# The HOME BEAUTIFUL
## Flowers and Shrubbery—Their Care and Cultivation

Francis Scott Key Rose—the Flowers Are Unusually Large.

## FAVORITE ROSES

By ELIZABETH VAN BENTHUYSEN.

There is absolutely nothing in the realm of esthetic culture that is so thoroughly dominated by personal favor as the selection of a pet rose. Every lover of the garden and of the home beautiful selects a favorite rose almost as soon as the interest of flower culture is born.

I have been much interested in the season's favorites and the reasons given by rose enthusiasts for their likes and dislikes. They offer to the student and the culturist valuable hints in the care and selection of any favorite, because what one may find as an argument for his pet blossom may be equally true in any number of cases and many of my readers may be able readily to meet the claims advanced by others and find equal merit for their own selections.

The delicate formation, coloring and perfume of the rose all combine to make its study especially worth while. Intelligent choice of a favorite often marks the flower-lover as gifted—and

Opnelia Roses.

a selection that does not follow popular fancy always reveals an amateur who is not superficial. For instance, the enthusiasts are now experimenting with the Gruss aus Teplitz, a lovely hybrid tea, to find out how well it will stand the winter in northern climates. Personally, I think that the rose is sufficiently hardy to stand anything save an unusually cold zone. It has the advantage, too, of being a prolific producer of blooms. From May until November the raiser of the pretty tea rose is rarely without some sweet evidence of the possession.

It can be planted in the sunshine or in the shade, under hanging trees or in the open, and a little severe pruning in the early spring is about all that the delicate rose demands. There is something in the rose that binds the present to the past, and one feels like the owner of a rare old bit of period furniture when it forms part of the garden.

Those who do not believe the ancient adage that every rose must have its thorns are showing much partiality this year for the Paul Neyron. Every month it produces its flowers, with the blossoms on long stems and leaves of a beautiful dark green. If cut when in bud, the flowers have a remarkable lasting quality. As I said, it is almost thornless, and its flower develops nearly every shade of pink. It needs little save proper planting in soil free from weeds and fertilizing with old manure.

Harrison's Yellow, an Austrian brier, is also one of the favorite flowers of this season's culturists. It is a sturdy member of the rose family, possessing the hardiness that makes such an appeal to the rose lover. Harrison's Yellow is no pampered child of luxury. It "just grows up," like Topsy. If it has the least chance. The buds of clear, pure yellow begin to show in May. The foliage is fine and small, with a pleasing green. A lazy man or woman ought to adore the type, for it needs practically no pruning, unless one wishes to limit the growth. The flowers are put forth on wood of the previous season, so that if pruning is to be done at all it ought to be done only after flowering.

The Killarney rose is also being given a prominent place in the year's planting. Its freedom from disease and from insects commend it to many of the best growers, and the pink-and-white flowers have an odor of wonderful character. They should be set out in the spring as soon as the danger of frost is over. Dig a hole two feet square by two feet deep, place a few stones at the bottom for drainage, and then fill with good soil, mixed with well-rotted manure.

If large roses are wanted, cut the buds so that only a few remain. Cutting the long stems improves the plant. After thorough blooming, prune back freely, and the bush will remain healthy and will increase in size. They require covering before the frost appears.

## THE BIGGEST GERMAN TREE

The German empire has produced many things that have held records for magnitude but none of them hold more interest than the empire's biggest tree. It is a huge linden located on the outskirts of the village of Staffelstein, in Bavaria. The folklore and history of the region say that the tree is five hundred years old.

The authorities have filled the hollow interior with cement to strengthen and preserve the landmark. It is 80 feet in circumference.

During the Napoleonic invasion of Germany it is related that the French Marshal Berthier rode his horse into the hollow of the tree and turned the animal around there.

Huge Linden Located on the Outskirts of Staffelstein, Bavaria, Said to Be 500 Years Old.

## WINTER-FLOWERING ANNUALS

Good house plants for winter use in the conservatory are provided by many annuals. The seeds should be sown in September in light compost in pots. Then the pots should be kept out of doors until the nights become too cool for them. When the seedlings are large enough to transplant, they should be placed in pots in the same character of soil as that in which they were first sown.

