

# HER WEDDING JOURNEY

What She Most Wanted in Life, She Worked for Years to Get—But When the Chance Came . . .

By ELEANOR PORTER

Author of "Pollyanna," "Just David," Etc.

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THERE was never a time that honeymoon trips had not possessed a wonderful fascination for her. As a child, she had eagerly devoured every available bit of information concerning the wedding journeys of the entire village, and in time it became a settled thing for each returning bride to subject herself to the admiring questions and worshipful homage of little Matilda Jones.

When it was that the idea of her own wedding trip first came to her, she could not tell, but it grew with her growth and strengthened with her strength, until it became the best part of her life. The supposedly necessary adjuncts of a man and a marriage never occurred to her—

To be sure, as she grew older, a village youth would now and then shamble diffidently up the garden walk on Sunday afternoon, or shyly offer his escort home from evening service at the little church. But all these things only frightened her, and by and by the young men ceased from troubling.

Then one day her mother died, and she was left all alone in the little white cottage at the end of the lane. As time passed, the thin little face wore a look of placid contentment, and the faded blue eyes looked out serenely—Matilda was about to take her wedding journey.

Away in the top of the tiny house, far back in a bureau drawer, lay a little pile of money. She could tell the history of almost every penny there.

This was the dollar her pickled pears had brought, and that was the



"We Can't Take Any at All, Miss Matilda."

quarter saved on the trimming for her black alpaca dress. All this little pile of nickels and dimes she had earned selling blackberries.

She made daily pilgrimages to the shrine at the top of the house, and lovingly fingered her accumulated treasures. She thought—she was almost sure—she had enough now. There were nearly twenty whole dollars! She caught her breath at the audacity of spending such a fortune.

When people took wedding trips they wore new things. She looked doubtfully at her black alpaca; brushed it—sponged it—pressed it—and regarded it with a dubious sigh. It would have to do—she certainly could not afford a new dress. But in some trepidation she did invest in white cotton cloth and embroidered edging, and her cheeks grew pink with the excitement of making the unwonted finery.

Her evenings were especially delightful. She would go into the parlor and bring out the big atlas, and reverently turn the pages until she came to the map of her own state. There her slim forefinger would find the black dot which stood for the little village, and her eyes would glaze over the unknown world before her.

Just above that dot—where all those black lines met—was the junction, and sometimes she held her breath as she carried her finger away out along one of those lines, and stopped with a little gasp of delight at the extreme end of the map. "That's her," she would draw a long sigh and shake her head, and giving a quick little hitch to her chair, would settle herself to the delightful task of marking out her wedding journey.

She would go to the junction by stage. Then she would follow one of those black lines until she came to that large round ring with a dot in the middle.

Such a bit of a way it looked to be on the map, but she knew it was forty miles from home, and a big city!

Her breath came fast and she trembled a little when she thought of a hotel. Yes—she should go to one! She had never been to a hotel—a real hotel—she thought, regarding the vil-

lage inn with fine scorn. She was not quite sure she would know how to behave—but she should certainly go. Who ever heard of a wedding trip without a hotel!

She decided to stay three days, perhaps four, and she looked fondly at the little round ring on the map, which contained so many delightful possibilities.

Then she would close the book and go to bed only to dream of wonderful electric-car rides to the moon.

At last the great day came. It dawned clear and cloudless, and a very happy Matilda climbed the stairs for her treasure. Joyously she grasped the precious pile with eager hands, then looked ruefully at the empty spot in the drawer. She hesitated a moment, quickly found the dingy nickel, and smiled content as she placed it back in its old corner and closed the drawer.

With trembling hands she arrayed herself in her wedding garments and seated herself on the doorstep to wait for the stage.

"Matilda Jones looked almost handsome this morning, with her cheeks so pink," said a pretty girl on the back seat to her companion, as the coach stopped for its passenger.

"Why, Nellie," said Matilda to this same pretty girl, as she clambered in, "am I going to have you to ride with? That will be nice, I'm sure!"

