

SVEA SIFTINGS

Svea, Dec. 18—Merry Xmas to the Tribune and all its readers. Miss Mabel Ostrom entertained the R. A. E. C. last Thursday afternoon.

Mr. S. M. Swenson has improved his farm by having bought a gasoline engine and feed mill; and he is now having buildings erected for same.

Misses Clara Anderson and Tilda Johnson were afternoon callers at P. N. Olson's home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Swenson and daughters, Elsie and Lucile, returned home Thursday from a few days' visit in Minneapolis.

Miss Irene Lindblad stayed with Maybelle Ostrom from Wednesday until Thursday.

The Sunday school children gathered last Saturday to rehearse their recitations and songs for the Xmas festival which will be given on the evening of the second day of Xmas. The admission will be 10 cents.

Miss Hilma Swenson kept house at M. R. Swenson's when they were gone on their visit.

Axel Berg assisted with the work at Aug. Johnson's Thursday.

G. Adamson has had a telephone put into his home the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. And. Eastlund called at A. H. Nordstrom's Saturday evening.

Henry Bjelkenren is grinding feed for his neighbors at present.

Mr. and Mrs. N. N. Bengtson and children visited in Tripolis Thursday.

The house which is to be occupied by Aug. Norman and family is now completed. Mr. Norman has been having his furniture hauled from Willmar the past week.

Peter Anderson from Willmar has been putting in water basins in A. P. Johnson's barn the latter week.

The committee which was appointed by the Y. P. S. to decorate the church for Xmas will meet next Friday to fill out appointed duty.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Lundqvist visited with O. D. Dahlquist's Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Johnson visited with E. R. Swenson's Sunday.

Misses Clara Anderson, Tilda Johnson and Maybelle Ostrom visited at John Lindblad's home Sunday.

Miss Maybelle Gibson has been dressmaking to Rev. Ryden's the latter week.

Mr. and Mrs. P. N. Olson and Mr. and Mrs. Erick Moline visited with Aug. Norman's Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Johnson and family visited with Arthur Erickson's Sunday.

A baby boy arrived at G. Adamson's Friday to give more joy to the family.

Mr. and Mrs. Aug. Johnson and daughter Myrtle and Mr. and Mrs. Jens Swenson visited at C. A. Lindberg's home Sunday.

"Julotta" services will be conducted in the church Christmas morning at 5:30 a. m. After services, a special contribution will be taken up for Rev. A. J. Ryden.

Oscar and Henry Forsman spent a few days with their sister, Mrs. John Aspaas.

The Y. P. S. called a special business meeting Friday evening but no decisive steps were taken.

The Ladies' Aid Society held their annual meeting last Wednesday. The following officers were elected: Rev. A. J. Ryden, Pres.; Aug. Lindblad and Bengt Carlson, vice presidents; Mrs. And. Eastlund, secretary; Mrs. Henry Bjelkenren, treasurer; Messdames P. P. Johnson, M. A. Johnson, Erick Moline, Clarence Lindblad, refreshment committee for Fourth of July picnic. The records showed that

about \$400 had been realized during the past year, part of which will be for foreign missions, and some has been used for improvements of the church. The remainder will be applied to the debt of the congregation. It was also decided to proceed in the same way with their work the coming year as during the past years and the money realized for 1912 should be left at the disposal of the trustees of the church, with the exception of \$25 to be sent to the mission of China.

The Y. P. S. will give a "Lat Fisk" supper Jan. 3, 1912. The menu will consist of "lut fisk," potatoes, gravy, cold sliced meat, bread and butter, cake and coffee.

MAMRE MELODIES

Mamre, Dec. 18—Wishes for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to the Tribune and all the readers.

Christmas festivals will be held at the following places: The Salem Mission church Christmas eve, at Lundby Wednesday, the 26th, when program commences at 6 o'clock; Lake Florida Thursday the 28th.

Mrs. Anna Berwin of Benson arrived here from Minneapolis on Tuesday for a visit at her sister's home, Gander Pederson's.

Miss Selma Dahlstren went to Murdock Tuesday, where she was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Sam Finstrom a few days.

Miss Olga Olson was dressmaking for Mrs. Aug. Bergman the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Rodman and Opal Fondell went to Dawson last Thursday for a visit at their daughter's home, Oscar Fondell's.

