

## SUNDAY SERVICES.

**Able Sermon by Rev. W. N. Clark, D.D., and an Eloquent Address by General Carrington.**

The union religious services were held at the new Village Hall last Sunday morning, and a large and appreciative audience listened to a very able sermon by Rev. W. N. Clark, D. D., of Colgate university, Hamilton, N. Y. Rev. Dr. Clark took for his text, "The Song of the Angels," Luke 2:10-11. The following is a short extract:

"It is a world of trouble, and into a world of trouble Christ was born. But when he was born the light of heaven shone upon him, and the songs of angels sounded in the air, as if here were the gift of brightness for the dark world. It is true. How does Christ brighten the dark world?"

1st. He gives the brightness of divine fatherhood and fellowship. God cares for us with undying love, and perpetually watches over us as his own beloved children. So we are never alone, and if we suffer, we suffer in our Father's presence, sustained by confidence in his love.

2d. He gives to life in the dark world the brightness of meaning. No one else has ever shown a clear and hopeful meaning in the world of trouble. But Jesus has shown us that life is God's school, in which he is training his children, seeking to make the most of them and to establish them in finer and perfect goodness. So we are relieved of the sense of groping through a life that we cannot understand.

3d. He brings us the brightness of personal hope. If God cares for us, and life is his school for our training, hope follows. Trouble is not so hard to bear as discouragement in trouble, and from this we are delivered if we learn Christ's lesson of hope. God is at the end.

4th. He brightens the dark world by making each one whom he blesses a centre of brightness. His gifts are not to be selfishly received. Each is blessed by him for the sake of the rest. We are comforted that we may comfort others, and made good that we may make others good.

There was good reason why heaven should shine and sing over the earth when such a Savior as this was born. He is the true brightness of the dark world, and for us it is the best privilege to receive his gift and be workers together with his grace."

After the religious services the audience was favored with an address by Gen. Carrington on the subject, "The World's First Christmas." The circumstances under which our Savior made his advent into the world, and the condition of Palestine at the time, were most eloquently described. The manner in which the subject was discoursed by him was highly entertaining and his remarks were calculated to instruct and arouse the interest of his auditors. The general is not only a first class military officer but has proven himself an orator of more than ordinary ability. His address was highly spoken of by those who had the pleasure of hearing him. It was a complete vindication of Christian sentiment on the subject, and a scathing rebuke of infidelity. Following is an abstract of his remarks:

"The sixty centuries were divided by the great central event now

celebrated—that by which all future time is measured, that which divides the ancient from the modern, and affords the standard by which today all nations reckon time and balance the facts of universal history. Every letter and billhead everywhere by the date A. D. recognizes that the advent of "Our Lord" controls all human intercourse.

The prophetic announcement of the coming close of centuries of battle issues, and the supremacy of some overshadowing empire was shown to have been realized in Roman supremacy and universal peace which marked the commencement of the Christian Era. Palestine, with its infinite variety of climate, productions, and scenery, though but 139 miles in length and from twenty to forty in breadth, was shown to furnish metaphor and imagery appreciable by all peoples, and that a book written there could find lodgement in every soul the world over as no other could. The supremacy of the Greek language, and the acquaintance of all surrounding peoples with the land of Palestine and its variety of wood, flora, fauna, fruits and woods, were touched upon as indicative of its peculiar fitness for the abode of a peculiar people and as fulfilling every pre-announcement of the location and circumstances of a Christian advent.

The disappearance of ancient empires, after fulfillment of their destiny, and the marvelous preservation of the Jew and his historical book, the Bible, were treated at length, and a forecast made of the coming period when the joyous shouts of the morning stars singing together at the first creation, and the song of the angelic hosts over the babe of Bethlehem, would blend with the perpetual songs of glorified man, when regaining primeval innocence through the advent and sacrifice of the Christ, peace on earth and good will among men would have their perfect fruition."

## SOUTHERN PINES.

Dr. W. A. Munroe was down from Sanford on Monday.

A number of moonshine cases were disposed of by commissioner Clark this week.

R. Tynes Smith, wife and daughter, of Baltimore, Md., are registered at the Ozone.

The Kings Daughters hall has received a couple of coats of hard oil, and presents a fine appearance.

Mrs. G. H. Sadelson, wife of Dr. Sadelson, left one day last week for Niagara Falls, N. Y., her former home.

Mr. and Mrs. Sodoström of Springfield, Mass., have rented a suite of rooms in the McKinnon cottage and will remain all winter.

The Congregational church and Sunday school had their usual Christmas tree and exercises on Christmas night, and every one there was delightfully entertained.

The disreputable house near the creek on the edge of Darktown was raided by the police on Monday night and nine of the inmates were compelled to pay a fine and the costs of court. This should be sufficient warning to all evil doers that our village will be kept clean.

## JEALOUSY.

"What," inquired Polly in mournful tones not to be accounted for on any reasonable grounds, for she was wearing a new and charming frock of yellow, "what is a cure for jealousy?"

"Indifference," replied Prudence concisely, without lifting her eyes from her book.

"Oh, bother!" remarked the vision in yellow pettishly. Then, wheedlingly, "Please talk sense."

"My dear, I've given you the condensed wisdom of the ages on the subject," said Prudence mildly. "Of course if you'd rather hear that jealousy can be cured by an infusion of fresh rose leaves gathered at midnight during the full of the moon, or something of that sort, I can oblige you."

"But I don't want George to be indifferent," murmured Polly, pouting with unnecessary prettiness. "I just want him to be sensible. And anyway you talk as if indifference could be cultivated by writing to the secretary of agriculture for a package of seeds, sowing them in George's heart and watching them develop."