"Yes, I am going up to the junction to do some shopping—you know I'm pretty busy these days," said she, with an adorable blush, which suddenly reminded Matilda that it was nearing Nellie's wedding day. This warmed her heart to her at once, for was she not on her own wedding trip? She beamed anew on Nellie as she settled herself comfortably for the two-mile drive.

How the sun shone and the birds sang, and how good the air was to breathe!

"Are you going away for long, Miss Matilda?" inquired Nellie politely. "No—only a little trip," she replied, trying to look unconcerned, as if trips were an everyday occurrence with her; but the red deepened in her cheeks, and her voice trembled a little as she asked abruptly:

"Where are you going to take your wedding trip dear?"

The girl colored painfully. "We can't take any at all, Miss Matilda—isn't it dreadful?" she and the young face looked pinched and drawn with woe. "You see, Jim's money, that he'd been saving up to go with, got all burned up in the fire, and—and—we've had to give it up!" she finished with a wall that clearly told her disappointment.

Miss Matilda sat very still. She thought her heart had stopped beating—then it gave a big thump, and there was a strange, tight feeling in her throat. She did not say anything, and by and by Nellie looked out at the scenery with a grieved expression on her pretty face. When they reached the junction, the young girl turned her head, and said constrainedly, as she jumped lightly from the coach: "I hope you'll have a nice time, Miss Matilda."

"Thank you," she murmured without smiling, and clambered slowly down. Then she walked along the platform, and sat down on an old settee on the shady side of the building.

By and by a train rumbled in—shook itself of passengers—gathered a new lot—and rumbled out again. One—two—three trains did the same thing, and the forlorn little woman still sat on the old settee.

"Didn't you want to take one of them trains?" good-naturedly asked the blue-coated man, who had been curiously watching her for some time. She looked at him with dull eyes, and shook her head.

When the stage coach made its evening trip to the village Nellie was surprised to find Miss Matilda on the back seat.

"Why, I didn't expect to see you so soon! Didn't you go?" asked the young girl pleasantly.

"No, I had—I had a headache—I mean a throatache," stammered Matilda in confusion.

The next night Nellie burst into her mother's room with an excited face, holding an open letter and a pasteboard box in her hand.

"Mother—what do you think! I told Miss Matilda yesterday how we couldn't take any wedding trip, and she never said a word, and then I felt real cross, 'cause I thought she didn't care a bit; but just see what that dear old maid has done!"

My Dear Nellie: I think wedding trips are the nicest things in the world, and I don't want you to give up yours. I had a little extra money that I did not know what to do with, so I send it to you for your wedding trip. I hope you will have a nice time. Your friend, MATILDA JONES.

And Nellie's tears dropped fast on the dimes and nickels that rolled out of the pasteboard box.

Away at the top of a tiny house, in a bureau drawer, a lone nickel keeps guard over a dainty pile of wedding garments.

**GREEN LAKE CHURCH**  
Rev. E. E. Gynild, pastor  
Young Peoples meeting next Sunday at 8 o'clock p. m.

**MAMRELUND, PENNOCK**  
Jesper Holmquist, vice pastor  
Confirmation and communion services next Sunday evening at eight o'clock.

**ST. LUKE'S CHURCH**  
The Rev. Walter H. Stowe, Rector  
14th Sunday after Trinity, Sept. 17: Holy communion 8 a. m.  
Church school 10 a. m.  
Morning prayer and sermon 11 a. m.

**EAGLE LAKE CHURCH**  
Services Sunday, Sept. 17, at 11:00 o'clock by Rev. Gynild.  
Ladies Aid will meet in the basement Thursday afternoon, Sept. 14th.  
Mrs. A. C. Carlson and Mrs. O. Bakken will serve.

**FIRST METHODIST CHURCH**  
Luther C. Benson, pastor  
Services in the Masonic Temple.  
Morning worship at 10:30 o'clock.  
Sunday school at 12 noon.  
Meeting of the official Board Monday, Sept. 18th, at 8 o'clock p. m.