Good annuals for winter flowering are salpiglossis, nasturtiums, nemesias, antirrhinums, clarkias, godetias, candy-tuft, dwarf nicotianas, stocks, ageratum, alyssum, balsams, impatiens and petunias.

The Madonna lily is a fine type of lily. It grows two or three feet high and the flowers of a lovely odor grow in clusters.

Prune out the branches of the dahlia to promote development of flowers; water well and tie to stakes.

# INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of Sunday School Course, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

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## LESSON FOR OCTOBER 15

### APPEAL TO CAESAR.

LESSON TEXT—Acts 25 (vv. 1-12).
GOLDEN TEXT—It is enough for the disciple that he be as his teacher, and the servant as his Lord.—Math. 10:25.

Teachers ought to urge their scholars to read Chapters 24, 25 and 26 thoroughly, and with the use of a map locate the places mentioned. The date of this lesson is A. D. 59, and it occurred at the crisis of the events which determined the way Paul should go to Rome, Nero being the emperor at that time.

**I. Paul in the Prison at Caesarea** (vv. 1,6). Paul was worn out, badly in need of rest, and is given during this imprisonment much freedom. He was accompanied by Luke, his physician, and probably some of his other friends. For almost 20 years Paul had been living a strenuous life, crowded full of labors that would have crushed an ordinary man. Now for some considerable time he had time to thoroughly master and assimilate the truth which he had been preaching, the results of which have come down to us in the form of letters, seven of which at least were written during and after the events of this lesson. His imprisonment also gave many of his friends opportunity to secure his counsel and guidance. The vindictiveness and hatred of the Jews is evident by this new plot whereby they sought the help of Festus against Paul. The corrupt Felix had been succeeded by a more upright man, Festus. The scheme of these enemies of Paul and of Jesus had already resulted in giving Paul an opportunity to preach Jesus as the Christ and the judge of men to persons who otherwise would not have been within the scope of his influence. Through his persecution he had reached leading officials and educated men of the Romans and of the Jews. Bunyan, in Bedford jail, and Luther in Wittenberg Castle, are illustrations of the principle that, "difficulties are the stones out of which all God's houses are built." The three days referred to in verse 1 evidently mean after the landing at Cnesarea from his journey to Rome of this new governor. The principal men of the Jews immediately repeated the charges which Tertullus had falsely made. (See last lesson.) Notice they ask for a "favor," not justice, knowing if the favor were granted and they once secured Paul's presence in Jerusalem, they would have him in their power. Festus, however, answers that Paul shall be kept in Caesarea since he, himself, should be at the trial, and he was not intending to go to Jerusalem at that time; however he guarantees a fair trial.

Felix, on giving up his office to his successor, left Paul bound (Ch. 24:27) though he knew he ought to be released, but by this vile, iniquitous act, he gave Paul another one of his desired opportunities to witness for Christ in high places. The shrewdness of Festus saved Paul from falling into the trap of the Jews, for God was guiding Festus, and at the same time guarding Paul.

**II. Paul's Appeal to Caesar** (vv. 7-12). The Jews made many and grievous complaints, but without bringing a single witness to prove their assertions. Doubtless these were the same old charges that had been brought before Felix through Tertullus two years before, and which now, as then, could not be proved. Paul was permitted to answer for himself, and he declared that he had broken neither the Jewish nor the Roman law. Most of the enemies of Christianity and of the Bible "lay many and grievous charges against it which they cannot prove." In all ages the enemies of God and his word mistake strong and confident charges and vilifications as proofs. Paul's life was absolutely clean, and he could say, "I have not sinned at all" (v. 8 R. V.) in any of the directions in which he was charged. Festus, as the newly appointed governor, desired to do the Jews a favor; literally, desired to gain their favor. Therefore he said to Paul, "Wilt thou go up to Jerusalem, and there be judged of these things before me?" This amounted to an acquittal of Paul on the charges that would come under the Roman law.

There remained only such charges as would naturally come before the Sanhedrin, and the question was whether Paul would accept an informal acquittal from the Roman court on condition that he submit to a trial before his own people on the other count. Festus wished to throw upon Paul the responsibility of refusing to go to Jerusalem, and to avoid displeasing the Jews. Paul indignantly stood up and said, "I am standing before Caesar's judgment seat" (vv. 10, 11, Read carefully). Paul was appealing to a proper tribunal, to one that had a famous reputation for its findings. He was exercising his rights as a Roman citizen. He was also in the exercise of those rights, using the means God had for his presentation of the Gospel in the City of Rome. Paul never abused the rulers of his nation (See Romans 9:3; 10:1). Even if Festus should acquit and release Paul, the Jews would fall upon him by assassins as they had twice before tried to do (23:12; 25:3).

