINA

CURIOUS SUPERSTITION AS TO WHO SHALL ARRANGE BRIDE'S CHAIR.

BRIDE TO CHURCH IN RED CHAIR

Miss Mamie Glassburner Writes Interesting Account of a Methodist Wedding Ceremony.

Hai Tang, Nov. 27, 1908. Dear Friends at Home:

One of our teachers who was to have been married in January had to antedate the affairs, as the groom did not wish to wait until after the period of mourning, 100 days for the emperor. They just had time to get it in before the official mourning went into effect. It was too far and on too short notice for her to go home and take the red chair from there, as she would have done ordinarily, so her father, with "ceremonious bowing" entrusted the affair to me. Fortunately the groom's people are very progressive, broad minded people, and my cook was the middle man, so it was very easy to plan.

The wedding was in the church, the first church wedding we have had in Hai Tang Methodism. Bertha arranged her coiffure. Usually this must be done by a near relative, and it is very important who does it, as it is supposed that in the combining some sort of influence is exerted on the bride, affecting her after fortunes. If her first child is a son, the person who dressed her hair is covered with glory; if a daughter, with shame. So it is customary to seek someone who has given birth to a number of sons to perform this office. Of course, our Christian people think much less of these superstitions than others. The aunt who should have attended to this matter in this instance was ill, so Bertha was asked to help out. Of course an unmarried Chinese woman would never be asked to do this among non-Christian people.

The red chair, heralded by hired musicians, arrived at the school at about 10 a. m., and left there until time to start for the church. Leading the bride to the chair is the father's prerogative, and is the last thing he can do for his daughter until after the wedding. None of the bride's relatives attend the wedding. My heart ached for Sing Saeng's father as I saw him run a few paces after the chair to say a last word to her,

and then bury his face in his hands as he seemed to realize that his little girl was gone.

The girls and women went over to church to help with the singing. A wedding is no less interesting a sight in China than it is in America, and a large number of people had followed the chair into the church. When we got there, everyone was standing up and crowding to the front to see what there was to be seen. I told the pastor we would not have any wedding until everyone was seated. I guess he thought I was pretty severe, but they were finally pretty orderly. The groom and his attendants entered by the side door. The chairmen unfastened the beautifully embroidered curtains, and I led the little bride to the altar railing, where the vows were to be taken. She kept getting over closer to me and turning her back to the groom, but then, it would not have been proper for her to have done anything else.

After the ring ceremony and the doxology, we escorted the newly wedded couple to the bridal chamber. They both sat down, side by side, with as great a distance between them as the length of the seat would permit. They sat so for the space of half a minute, when the groom took his departure, to help attend to sundry preparations for the feast. I stayed with the bride until it was time for her to meet all of her new relatives, and then I came home. There was a feast of course, at night, and I went over, but I stayed only a little while, as I had had one feast that day.

Today the bride and groom go to the bride's parents for a few days' visit, and then she will come back and take up her work in the school again. He is a nice Christian boy, and the mother-in-law is very fond of Sing Saeng, so I think they will be happy, though they seem such children.

Program for Lincoln Anniversary Feb. Twelfth In Denison Opera House.

- J. B. LYON, Chairman.
- Music.....Denison Orchestra
- Prayer.....
- Music.....Denison Orchestra
- Song—"America".....By the Audience
- Reading—"Oh, Why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud".....Hazel Porter
- Duet—"The Vacant Chair".....
- Music—"Meditation".....Mr. and Mrs. McConnaughey
- Music—"Meditation".....Denison Orchestra
- Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech.....
- Georgia Wade McClellan
- Song—"Nearer My God to Thee".....Audience
- Address—Lincoln.....Rev. J. Jas. DePree
- Song—"God be With You Till We Meet Again".....
- Quartet.....
- Benediction.....

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SOME SOCIAL NOTES.