Mr. Lewis Bloom accompanied his cousin Ole Bloom to the Pine City Sanatorium Thursday.

Mrs. F. N. Anderson was at Willmar from Monday until Tuesday to see her mother, Mrs. A. Ryden, who is reported ill.

Mr. Oscar Hagman is at Minneapolis for a few weeks' stay.

Mr. Lewis Lawson was a Willmar visitor Monday and Tuesday.

The Mamrelund church will give their Xmas program on Tuesday evening, the 26th. Julotte services at 5:30 a. m. on Christmas morning.

Amos, Julius, Laura and May Abramson were guests of their cousins the Christopherson children at Norway Lake Sunday.

Miss Hannah Dahlman is doing house work at Rodman's during the absence of Mrs. Rodman.

Miss Selma Henjum school ma'am, was at Willmar Saturday and Sunday.

Messrs. Oscar Anderson and O. F. Smith from St. Lawrence, S. D., was here with a load of 24 fine looking horses and mules last week. A sale was held on them at Penock, Saturday. Although the crowd looked thick the bids were not as good as expected.

Misses Sophie and Alice Soderholm of Dove very delightfully entertained 12 of their lady and gentlemen friends on Sunday evening.

Miss Maybelle Odell closed her school at "Snowbound" Friday and is now enjoying her Xmas vacation at her home in Willmar.

Something From Nothing.

Some children were once asked by an inspector at a school examination whether they knew the meaning of the word "scandal." One little girl, holding her hand up, attracted the notice of the inspector. He desired her to answer the question, upon which she gave this definition: "Nobody does nothing, and everybody goes round telling it."—Ave Maria.

Tribune Wan-Tads Bring Results.



Picking Out the Christmas Tree. "Jimmy, how I wish that was to be our Christmas tree! Only it me. Guess we'd better wish for that bigger one, sis, so's the pony you asked for can be put on it, too. My, but won't it look bully when it's all crowded with candles and candy-bags and popcorn, with little angels bobbing at the ends of the branches? Course they ain't any of them strong enough to hold all the things we want, but maybe they'll hold all we'll get."

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HARRISON HUSKINGS

Harrison, Dec. 18—The Ladies' Aid Society met at the home of Mrs. Peter Berglund last Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Elsie Mickaelson visited with friends in Spicer a couple of days last week.

Henry Martin who has been on the sick list for the past few weeks, is again able to be around.

Mrs. J. H. Parsons sold her sheep last Tuesday to Ole Orson and Anthony Ziehl.

A few from this vicinity attended the dance given at Spicer Friday evening. All report a good time.

Will Monson was a Spicer caller Saturday.

Miss Irene Frederickson who is attending school at Willmar came down Friday for a few days' visit with her cousin, Miss Elsie Mickaelson, at Henry Martin's.

Miss Pearl Olson, who has been spending a few days with her aunt, Mrs. Geo. Martin, returned home Sunday.

Will Wheeler and Richard Olson left last Wednesday for a few days' visit in the cities.

Double Boilers.

Cooking in a double boiler is sometimes so slow that cooks should know that adding a tablespoonful of salt to the water in the outer vessel will raise the temperature of the food more quickly.

Sugar.

Sugar was discovered in the East Indies by Nearchus, admiral of Alexander, in 325 B. C.

Lake Andrew LINGOS

Lake Andrew, Dec. 18—Merry Christmas to all.

Services were held at the Lake Florida Mission church last Sunday.

Anna Thorsen returned home on Saturday after spending a week with her sister, Mrs. O. J. Nickelson, at Willmar.

John Rehn and John Vinstrum from Rhame, N. D., who have been visiting at the Holm home a week, returned to their homes on Monday.

Thomas Tollefson trapped a wolf last week. Wolves are heard yelping from all direction now-a-days.

The Sunday school class met for practise last Sunday at the Mission church with Miss Annie Holm as leader.

Miss Martha Nelson assisted Mrs. Martin Reithson with some sewing last week.

Misses Ellen Skoglund and Ida Nelson spent Sunday afternoon with Alice and Sophie Soderholm in town of Dove.

Theodore Thorsen visited from Monday until Thursday with relatives in Willmar.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Lundberg, the newlyweds, are now nicely settled in their home near New London.

