

Popular Young People Wedded

A beautiful home wedding occurred Thursday November 29 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Starr, when their daughter Ella was united in marriage to Dr Emil F. Ringlee of Binford.

At twelve o'clock, noon, to the strain of Lohengren's bridal chorus played by Miss Hazel Starr the bridal party attended by Miss Doris Starr as bridesmaid and Mr. Clarence Ebentier as best man, entered the parlor and took their places beneath the bridal arch where Rev. A. M. Hewson, the officiating clergyman, pronounced the marriage vows in the presence of the assembled guests.

After ceremony Miss Hazel Starr sang a beautiful song, "Because." Congratulations were given and all proceeded to the dining room where a sumptuous four course dinner was served.

The bride was attired in a beautiful dress of white crepe meteor trimmed with georgette crepe and pearl, and carried a bouquet of white roses and lillies of the valley.

The bridesmaid was dressed in pink taffeta and carried a bouquet of pink roses.

The decorations of white and pink carnations and American Beauty roses were tastily displayed in both parlor and dining room.

The young couple were the recipients of many very beautiful and useful gifts from those present and from friends and relatives. At night the couple left for Hannaford, from which

place they went on train No. 2 to Minneapolis for a brief visit, after which they will go to Binford to make their future home, where Dr. Ringlee is engaged in the practice of dentistry.

They have the best wishes of their many friends for a useful and happy life.

In Sheep's Clothing.

"Let us in!" cried the paragraphs, knocking at the gagsmith's door.

"Who are you?" demanded the humorist.

"We are jokes about the high cost of living and"—

"On your way! There can be no joke about that. It is a crime and an outrage. Be off!"—Exchange

Just a Party.

"I was ashamed of my husband once in London," said Mrs. John W. Gates. "Among our tourist stunts was a visit to Mme. Tussaud's waxworks. One of our friends asked us how we liked it, and my husband replied, 'Well, it impressed me as very much like any other English party.'"—Woman's Home Companion.

A Hill as a Palace.

"The only building in Lassa, Tibet, that is at all imposing is the Potala," writes Edmund Candler. "It is not a palace on a hill, but a hill that is a palace. Its massive walls, its terraces and bastions stretch upward from the plain to the crest, as if the great bluff rock were merely a foundation stone planted there."

Pleasant Smiles.

It is a grand gift to be able to smile as the pleasant man or woman smiles. It is not the stereotyped "duty smile" of society; it is not the patronizing smile of careless tolerance nor the painful smile of bored politeness.

A Silent Hour.

"The after lunch nap is my favorite hour of the whole day."

"I thought you didn't sleep after lunch!"

"I don't, but my wife does."—London Opinion.

Counting Up.

"I started to work on my twentieth story yesterday," said the bustling man, "and I tell you I'm making it pay."

"You are an author?"

"Certainly not! I'm an architect."—Exchange.

Owls screaming in bad weather is a sign that a change for the better is near at hand.