Festus got a courteous but a stinging and well deserved rebuke from his prisoner. Paul was perfectly willing to take any punishment he deserved, even unto death, but, having a clear conscience, he had no fear of Festus or any man. His appeal to Caesar was most unexpected. It confused Festus and baffled the Jews. The Lord's own words on his midnight visit to Paul in prison are here suggested (23:11).

Festus could make but one decision, "Unto Caesar thou shalt go." Paul's sincere and open character was the means of his safety and power.

**III. Paul and Agrippa** (vv. 13-22). Agrippa was the king of the northern part of Palestine, a Jew and trained in religious ceremonies, but one who never mixed politics with religion, wearing his Judaism as a garment.

His father, Agrippa I, slew James the elder, the apostle.

The great-grandfather, "The Great," caused the massacre of the infant innocents (Math. 2).

He married his own sister, Bernice, who came with him on this visit to Festus.

Festus declared Paul's cause unto the king.

# In The Pyramid of Cheops

THE GREAT PYRAMID, AND SPHINX

EVERYONE who goes to Egypt sees of the Pyramids more or less—chiefly less—to the accompaniment of the demand for "backsheesh" by the ignorant, lying Arabs. Thousands have written their experiences of such sightseeing, says a writer in the New York Herald. But I made the acquaintance of an American at the Mena house who had been everywhere and who knew everybody. When I told him I would like to learn something of Cheops without the usual nuisance of guides who knew nothing, telling you everything, he smiled the smile of the man who had been there and knew the ropes. "Did you notice," he said, "a small American flag fluttering over a neat, white tent at the north of the base of old Cheops? For many years that has been the headquarters of my American friend, Mr. Dow Covington. He knows Cheops, inside and out, as the mother knows the face of her first born. He could walk through it blindfolded and tell you its story backward. He's the only man who can help you, if you can get him."

I found Mr. Covington located in a large, comfortably furnished tent, actually pitched in the very shadow of the Pyramid. "Come to my tent at eleven tonight," said Mr. Covington when, shortly after, I called upon him and made known my wish. "By that time the Arab guides will have gone and we will not be pestered by them. By the way, wear your worst suit of clothes and a pair of heelless, cloth or rubber-soled shoes, if you possess such a thing. The trip will test your nerve. I see you can stand it, and it will do you good; but don't count on keeping tomorrow's engagements," he added smilingly.

### In the Pyramid at Midnight.

It was nearly midnight when, with lighted lanterns, we found ourselves at the entrance of Khufu's mausoleum, or, as it is more often called, owing to the fact that Herodotus, "the father of history," translated Khufu's name into Greek, the Pyramid of Cheops.

Opening an iron grill door, to which only Mr. Covington is authorized to carry the key, we entered a large, sloping passage some four feet high and three and a half wide, cut for the most part through solid natural limestone. Down this we crawled and slid for more than 300 feet, finally arriving at the lowest cavern of the pyramid, just 100 feet below the center of it. It is probably the chamber of which the Egyptian priests spoke to Herodotus, the one which they told him contained the mummy of Khufu, but which the first historian never had the pleasure of seeing. Near the center of the cavern, cut in solid rock, is a hole which resembles a deep grave. One wonders why. On the southern side is a long, narrow blind passage, also cut in the rock, and again one wonders why.

A short distance from the cavern is the lower end of an almost perpendicular well, some three feet by two, extending upward for 192 feet to the grand gallery. Through this deep well shaft Khufu's workmen made their egress after blocking with granite plugs the passage by which we entered. Again the question enters one's mind: Why this tremendous labor to construct an entrance and an egress for a tomb receptacle that apparently was never used?