**SWEDISH BAPTIST CHURCH**  
Major Oscar Blomgren of the Minneapolis Salvation Army will occupy the pulpit next Sunday at 10:45. He will speak in the Swedish language. In the evening Rev. L. C. Benson will preach at eight o'clock.

**CHURCH OF GOD**  
D. E. Nelson, pastor  
There will be no services Sunday. The congregations at Willmar, Norway Lake and Prinsburg are invited to an all day meeting at Montevideo. Usual Tuesday eve prayer meeting at 8 p. m. at Labor Assembly Hall in Tribune Building.

**LUTHERAN CHURCH**  
A. M. Lund, pastor  
Spicer:  
Sunday school and Bible class at 10 a. m.  
Norwegian services at 11 a. m.  
English services at 8 p. m.  
Long Lake:  
Services at 3 p. m.  
Y. P. S. at 8 p. m.

**CHRISTINE LUTHERAN CHURCH**  
Swedish morning services next Sunday at 11 a. m.  
Sunday school at 10 a. m.  
Choir meets on Tuesday evenings.  
Luther League program and social at the church on Thursday evening, Sept. 14th. Proceeds go to the work on mission fields in China and Africa.  
Confirmation class meets on Saturday at 2 p. m.

**FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST**  
Sunday service at 10:45 a. m.  
Subject: Matter.  
Wednesday service at 8 p. m.  
All are welcome to these services.  
Free reading room in church edifice open every Wednesday from 2 to 4 p. m.

**SWEDISH MISSION CHURCH**  
Rgv. G. A. Youngstrom, pastor  
Sunday, Sept. 17: Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; Morning service at 10:45 a. m.; sermon by Dr. O. R. Zaher; Y. P. meeting at 7 p. m.; Evening service at 8 p. m.; sermon in English by Rev. N. Franklin.

The confirmation class will not meet Saturday, Sept. 16, but Saturday, Sept. 23.  
Wednesday evening, Bible study and prayer.  
A Bible conference will be held Oct. 4-8.

**SALVATION ARMY**  
319 Pacific ave  
Staff Capt. O. Blomgren from Minneapolis, the new Divisional Officer for Minneapolis Division, here on Saturday and Sunday, the 16th and 17th.  
Saturday open air and indoor service.  
Sunday at 3 p. m. Dedication of a baby.

Sunday at 8 p. m. Dedication of Senior and Junior Soldiers.  
The Staff Capt. is a splendid speaker well worth listening to.  
Everybody welcome to all services.

**SVEA LUTHERAN CHURCH**  
J. B. Sorenson, pastor  
Sunday school at 10 and services at 11 a. m. No Bible class Thursday evening.  
Mrs. Edwin Holm will entertain the Ladies Aid in the church basement Friday p. m., the 15th.  
All those that wish to join the confirmation class will meet in the church Saturday p. m. at 2 o'clock.  
A mission program will be given on Sunday evening when the needs in

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We have a limited number of Jubel-albums left and those wishing to procure one can get them at the parsonage for \$2.50.

**FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**  
J. Renwick McCullough, pastor  
Life that is worth while, is guided by a certain power of moral distinction. It is one of the great purposes of the Church to develop that faculty of right discernment of moral ends. Will you not worship with us Sunday, rather than remain at home and waste the day? You will find a welcome.  
Services for the week of Sept. 17: Sunday:

10:30 a. m. Worship Hour. Sermon theme: "The Fountain of Youth."  
12 M. Sabbath school. The best of equipment and management. Don't send your children—bring them.  
7:15 p. m. C. E. prayer meeting. Topic: "Getting an Education."  
8 p. m. Gospel and song service. Sermon theme: "The Bitter Made Sweet."

Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, the regular mid week prayer meeting. Special study of Bible doctrine. Subject: "The Fall."  
"Unto you, therefore, which believe, He is precious."