"It is quite evident to me," said Prudence, "that what you desire is not abstract argument on the emotions nor yet advice on the proper conduct of your affairs, but a chance to free your mind. Begin, my dear, begin. When did George first show signs of jealousy?"

"It was at the Cartwright's dance down at Seacliff."

"I told you not to wear your opal bracelet or you'd have bad luck. What's the good of pretending not to be superstitious? Haven't I often told you that the only girls who need to pose as sensible are those who are so hopelessly plain that no one could be interested in their vagaries?"

"Yes. But my opals went with my frock. You remember it, Prudence? It's silver and pink and blue chiffon in clouds—layers of 'em, you know, over silk. So I had to wear my opal. And you know how I love to dance."

"Yes. George's sister Jane says that if your head were as active as your heels you'd be quite intelligent, doesn't she?"

"Yes. I don't care, though, for she weighs a ton or two, and her wit is about as graceful as her movements. But anyway I love to dance, as you remember, and George can't dance."

"Wherein is the root of the trouble," philosophized Prudence. "All jealousy begins in a knowledge of one's deficiencies."

"But he was lovely about it," pursued Polly. "He came to me and said, just as sweetly, Prue: 'Now, little girl, you go ahead and enjoy yourself. Dance every dance, and I'll be happy watching you and only sorry that I'm such a hopeless clodhopper.' Wasn't that dear of him? So I told him he was adorable and that I'd sit out a quadrille or two with him."

"H'm! Kind of you!"

"By the time the first quadrille came I thought he looked a trifle queer. He marched me off on to the piazza and said casually that it was curious to see how little girls cared about the characters of their masculine acquaintance. Then he asked if I knew much about Howland Wells, with whom I had been waltzing."

"I hope you told him that you always required copies of a man's family tree, of his certificate of membership in church and of his receipted bills of the preceding month before dancing with him?"

"No. I didn't think of that. I just said that I knew Howland Wells waltzed better than any one else of my acquaintance, and that that was the main requisite at a dance. Whereupon my lovely, liberal fiance snarled and said that Mr. Wells led his creditors as pretty a dance as he did his partners, and that I should see his grace of motion when he had been drinking. I yawned and replied that scandal never interested me, and that it was not so valuable for the information conveyed about the person discussed as for the revelation of the character of the discussor."

"Very neat, Polly. What did he say then?"

"Oh, he ranted a little. Talked about the disgusting familiarity of the waltz, the sickening vulgarity of the polka, and

so on. And while he was declaiming some one came and found us, and I discovered that I'd missed two dances. So I went in. But, Prudence, when I looked across the room later and saw poor old George glaring fiercely at me, but wearing a most miserable expression at the same time, I felt sorry for him. I began to think how I should feel if it were the other way and George were dancing while I looked on."

"That 'put yourself in his place' idea is the worst enemy of enjoyment and of resolution ever devised," interpolated Prudence.

"Perhaps it is. But I felt uncomfortable dancing after that, and so when Howland Wells came for his next waltz I said I was a little tired and would he mind if I didn't dance it. And he said he'd rather sit it out himself. So we went out on to that little round gallery that opens off Dr. Cartwright's den and sat there. And I was glad to think how pleased and surprised George would be at my unexpected amiability. And, Prudence Dalrymple, what do you think he did?"

"I give it up. Men move in too mysterious ways their wonders to perform for a mere woman ever to guess their methods."

"He came to me at the time of his second quadrille and asked if he shouldn't resign it to Mr. Wells, with whom I seemed to prefer the remoteness and seclusion of a dimly lighted balcony to the open glare of the ballroom. He said that such barefaced flirting on the part of a girl known to be engaged was not only insulting to her fiance, but even amounted to a defiance of society itself; that the character of the man in this particular case made it positively indecent. I assure you, Prudence, that he acted for the rest of the evening as if I had been guilty of a capital crime at least. And he hasn't been to see me since."

"And the Cartwrights' dance occurred when?"

"The night before last," said Polly, blushing. "Don't call me a goose, Prudence. And tell me what to do to cure George of jealousy."

"Stop wearing opals," advised Prudence briefly, returning to her book.

"I can't," said Polly proudly. "I'm not superstitious, and besides, George gave me that bracelet."—Anne O'Hagan in New York Journal.

## Billiard Parlors For Women.

Chicago is going to have billiard parlors for women. Tom Foley has taken compassion on the fair sex and decided to join a "ladies' annex" to his new billiard rooms. Foley has a friend who likes billiards and also likes his wife, but refuses to buy a billiard table for his better half. He told Foley about it the other day, and Foley, after a little thought, determined to test the scheme which he now announces.—New York Times.

## Shot at Two Stars.

Bob Cunningham and two companions went coon hunting near Pulaski. Coons can be found only at night, and they are usually seen near a cornfield. The trio, with their dogs, had wandered about half the night, when Bob suddenly pulled up with "Hist! I see a big one." He became afflicted with a touch of the buck fever and danced about in a strange and weird manner. "Do you see his eyes?" he asked. "I'm going to shoot."

The gun went off and Bob said, with many an adjective, "I've missed him." He loaded up again and blazed away, and still he declared he saw the eyes. None of the other parties could see the first symptom of eyes, neither could they hear Mr. Coon rustling among the trees. Bob declared that he could, and he shot once more, but the "eyes" were still there.

He is a pretty good shot, and firing three times at so large an animal as a coon made him think, so he walked over to the tree where he saw the coon and took a good look, and then discovered that he had been shooting at two stars that were peeping from between the limbs of the tree.—New Castle Courant-Guardian.