Directory.

CHURCHES.

M. E. CHURCH, South. W. J. Carpenter, Pastor, Services: Preaching every Sabbath 11 A. M.; 7 30 P. M. Sabbath School 9:15 A. M. Prayer Meeting, Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Rev. S. R. McCarty, Pastor. Services will be held regularly every Sunday at 11:00 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Seats are free and the public cordially invited to attend. Sunday School at 10:00 A. M. Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M. Union Christian Endeavor Meeting, 3:30 P. M., Sunday.

BAPTIST CHURCH. Rev. S. M. Provence pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. every Sunday. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday 7 p. m. A cordial welcome is extended to all.

ST. JOHNS EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Dr. W. H. Carter, Pastor. Services: Preaching every Sunday—11 A.M.; 7:30 P. M. Friday evening services at 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 10 A. M.

CATHOLIC CHURCH. Rev. J. L. Hugon Rector. Services: High Mass and Sermon at 9 A. M. Catechism 3:30 P. M. Vespers and Benediction 5:30 P. M.

On week days, Mass 5:45 A. M.

BIBLE DEPOSITORY. Bibles for sale at all times at cost prices at The TALLAHASSEEAN Office.

C. M. E. Church Sunday School at 9:30 a. m., Professor J G. Riley Superintendent. Preaching at 3 p. m. and 8 p. m.

Prayer Meeting Tuesday night. Class Meeting Thursday night.

M. F. BRINSON, Pastor.

DIRECTORS' MEETING The Board of Directors of the Library Association hold their meetings on the third Friday evening of each month at 8 p. m. at the library.

Those who are interested in Christain Science will be welcomed at the residence of Mr. W. C. Lewis, where the services will be held Sundays at 10:30 a.m., Wednesdays at 7:30 p.m.

I. O. O F

☞ Regular meetings of LEON LODGE No. 5, are held every Tuesday Evening, at their Lodge Room, at 8 o'clock. All Brothers in good standing are invited to attend.

W. M. McINTOSH, JR., N. G.

R. L. COLLINS, R. S.

ENCAMPMENT.—Regular meetings of AUCILLA ENCAMPMENT No 2, are held the first and third Thursday Evenings of each month, at their Lodge Room, at 8 o'clock. All Patriarchs in good standing are invited to attend.

W. M. McINTOSH, SR., C. P.

W. H. CHANCEY, Scribe.

KNIGHTS OF HONOR.

Tallahassee Lodge, No. 3226, meets second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month at Masonic Hall.

E. B. PHILBRICK, Dictator.

W. H. CHANCEY, Reporter.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Cicero Lodge No. 1 K. of P., meets every Thursday evening in Castle Hall. Visiting Knights are cordially invited to attend.

H. C. CRAWFORD, C. C.

J. F. HILL, K. of R. S. 29

ST. PAUL LODGE, NO. 15

(B. S. of the E.)

Holds its meeting every Wednesday evening at eight o'clock, at its Looge room upstairs, one door east of the annex of the Opera House. All members of the Order in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

A. STAFFORD, W. C. J.

MASONIC.

The regular convocation of Florida R. A. Chapter No. 1, will be held on the Second and Fourth Mondays of each month at 8 o'clock p m.

W. M. McINTOSH, SR., Secretary.

☞ Regular meetings of JACKSON LODGE No. 1, are held on the first and third Mondays in each month, at 8 o'clock, P. M.

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heals lungs and stops the cough.

ARMS AND THE WOMAN.

(Continued from Seventh Page.)

cheeks," said I, and I drew back the pewter lid.

"How long does herr intend to stay?" asked Gretchen.

"To the day is the evil thereof."

"Ah, one must be happy with nothing to do."

"Then you have the ambition common to all: to sit around and let others wait upon you?"

"No, that is not my ambition. I wish only to wait upon my own desires and not those of the—the others."

"It is all the same," said I. "Some must serve, others must be served."

When I went up stairs to my room, it was my belief that a week or so at the inn would not hang heavy on my hands. I had forgotten for the moment the princess or that I was hunting for Hillars. It is strange how a face may upset one's plans. Gretchen's likeness to Phyllis, whom I loved, upset mine for many days to come.

As I gazed from my window the next morning I beheld the old innkeeper and Gretchen engaged in earnest conversation. He appeared to be pleading—nay, entreating—while she merely shook her head and laughed. Finally the old man lifted his hands to heaven and disappeared around the wing. When I came down, Gretchen was in the gardens culling roses. She said they were for the table.

"Very well," said I. "Give me one now."

"You may have them all at the table."

"But I shall not want them then."

She gave me an enigmatical glance, then cut a rose for me which was withered and worm eaten.

"Gretchen is unkind," I observed.

"What matters it whether the rose be fresh or withered? It dies sooner or later. Nothing lasts, not even the world itself. You wish a rose not because it is a rose, fresh and fragrant, but because I give it to you."