Placing our feet and hands in the holes constructed by those workmen of the remote past and pressing our backs to the opposite wall of the narrow well, we slowly and laboriously began the 192-foot ascent. In 1909 Mr. Covington had removed some 34 feet of debris which clogged the lower end of the well. It was like Jean Valjean getting out of the cul-de-sac—a little like it. Using both hands and feet, back tightly pressed to the wall, my camera tied around my neck with a handkerchief, holding in my teeth the lantern, the heat of which, combined with that caused by intense physical exertion, made me feel as if I were in the hot room of a Turkish bath with all my clothes on, my patient companion in the lead unavoidably kicking down upon my head the dust of more than fifty vanished centuries, while hundreds of bats, disturbed in their slumbers, flapped their wings in our faces as they passed between our limbs, we made that memorable ascent.

### The Sepulchral Chambers.

I never fainted in my life, but the only reason that I did not do so on that occasion was the fear of adding still more unpleasant complications to those already on hand. Finally, after passing through the strange little grotto where Mr. Covington pointed out the mysterious granite block he discovered concealed there, we reached the grand gallery, where it was a heavenly pleasure to once more fill our lungs with good air.

We passed through the horizontal gallery and entered the Queen's chamber, the lower of the two sepulchral chambers in the Pyramid, although no sarcophagus was found there. We noticed the smooth, white, pointed roof, which distinguishes it from the granite King's chamber above. This Queen's chamber contains perhaps the finest masonry in the world, the joinings of the great white limestone blocks being almost invisible, yet they contain a thin, weblike film of white cement.

We returned once more to the grand gallery, leading upward to the large granite-lined room containing a sarcophagus, supposed to be Khufu's. This magnificent gallery, 155 feet long, 28 feet high and more than 7 feet wide, is built of white mokattam limestone, so finely wrought and laid that into the joints between the blocks it is difficult to insert the point of a needle or even a hair.

Passing from the grand gallery through the small, mysterious granite antechamber, we found ourselves in the famous superb granite King's chamber, the walls of which are composed of just 100 blocks of red granite. We were alone, and standing by the side of the mutilated, lidless sarcophagus of that great Pharaoh who reigned more than 5,600 years ago. We had the Pyramid entirely to ourselves. It was long after midnight. There was a deadly silence, broken occasionally by the chirp of a distant bat. The sensation I experienced was one of eerie pleasure, not unmixed with awe. I was in the presence of a great manifestation of power—the living power of a man dead nearly six millenniums ago; a man who in the morning of the world had wrought his own immortality in this architectural wonder of the ages. No one could help feeling exalted at the majesty and mystery of the great structure; its defiance of time and defeat of inquiry; its strength and beauty; its geometrical perfection. Then came over the exaltation a feeling of depression as of the weight of all the superimposed masonry above me, and upon that the weight of centuries and of—death. We were in a structure of world-amazing grandeur, but for all that, a tomb.

### One View of Living in the Past.

It is a sure sign of old age creeping on, say some folk, when the mind instinctively turns back and lives in the past. But is it? If that past is pleasant to dwell upon, is it the part of the mind to forget it? Is it not, after all, a pretty sure sign of a life well lived when in later years one likes to go back into the years past, to let the mind dwell on what has gone before, and when one finds that the friends of early years are still the friends of later life? All life is not lived in the present and future, as the young believe. It is natural that youth has this notion, since no background can exist except through experience. It is as we live in the present and future that later gives us a background to look upon, and it is something deep and fine and vital that turns the mind back upon the retrospect of a life well spent.—Ladies' Home Journal.

### Century-Old Diary.

Henry Crabb Robinson in his diary repeats many stories of the judges, Lord Eldon and Lord Mansfield among the rest. The latter, struggling with a congested calendar, on one occasion announced that he would hold court on Good Friday. At once there was rebellion on the part of the barristers. Sergeant Davey, with some warmth and more humor, arose and said: "There has been no precedent since the days of Pontius Pilate." Nevertheless, Mansfield held court with the attorneys, and without the barristers.

Another one that deserves to be resurrected from the diary is as follows: "One day when someone remarked: 'Christianity is part and parcel of the law of the land,' Rolfe said to me: 'Were you ever employed to draw an indictment against a man for not loving his neighbor as himself?'"—Case and Comment.

### Father's Position.

One evening we were entertaining our guests. One of the men took my little brother on his lap. The man said, "What is your father, my little man?" He answered, "A man." The man asked him then what his father did, and he answered: "Just what mamma tells him to do."—Chicago Tribune.