On Wednesday Mrs. Sewell was at home to about forty of her friends. The day was a beautiful one and if the ladies could have known what the rest of the week was to be in weather they would have been even more delighted with the sunshine, fancy work and conversation which filled the all too quickly flying hours. A very nice two course supper was served, the guests being seated at small tables, red and white carnations made the rooms exceedingly attractive. Mrs. Sewell was assisted in serving by her daughter, Mrs. McConnaghey, and Miss Bernice Osborne.

Despite all that the blizzard could do to "bliz" away social doings quite a number braved the storm Friday for Mrs. Sewell's second party. A hearty welcome and much good cheer made the ladies feel well repaid for the effort. Certainly Mrs. Sewell had reason to feel flattered by the strong desire to be her guests in the face of such a storm.

Thursday Mrs. Burch entertained Coffee Club very pleasantly at her home, being assisted by Miss Helen Burch. Mrs. J. B. Romans gave a very funny and clever reading and Mrs. Jensen charmed her hearers with her selections. The table fairly groaned with good things to eat. Mrs. Burch is a famous cook and we have been told by a guest, fairly out did herself. The guests were Mesdames Nicholson, Jensen, Johnson and Ainsworth.

On Thursday the beautiful home of Mrs. Voss was thrown open to about two score guests. Despite the threatening weather a number of out of town guests were present among them being Mesdames Haworth, Norris, Buffington and Brogden. A profusion of pink and white carnations graced the rooms and added their spicy odor. A game that consisted of making as many words as skill would permit out of two words, each to be something to eat and the words then to be arranged in a dinner menu, was very much enjoyed. Mrs. Caswell and Mrs. Johnston were the prize winners of a jar of California marmalade. By this time the ladies were ready for something sure enough to eat and Mrs. Voss served a very dainty, well chosen menu that made an excellent model. Mrs. Rank assisted in serving as did the Misses Gulick and Strahn. Mrs. Voss' last course included a sunset sundae that was a perfect poem of a dessert. A peanut hunt followed supper, each lady receiving a mammoth peanut filled with bean bons and tied with pink ribbon.

Saturday Mrs. Voss entertained



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again. Her guests having fully as delightful an afternoon as they did on Thursday. The game was the same one played on that day, Mrs. C. F. Kuehne receiving the prize for the best arrangement and most tempting menu, while Mrs. Robinson held the high mark for the greatest number of words. Miss Strahn and Miss Gulick assisted in serving the elegant supper. Lovely parties filled with pleasant and thoughtful plans for the guests on the part of the hostesses, they will be delightful memories.

Mrs. Chas. Bollen will entertain this week giving two parties.

The Current Event Club gave a splendid program. Mesdames Nash, Haugh, Baer and Dr. Johnstone gave informal talks that were discussed freely and with great interest. The ladies who took part did themselves and the club great credit.

Jas. Mitchell is now so far recovered as to be able to leave the hospital.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

ANNUAL EXCURSION.

Whoa!
The water wagon
Stops,
And the load
Climbs on.
Every member
Of the crew
Carries in his hand
A few
Resolutions,
Bright and new,
Warranted
The work to do
For at least
A day or two,
And the cart
Moves on.
For a little
While the road
Runs so smoothly
That the load
Very deftly
Holds its seat,
And the fellow
On the street
Who is jeering
At the band
Who the moistened
Cheer have earned
Thinks they may
Have turned the trick,
And perhaps
A few will stick.
But, alas,
We cannot bank
On the frailties
Of mankind,
And the new made
Water crank
Suddenly
May change his mind,
Steady dropping
One or two
Soon disseminates
The crew,
And the wagon is lucky if it
Has the driver left in a
week.

An Amateur Conjurer.

During a little pedestrian trip a gentleman came unexpectedly upon a country race course and on one portion of the ground found a thimblering establishment in full work. Notwithstanding the remonstrance of his companion, the gentleman, who was a bit of a madcap, insisted on watching the game.

"Now, would the gent like to wager a crown he could find the pea?" remarked the expert.

"Yes," was the reply.