"You wrong me, Gretchen. I love a rose better than I love a woman. It never smiles falsely, the rose, or plays with the hearts of men. I love a rose because it is sweet and because it was made for man's pleasure and not for his pain."

"That sounds like a copy book," laughed Gretchen. "The withered rose should teach you a lesson."

"What lesson?"

"That whatever a woman gives to man withers in the exchange—a rose, a woman's love."

Said I reproachfully: "You are spoiling a very pretty picture. What do you know about philosophy?"

"What does herr know about roses?" defiantly.

"Much. One cannot pick too many fresh ones. And let me tell you a lesson which you should have learned among these roses—that it makes us to love all things fresh and beautiful—a rose, a face, a woman's love."

"Here," holding forth a great red rose.

"No," said I: "I'll keep this one."

She said nothing, but went on snipping a red rose here, a white one there. She wore gloves several sizes too large for her, so I judged that her hands were small and tender, perhaps white. And there was a grace in her movements, despite the ungainly dress and shoes, which suggested a more intimate knowledge of velvets and silks than of calico. In my mind's eye I placed her at the side of Phyllis. Phyllis reminded me of a Venus whom nature had whimsically left unfinished. Then she had turned from Venus to Diana, and Gretchen became evolved a Diana slim and willowy. A sculptor would have said that Phyllis might have been a goddess and Gretchen a wood nymph had not nature suddenly changed her plans. What I admired in Phyllis was her imperfect beauties. What I admired in Gretchen was her beautiful perfections. And they were so alike and yet so different. Have you ever seen a body of fresh water ruffled by a sudden gust of wind, the cool blue green tint which follows? Then you have seen the color of Gretchen's eyes. Have you ever seen ripe wheat in a sun shower? Then you have seen the color of Gretchen's hair. All in all, I was forced to admit that, from an impartial and artistic view, Gretchen the barmaid was far more beautiful than Phyllis. From the standpoint of a lover it was altogether a different matter.

"Gretchen," said I, "you are very good looking."

"It would not be difficult to tell herr's nationality."

"Which means"—

"That the American says in one sentence what it would take a German or a Frenchman several hundred sentences to say." Gretchen was growing more interesting every minute.

"Then your mirror and I are not the only ones who have told you that you are as beautiful as Hebe herself?"

"I am not Hebe," coldly. "I am a poor barmaid, and I never spill any wine."

"So you understand mythology?" I cried in wonder.

"Does herr think that all barmaids are as ignorant as fiction and ill meaning novelists depict them? I have had a fair education."

"If I ever was guilty of thinking so," said I, answering her question, "I promise never to think so again."

"And now will herr go to his breakfast and let me attend to my duties?"

"Not without regret," I said gallantly. I bowed to her as they bowed in the days of the beaus, while she looked on suspiciously. At the breakfast table I proceeded to bombard the innkeeper. I wanted to know more about Gretchen. "Is Gretchen your daughter?" I began.

"No; I am only her godfather," he said. "Does herr wish another egg?"

"Thanks. She is very well educated for a barmaid."

"Yes. Does herr wish Rhine wine?"

"Coffee is plenty. Has Gretchen seen many Americans?"

"Few. Perhaps herr would like a knoblauch with salt and vinegar?"

It occurred to me that Gretchen was not to be discussed, so I made for another channel. "I have heard," said I, "that once upon a time a princess was born in this inn."

The old fellow elevated both eyebrows and shoulders—a deprecating movement. "They say that of every inn. It has become a trade." If I had known the old man, I might have said that he was sarcastic.

"Then there is no truth in it?" disappointedly.

"Oh, I do not say there is no truth in the statement. If herr will pardon me, it is something I do not like to talk about."

"Ah, then there is a mystery!" I cried, with lively interest, pushing back my chair. But the innkeeper shook his head determinedly.

"Very well," I laughed. "I shall ask Gretchen."

He smiled. The smile said, "Much good it will do you." Gretchen was in the barroom arranging some roses over the fireplace. Her hands were bare; they were snap and white and surprisingly well kept.

"Gretchen," said I, "I want you to tell me the legend of the inn."

"The legend?"

"Yes: about the princess who was born here."

Gretchen laughed a merry laugh. The laugh said, "You are an amusing person!"

"Ah, the American is always after legends when he has tired of collecting antiquities. Was there a princess born here? Perhaps. At any rate it is not a legend. History nor peasantry makes mention of it. Will herr be so kind as to carry the ladder to the mantel so I may wind the clock?"

I do so. Even at this early stage I could see that Gretchen had the faculty of making persons forget what

"Gretchen has a secret," said I.

they were seeking and by the mere sound of her voice. And it was I who wound the clock.