### New Setting for Old House.

Many an old house has been allowed to pass into a state of disrepair, and finally has been torn down to make place for a more modern building, merely because the owner has not been able to see in the old building a possibility for the attainment of attractiveness and charm by means of a new setting. The rarest gem in a battered setting can hardly show its value. Put it in platinum and gold, modern in cut, and the same gem is a glory to its owner; provide the old house with nature's setting, in the form of judicious planting, together with tasteful garden arrangement and a pergola, and straightway it is given a new lease of beauty.—L. G. Hoyt, in the Countryside Magazine.

### Lines to Be Remembered.

So long as we love we serve; so long as we are loved by others, I would almost say we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

# HAPPY IN SERVICE

### WHERE WOMAN REALLY FINDS HER HIGHEST JOY.

Ambition and Success, According to Writer, May Give Peculiar Satisfaction, but Not Always the Greatest Happiness.

Who is the happiest woman in the world? Is it the woman who has written a successful book, or painted a great picture, or done some other noteworthy thing to bring her into the public eye?

No, far from it. Fame never yet made any human creature truly happy. On the contrary, it usually seeks to spoil his peace of mind; it interrupts his private life and makes all sorts of insolent demands on his time and thought.

When you are famous you belong to the public, you cease to belong to the little private circle of those who love you.

"Oh, for a quiet hour to sit down and read a book with my family," sighed a man who is famous on two continents. "But, no, I belong to the public, and the public does not give me time to live."

Ask any woman who is doing what the world calls great things, and she will tell you, doubtless, that she is happy in having satisfied her desire to achieve some particular thing; but if her face glows and she cries joyfully, "I am the happiest woman in the world!" you may come to one of two conclusions: either she is very, very new at her accomplishment, the reaction is yet to come, or else it is some more intimate, more personal joy than either her book or her picture that gives the real crown to her happiness.

Ambition is a beautiful and necessary thing; but it is not happiness, any more than a ten-mile tramp is rest. And it never yet satisfied the heart that was made for joy—as what woman's heart is not, even though her joy gets half its bliss from sorrow.

Nay, the happiest woman in the world is not she who is filling some lofty seat in the full glare of the public eye. It may be right for that woman to be there. It was not meant that all women should be happy to their fullest capacity. Doubtless she is of great use there. But she is not the happiest woman in the world.

The happiest woman in the world is she who is contentedly serving those she loves.

That is the truth in a nutshell, and any honest woman who looks into her own heart with understanding eyes will confess it.

What is life, anyway, but service? All of us find that out sooner or later. And the woman whose privilege it is to minister to those she loves—whose place in the world is to make life glad for those who love her—is the happiest woman in it.

It is a privilege not given to all.

But let those to whom it is given—the sweet homemakers, the loved wives and mothers and sisters—awake to their joy while they yet have it, and sing all through the glad days, for theirs is the happiest lot on earth.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### Garden Plots and Patriotism.

We farmers, as a rule, are not a class of men who can boast of bank accounts upon which we might draw to purchase American flags, so our patriotism must manifest itself in some other form. One of my patriotic neighbors, by the way, has become so enthused over the matter of preparedness that he has laid out his small farm to resemble Old Glory, seven rows of red-top beets representing the gory stripes, with six rows of white turnips alternated between them. On one corner of the plot six rows of cabbage heads indicate the 48 stars of the Union Jack, and on the fence post at the upper corner of this American vegetable flag sits a stuffed henhawk with spread wings resembling the American eagle. This is not all. No, indeed! He has arranged a set of bugle calls for the dinner horn which begin at the hour of reveille and at which every member of his patriotic household tumbles out. Military salutes have taken the place of "Good mornin', Sal," and "How-do, Hank," and other unpatriotic expressions of cordiality.—Zim in Cartoons Magazine

### Barred by the Regulations.

Daniel Boone was too thin for his height to pass the present army requirements. Yet Daniel Boone opened to civilization the territory from Cumberland Gap to the headwaters of the Mississippi. When Napoleon was graduated from St. Cyr he was too thin to serve as second lieutenant of Company A, First Kentucky regiment. Julius Caesar suffered with sore feet. He could never have passed the martinets at Fort Thomas. Hannibal had but one eye. His case would have been hopeless with the war department, but the Romans found him fairly efficient at Cannae and Lake Trasemene. Alexander of Macedon had a twisted neck gland. Thumbs down on Alexander. Peterborough, "the bravest of the brave," was too short and skinny for the regulations at Washington. Lord Nelson had a game leg.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Make Silk Sausage Skins.