**BETHEL LUTHERAN**  
Jesper Holmquist, pastor  
Sunday school next Sunday at 10 o'clock.  
Morning service in the Swedish language at 11 o'clock.  
Luther League at 7:30 p. m. We will begin our studies in Acts. Mr. Oscar Augustson will have charge of the meeting and speak on the book of Acts, author, aim, theme and outline. There was a large attendance Sunday night. We hope to see still more of our young people and others interested with us.  
No evening service Sunday evening as the pastor has confirmation and communion services at Zion, Louriston, and Mamrelund, Pennock, Sunday afternoon and evening.

The confirmation class meets Saturday of this week at 10:30 a. m.  
Next week being fair week the regular meeting of the Bethel Ladies Society will be postponed one week and will be held on the 28th instead of the 21st.

**VINJE LUTHERAN**  
Arnt Vaaler, pastor  
No morning services next Sunday. Services in the evening at 8:00.  
Sunday school at 12 noon.  
The Vinje Mission Society will meet with Mrs. Jens Olson on Tuesday, Sept. 19th, at 3 p. m.  
The Vinje Luther League will meet in the church basement on Monday, Sept. 18th, at 8:15. Program and refreshments. The following will serve: The young people in the Nels Tallakson, S. Paulsness and K. Solberg families.  
Mission services in the Solomon Lake church at 10:30 a. m. Besides the sermon by the pastor there will be a talk on missions by Rev. M. B. Thorpe of Santa Barbara, Cal. Offering to the missions.  
The Vikor Y. P. S. will meet in the church basement on Friday, Sept. 15, at 8. Rev. M. B. Thorpe will address the meeting.  
The Vikor Ladies Aid will meet in the church basement on Wednesday, Sept. 20th. Mrs. John Syvertson will serve.

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**Rush for Ferry Once Grand Marsh.**  
Capt. Phillip Reybold, who operated a passenger steamer—the Admiral—on the York river, between West Point, Va., and Baltimore, following the Civil war period, described in a southern paper the enormous difference between boarding a ferry-boat then and now, especially for ladies. It was an old custom of the region for lady passengers to wait to be escorted on and off the steamer. When the boat made a landing the ladies would gather in the salon of the main deck and wait until the captain came down from the pilot house to lead them to the dock. He would approach the eldest lady of the waiting group and walk with her down the stairway to the landing place, she leaning on his arm. The rest of the ladies would follow, servants with luggage bringing up the rear.

**Birds Store Acorns for Winter Use.**  
Birds in Mexico have a very clever way of storing acorns for winter use. They carry the acorns in their bills, sometimes for miles, to the steep, dry sides of a mountain, which, in winter, is covered with the hollow stalks of the last year's agave flowers. Beginning at the bottom, they bore with their skillful beaks, little holes in these dry stalks. They then fill these holes with acorns, and by and by, when food grows scarce, they come back to their mountainside store-houses, take out an acorn at a time and fly with it to a neighboring yucca tree, in the bark of which they bore an opening large enough to hold the acorn firmly; then they insert the nut, break it open, and eat it in comfort.

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**Biliousness Not a Medical Term.**  
Patients tell you a great deal about their livers, but physicians know little about them and in fact the liver is seldom diseased. People are always telling us they have a "torpid liver." I used to be quite eager to know what that was, but I have still to remain ignorant about it. Or people tell us they are "bilious," which again they refer to their liver; when we dig out what they mean it never has anything to do with the liver. So far as I know "biliousness" means constipation and "torpid liver" means the same thing.—Dr. R. C. Cabot in "A Layman's Handbook of Medicine."

**Occasional Absence is Best.**  
For people to live happily together, the real secret is that they shall not live too much together.—English Proverb.

**Ancient Olympic Games.**  
For the first 50 years from 776 to 725 B. C. the Olympic games were merely a 300-yard foot race. Then came the Pentathlon—running, jumping, wrestling, discus throwing and javelin throwing. Next was added the Pancration, a combination of boxing and wrestling. Later chariot races. Athletes were required to train full months and spend one month before the contests at Olympia.

**First Use of Khaki in Army.**  
When volunteer troops were called for the Spanish-American war it was found that the heavy dark-blue uniform was too warm for service in the tropics. A service uniform of khaki cloth was therefore introduced. In 1902 the whole dress regulation of the army was changed.

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