"Gretchen," said I, "time lags. Make a servant out of me this morning."

"Herr does the barmaid too much honor," with lowered eyes.

"I am in the habit of doing anything I please."

"Ah, herr is one of those millionaires I have read about!"

"Yes, I am very rich." I laughed, but Gretchen did not see the point.

"Come, then, with me, and you shall weed the knoblauch patch." She was laughing at me, but I was not to be abashed.

"To the patch be it, then!" I cried. "An onion would smell as sweet under any other name."

So Gretchen and I went into the onion patch, and I weeded and hoed and hoed and weeded till my back ached and my hands were the color of the soil. Nothing was done satisfactorily to Gretchen. It was "There, you have ruined the row back of you!" or "Pull the weeds more gently!" and sometimes, "Ach, could your friends see you now!" I suppose that I did not make a pretty picture. The perspiration would run down my face. I would forget the condition of my hands and push back my hair, which fell like a mop over my brow, whereat she would laugh. Once I took her hand and helped her to jump over a row. I was surprised at the strength of her grasp.

"What does herr do for a living? He works so badly as a gardener."

"I am a journalist," I answered, leaning on my hoe and breathing heavily.

"Ach, one of those men who tell such dreadful stories about kings and princes, who cause men to go to war with each other, who rouse the ignorant to deeds of violence—one of those men who are more powerful than a king because they can undo him?" She drew away from me.

"Hold on!" I cried, dropping the hoe. "What do you know about it?"

"Enough," sadly. "I read the papers. I always look with fear upon one of those men who can do so much good and yet who would do so much evil."

I had never looked at it in that light before.

"It seems to me, Gretchen," I said quietly, "that you are about as much a barmaid as I am a weeder of knoblauches." The color of excitement fled from Gretchen's cheeks, her eyes grew troubled, and she looked away.

"Gretchen has a secret," said I. "It is nothing to me what Gretchen's secret is. I shall respect it and continue to think of her only as a barmaid with—with a superior education." I shouldered the hoe. "Come, let us go back. I'm thirsty."

"Thank you, herr," was the soft reply. Then Gretchen became as dumb, and our return to the inn was made in silence. Once there, however, she recovered. "I am sorry to have put you at such a disadvantage," glancing at my clothes, which were covered with brown earth.

"Let that be the least of your troubles!" I cried gayly. Then I hummed in English:

"So, ho, dear Gretchen, winsome lass,
I want no tricky wine,
But amber nectar bring to me,
Whose rich bouquet will cling to me,
Whose spirit voice will sing to me
From out the mug divine!
So, here's your toll—a kiss—away,
You Hebe of the Rhine!
No goblet's gold means cheer to me;
Let no cut glass get near to me;
Go, Gretchen, haste the beer to me
And put it in the stein!"

I thought I saw a smile on her lips, but it was gone before I was certain.

"Gott im himmel!" gasped the astonished innkeeper as I went into the barroom. I still had the hoe over my shoulder.

"Never mind, mein host. I've been weeding your knoblauch patch as a method of killing time."

"But"— He looked at Gretchen in dismay.

"It was I who led him there," said Gretchen in answer to his inquiring eyes.

A significant glance passed between them. There was a question in his, a command in hers. I pretended to be examining the faded tints in the stein I held in my hand. I was thinking, "Since when has an innkeeper waited on the wishes of his barmaid?"

There was a mystery after all.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

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What He Waited For.

An inspector of Irish schools tells a good story, says the Newcastle (England) Chronicle. At a school where he made a surprise visit a little boy happened to come in for the first time and stepped up to the inspector at once.

"Sit there for the present," said the inspector, indicating the desired spot.

The boy obeyed readily, and when the inspector had finished his multitudinous inquiries into the knowledge of geography, grammar and arithmetic possessed by the children he found that the boy still sat in the same spot.

"What are you waiting for, my boy?"

"Please, sir, I am waiting for the present."

His Gin Rickey.

The Irishman who had never tasted a gin rickey ordered one so as to impress his friends. The bartender never had heard of a rickey, but he was ashamed to admit his ignorance, so he put a mixing glass under the bar and made a guess at it.

Then he leaned back to await results.

The Irishman sipped at the beverage and shook his head approvingly.

"By gorry, 'tis a fine rickey," he said.

"It ought to be," said the bartender. "I put in everything except the license."—Chicago Record.

Coffee Adulteration.

An examination of a sample of roasted coffee berries seized in Paris showed them to be entirely artificial; chemical analysis disclosed ash, gum, dextrin, etc., and the microscope showed grains of wheat, starch, vegetable debris and animal hairs. The berries were beautifully molded.

Snakes as Necklaces.

There are plenty of snakes in Samoa, but they are all harmless. In certain districts it is a custom of the native girls to wind live reptiles around their necks and arms as ornaments for their dances.—Two Republics.

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