Germany now is making sausage skins of raw silk, according to the Rheinische Westfaelische Zeitung. Even before the war experiments were being conducted in the making of a hollow casing of raw silk to be filled with sausage meat. The Elberfeld ribbon factory is now turning out great lengths of this sausage casing. Just now, however, owing to the shortage of meat, very large quantities of casing are not needed. With the ordinary prices of raw silk prevailing the new casing is no dearer than the usual sausage skins.

The Berliner Lokal Anzeiger of August 3 says that a new invention has been introduced by the Berlin inventions bureau for putting meat up in briquettes for transport. These briquettes, it is said, are impervious to the attack of insects.

### Had It Over Washington.

First Thinker—There's one way I have it over Washington.

Second Thinker—I'm your friend, so I'll listen to it.

First Thinker—He couldn't tell a lie. I can.—Kansas City Star.

### Moral Discipline.

"Have you the firmness that enables you to go on and do your duty in the face of ingratitude and ungenerous criticism?"

"I ought to have. I once cooked for a camping party."


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## GERMANY COULD BUILD SHIPS

### So Far as Ways and Construction Plants Are Concerned 25 Could Be Under Erection.

According to an excellent naval critic, Hector C. Bywater, so far as building ways and construction plants are concerned, there is no reason why Germany could not have 25 battleships or battle cruisers under construction at one and the same time. Though he admits that this figure may be astonishing, he shows that an examination of the various yards, government and private, in Germany justifies the estimate. In fact, he goes further and states that, simultaneously, a program including light cruisers, destroyers and submarines could be put through, since there are many German yards which, although they cannot build capital ships, are well equipped to produce the lighter craft. He estimates the total working force in all these yards at 100,000 men.

### The Penalty.

Senator Fall was talking in New York about the Mexican situation.

"This imbroglio," he said, disgustedly, alluding to an earlier phase, "was due to absentmindedness. Well, absentmindedness in affairs of state gets punished as sharply as in affairs of love.

"I once knew an absent-minded dry goods clerk who was in love with a spirited girl. He took her hand one night and droned:

"'Dear, dear little hand! I wonder—I wonder'—and then his absentmindedness got its work in, and he said:

"'I wonder if it will wash?'

"The girl gave a sudden start.

"'No, George,' she hissed, it won't wash, and I may as well tell you, too, that it won't cook, or sweep, or darn socks, either. Good evening!'"


# What the Doctor Knows

### KIDNEYS MUST BE RIGHT TO INSURE HEALTH.

Few people realize to what extent their health depends upon the condition of the kidneys.

The physician in nearly all cases of serious illness, makes a chemical analysis of the patient's urine. He knows that unless the kidneys are doing their work properly, the other organs cannot readily be brought back to health and strength.

When the kidneys are neglected or abused in any way, serious results are sure to follow. According to health statistics, Bright's Disease, which is really an advanced form of kidney trouble, caused nearly ten thousand deaths in one year, in the State of New York alone. Therefore, it is particularly necessary to pay more attention to the health of these important organs.

An ideal herbal compound that has had remarkable success as a kidney remedy is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

The mild and healing influence of this preparation, in most cases, is soon realized, according to sworn statements and verified testimony of those who have used the remedy.

When your kidneys require attention, get Swamp-Root at once from any pharmacy. It is sold by every druggist in bottles of two sizes—50c and $1.00.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper. Adv.


### The Brighter Side.

"Was your little outing in the country a success?"

"It was, from my point of view," answered Mr. Doppel.

"How was that?"

"The auto broke down, we got caught in the rain, a bee stung one of the children and altogether we had so many accidents I don't believe Mrs. Doppel will insist on another outing in the country for at least 12 months."

### In Doubt.

"Tell me what you eat, and I'll tell you what you are."

"Here are some of my wife's cooking-school menus. I ought to be a human ostrich, but I fear I'm not."

### The Difference.

"That hen of yours is acting as though she were hatching a plot."

"I think instead she is plotting a hatch."

The United States produced more than $100,000,000 worth of gold last year.