The money was on both sides deposited, and the pedestrian, lifting up the thimble, pointed out the required pea and took the stakes.

A second bet, "double or quits," ended, to the surprise of the expert, in the same result.

Then a third wager, "a pound or nothing," steadied the nerves of the loser, and the trick was accomplished with great caution. The gentleman lifted up the thimble and showed the pea, at the same time pocketing the stakes.

"Sh'elp me," etc., "I didn't put it there!" exclaimed the bewildered artist.

"No, but I always carry my own pea," rejoined the man who had come out right as he went on his way with the spoils of war.—London Tit-Bits.

In Modern Egypt.

Douglas Sloden's book on Egypt contains some curious anecdotes. For instance: "My doctor was called to see an Egyptian who was in a very low state. 'What's the matter?' he asked. 'I think it is only depression. I have been a fool and lost a law case. I would not backsheesh the other man's lawyer, and he backsheeshed mine.' Later on when another Egyptian told my friend that he had won a law case my friend said, 'I suppose you backsheeshed the other man's lawyer?' The Egyptian gave a beautiful smile and said, 'How did you know?'"

And again: "I was at Luxor when they were recruiting for the army. If a young man was found to be physically fit his relations were plunged in grief. Professional mourners were hired to squat outside the police station where the recruiting took place, yelling and weeping. If, on the other hand, he was rejected as undersized or a weakling or tainted with a loathsome disease, his relations and friends flew to him rejoicing and kissed him and hung on his neck."

"Goes" of Whisky.

Forty "goes" of whisky had been consumed by the licensed victualer, and still he was sober—at least so he told the city coroner. "Goes" is a common term in this connection, but it lacks the full appropriateness of the situation of its Scottish equivalent in the story of another big drink told by Dean Ramsay. It was at a party near Arbroath, held to celebrate the reconciliation of two farmers who had long been enemies. When the party at last

broke up, at a morning hour, the peevish lady of the house, who had not been able to sleep a wink for anxiety, called over the stairs to the servant:

"How many bottles of whisky have they used, Betty?"

"I dinna ken, mem," was the answer, "but they've drucken six gang o' water."

To the poor girl, who had to "gang" to the well for the qualifying fluid, these were "goes" indeed.—London Chronicle.

Expert Figuring.

A well known actor tells a story of a ne'er-do-well in a little New England town where he has often spent his summers. "I was walking down the main street one day," said he, "when I saw old Silas grinning from ear to ear. I hardly thought that he was that glad to see me. So after speaking to him I said: 'Why the smile that won't come off, Silas? What has happened to make you so happy this morning?' 'I've been a-gittin' married this mornin', was the unexpected reply. 'Married! You? I exclaimed. 'Why, Silas, what on earth have you done that for? You know you can't even support yourself as it is.' 'Waal,' said Silas, 'you see, it's this way: I ken purty near support myself, an' I kind of figured out that she could finish up the job.'—Argonaut.

A Sensible Person.

An old Scottish lady during her last illness was assiduously attended by a physician, to whom she invariably gave a guinea when he came to see her. He told the friends with whom she lived that her death would probably be very sudden, and one day when she seemed to have become unconscious the doctor was hastily sent for. On his arrival he found that his patient had ceased to exist, and, taking hold of her right hand, which was closed, but not rigid, he calmly extracted from it the customary fee, remarking as he did so to the attendant friends, "Sensible to the last!"

Eyes Only For Her.

Martha—You don't mean to say you have accepted that Mr. Spooner? Why, he is so awkward, you know! I saw him holding an umbrella over you the other day, and all the water it caught he allowed to drain right on to you, Nancy—What better proof could I have that he is in love with me? He hadn't the least idea that it was raining, the dear man!—Boston Transcript.

Not Surprised.

Mrs. Gramerey—She must have been surprised when her husband gave her such an expensive present. Mrs. Park—Not surprised, my dear, but suspicious.

You may try to do many a day's work, but you can do only one day's work at a time.