Mr. Carl Reese from Willmar is visiting friends and relatives in this locality this week.

George Hovey assisted K. H. Nelson sawing wood one day last week.

Mabel and Walter Skoglund were among those who were lucky enough to see Santa Claus at New London on Saturday.

Carl Reese and Arthur Skoglund were pleasant callers at the P. J. Ekblad home near Ringo Lake a week ago Sunday.

Carl Holm made a business trip to Spicer on Saturday.

Mabel and Wm. Railson were to Willmar on Saturday and had some dental work done.

Ernest Schedeen called on his sister, Mrs. K. H. Nelson, last Monday.

The Mariner's Homecoming

A Joyous Christmas Eve at the End of Long Road
By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Orilla Drayton

Orilla Drayton lived at the end of the Long road—at the very end. Orilla's mother had been wont to quote that "it is a long lane that has no turning," and the Long road was like this—it had no turning from the village green to the edge of the bay.

And down on the very edge of the bay the Drayton house had stood for a century.

"I wish you'd get married before I die, Orilla," said her old mother one day. "I'd feel a mite easier about you if you had a good husband to take care of you."

Orilla flushed delicately, and the heavy lids fell over her blue eyes. "I'd like to marry a sea captain, mother. If I ever did marry I'd like to go to sea."

"Land alive, child, I never supposed you'd give the matter a thought and here you've got it all planned out!" Mrs. Drayton looked disapprovingly at her daughter and then resumed her knitting. "Sailors make unsatisfactory husbands I've heard tell—they're away so much and that leaves a sight of work for the women folks to do. But who knows—maybe Elbridge Bennett—she stopped suddenly and pursed her lips tightly.

Orilla reddened deeply this time and went softly from the room, and the next evening, Elbridge Bennett called at the house. He came many times after that, and in the spring, when he sailed away as first mate of the Queen, he left behind on Orilla's slim brown finger a gold ring set with a pretty blue stone.

Months passed and no word came from the Queen. Old Mrs. Drayton succumbed to a brief illness, and lonely Orilla lived in the old house with her cousin Phoebe Mills. Eight months passed away and the Queen had not arrived at any port, nor had she been heard from.

December came, and the land was wrapped in snow.

Cousin Phoebe sat in front of the air tight stove in the sitting room and wheezed asthmatically with each in-drawn breath.

With a sudden warmth of feeling toward this cousin of her mother's, Orilla stole softly behind the big chair and put her arms around Cousin Phoebe's black alpaca shoulders.

"We'll have to keep Christmas all alone this year, Cousin Phoebe," she half sobbed. "Everybody!"

"My land!" wheezed Miss Mills angrily. "Whatever's the matter with you, Rilly Drayton? You scared me most to death, and I declare to man if you ain't bent my spectacles all out 'er shape! You don't feel sick nowhere, do you?"

"I'm all right," said Orilla in a muffled voice. "I didn't mean to startle you, Cousin Phoebe. I'm going to the postoffice now. I'll be back in a little while."

"You won't get no letter from Elbridge Bennett at this late day,"

said Miss Mills dolefully. "He's gone where plenty of seaport men have gone and ain't never been heard from. If it hadn't been for the sea I wouldn't be where I am now!"

Tradition said that Cousin Phoebe had lost her lover in years ago and ever since his ship had gone down with all on board Miss Mills had been as she was now.

Orilla wrapped a red shawl about her dusky hair and slipped out into the waning light.

The Long road stretched white and straight ahead of her. Bordered on each side by thick woods, it suddenly debouched upon the main street, where the postoffice, stores, schoolhouse and churches were clustered.

The post-office might contain a long delayed letter from Elbridge Bennett. Orilla's heart still cherished a vague hope that the Queen had been wrecked



"AH, THERE!" SHOUTED A STRONG VOICE.

and her crew cast ashore on some barren island in the West Indies.

And because it was Christmas eve she believed all the more firmly that if her lover was alive he would come to her that night. Surely there would be good news awaiting her at the post-office. God would not forget that she was alone now. He would give her back her lost sweetheart. It could not be that Elbridge was dead. She would

never believe it. The future held so much for them—they were to be married in the springtime, and she was to sail away as the wife of the captain—

Elbridge Bennett was to have a captain's berth—all away into the mysterious sea world that still fascinated her in spite of the fact that it had swallowed up her happiness.