Nearly 3,500 women are employed by the French railways, 300 of them acting as stationmasters.

## PERONNE IS HISTORIC GROUND

### In That City Louis XI Was Forced to Sign Treaty Which Laid Foundation for Belgium.

The ground whereon the great war is being decided is one of the famous battlefields of French history. It was called of old "Sangterro, the bloody ground," but never was its name so true as today. In Peronne, now being bombarded by the French, two French kings have suffered imprisonment—Charles the Simple for six years in the tenth century, and Louis XI for three days in the fifteenth century.

The latter incident has more to do with today's events that it may seem to have, for King Louis was on a friendly visit to Charles the Bold of Burgundy at Peronne when he was imprisoned by his host on the charge of having stirred up the burghers of Liege until he had signed the treaty of Peronne, which freed Flanders from France and so laid the foundation for independent Belgium.

No human being dared remind King Louis of this humiliating experience, but, strange to say, the magpies took to singing "Peronne, Peronne" wherever he went, until he recovered the town. To do this he was obliged to bribe the British to withdraw the army that had been sent in aid of the duke of Burgundy. A payment of 75,000 crowns to Edward IV and proportionate sums to his ministers won them over, and a match was arranged between Charles the dauphin and Edward's daughter.

Neither king would trust the other—and with good reason—so the parents of the happy pair met on a bridge across the Somme, with a strong wooden grill between them, through which they ventured to shake hands.—New York Independent.


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Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria


### New Telephone-Telegraph.

A new telegraph instrument has been invented by means of which any telegraph operator may send messages in the Morse code over an ordinary telephone. This new instrument can be attached to any telephone and the connection between it is purely mechanical. It does not require any additional electric circuit. The telegraph key has a pivot at the end. It produces a sharp distinct sound and is connected with the metal case of the telephone by two clamps. It is claimed that Morse signals sent by this instrument carry longer distances than the human voice over long distance telephones, so the telephone-telegraph can be of great value both in supplementary and in verifying telephonic conversation.

### Practical Joke With a Moral.

"What has become of the man who used to rock the boat?"

"He took a dislike to my boy Josh," replied Farmer Corntossel, "an' he won't come here no more. Josh he got a cradle an' strapped that feller into it an' everybody took turns seein' that he kep' rockin to his heart's content."

### A Sure Thing.

H. B. Duryea, dog breeder, was talking in New York about a beagle that had been stolen.

"Once they let him loose," said Mr. Druryea, smiling, "he'll come back. He's like a drunkard without money—he always comes back home."

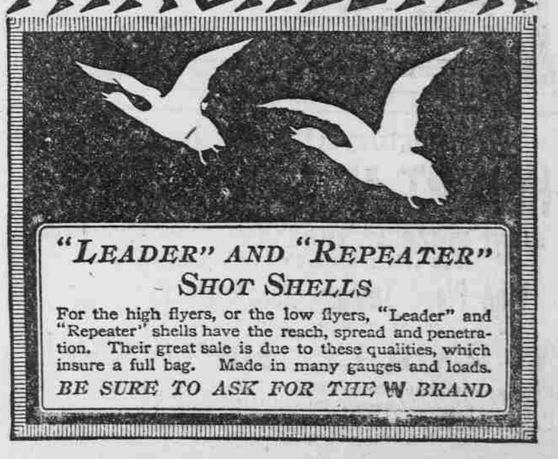
Beautiful, clear white clothes delights the laundress who uses Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers. Adv.

### Trains Can't Go Too Fast.

An eastern railroad which includes many steep grades along its lines has adopted a new scheme to overcome the danger from the momentum a heavily loaded train sometimes gains in running down grade. A spur track has been built at the foot of such a grade and an automatic switch sends any train that is going too fast up this branch. If the approaching train comes along at a safe speed nothing will interfere with its progress. If it is going too fast when it passes a block a certain distance above the switch, it is automatically sent up the spur track, where it remains until pulled off.

A woman is the inventor of a suitcase that can be folded flat and carried under one arm when empty.


# WINCHESTER



"LEADER" AND "REPEATER" SHOT SHELLS

For the high flyers, or the low flyers, "Leader" and "Repeater" shells have the reach, spread and penetration. Their great sale is due to these qualities, which insure a full bag. Made in many gauges and loads.

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