Orilla saw none of this. Her eyes were fixed at the single light that hung at the end of the Long road, the light in the postoffice. Dusk came early, and when she reached the main street a pale moon was showing above the treetops.

A little crowd about the postoffice door deterred her from entering then, and she went across the street to the stores, where she chose a Christmas present for Cousin Phoebe. When the knitted shawl and a generous bag of peppermints had been rolled into a parcel Orilla hung wistfully above a glass case where various articles were displayed to advantage. She wanted to buy a present for Elbridge against his coming home.

Under the quizzical eyes of the young shop girl she bought a silver shaving mug. Inside it was lined with gold and outside it was engraved with a curious design in sea shells. She was quite penniless when she tucked it under her arm and turned away.

At the postoffice her box was empty. As she passed out of the door excited voices were speaking.

"And Peter Jones and Elbridge Bennett was the only ones saved"—said one loudly.

"And Elbridge, he married the captain's daughter, and he's bringing her home," interrupted another voice.

Down the Long road trudged Orilla with her Christmas bundles. Sometimes her feet stumbled, and she nearly fell into the snow, for her eyes were always fixed straight ahead at the dark blotch at the end of the road. There was home. She would always live alone with Cousin Phoebe, with the sound of the sea in her ears and not even the memory of a faithful lover to console her loneliness.

Elbridge had come home—she was not surprised at that; she had expected it—but her faith had been mocked because he had brought home a wife. She could never go to church again after that. God had deserted her.

When she entered the lighted sitting room Cousin Phoebe gazed curiously at her. Orilla's dark hair was tumbled about her face, and huddled in her red shawl was a silver mug.

Orilla placed it on the table with a little laugh. "I bought myself a Christmas present," she said recklessly. "It's to keep flowers in." Then, with a disregard of Miss Mills' astonished visage, she turned toward the door. "I've got to go back on the road

"I've lost something,"

she said. "Have you heard the news?" blurted out Cousin Phoebe.

"Yes," said Orilla. She closed the door and went back to the Long road to search for Cousin Phoebe's Christmas gift. At the farther end a light shone—the postoffice. Orilla shuddered; she would never go there again.

Presently another light appeared beside the first. It melted into the other and then detached itself and came twinkling along toward her. Some one was coming down the Long road—some of Cousin Phoebe's folks probably. Orilla found the bundle where she had dropped it and then turned homeward, weary and oppressed. She hoped the lantern bearer would not overtake her. She wanted to be alone until she became accustomed to the fact that Elbridge Bennett had a wife.

"Somebody was whistling—whistling as only one man could render that rolling air. Orilla's knees trembled, and she commenced to run.

"Ahoy, there!" shouted a strong voice behind just as Orilla stumbled and fell a dejected heap in the snow.

"Orilla—Orilla, I've come home again," he cried joyfully as he picked up her slight figure and pressed her to his breast.

"Let me go—let me go," struggled Orilla fiercely. "Don't you suppose I know? I've heard about your wife!"

But Elbridge only held her the tighter. "You're the only wife I'll ever have, Orilla Drayton. Them confounded fools have got it mixed. It's Peter Jones as has married the captain's girl. You see, we was wrecked off one of them little islands, and only Peter and me was saved. Then Captain Smith he saved us, and Peter!"

"I don't want to hear any more," sobbed Orilla. "I've been awful wicked, Elbridge. I lost all faith. I'll tell you about it when we get home. I hated Christmas and everything after I heard what they said. I even hated the Long road."

"I came down the Long road," whispered Elbridge suggestively.

"I shall never hate it again," said Orilla softly. "I can never hate anything that God has made, be he so good to me. We'll never have just such a Christmas as this one, Elbridge."

As they turned into the path that led to the door a most wonderful thing happened. The door suddenly opened and a broad band of light streamed over the snow and revealed their forms. Cousin Phoebe stood there, with a strange light in her eyes and soft smile on her old face.

"You heard you coming, I'm glad for you, Orilla. Well, Elbridge—land, I'm 'etchin' cold!—merry Christmas. There, I ain't said that for forty years!"

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