

Seeing France with Uncle John

By ANNE WARNER

YVONNE to Her MOTHER

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Paris. Dearest Mamma: Well, we are arrived! It is Paris at last! But I thought we should surely die in transit. I don't know what uncle would have said if he had known that Lee was in Rouen; he was dreadfully upset over Mrs. Braytree's telling him that she saw Lee in Havre.

We arrived last night, and the only drawback is that Mrs. Clary isn't here. She left a note, and M. Sibley's wife is his mother, and has a place out at Neuilly, and they were invited there for three days. She will be back tomorrow, and she left word for us to go straight to the Bon Marche and look at the white suits; so we did so. We told uncle it was all right for us to go alone, and he had just gotten his mail, so he only said "Hum!" and we went. Just as we were taking the cab, who should we see but Mr. Chopstone. It was so lovely to see him again, and he got into the cab and went with us. We went to the Bon Marche, but it wasn't much fun with a man, so we came out after a little, and he proposed taking the subway and going to the Trocadero. Just then we met a man that Mr. Chopstone knew, and he had red hair and eye-glasses. Mr. Chopstone introduced him, and invited him to go along; but he said it was no use, because it was the wrong day and we couldn't get in when we got there. By this time we were down in the subway, and Mr. Chopstone suggested that we go to the Bois, so as not to have to go back up the stairs again. While we were talking the train came and went in a terrible hurry, and we got aboard in between. After we were off we found that Mr. Chopstone wasn't on. We didn't know what to do, because, of

to go and see the balloon ascension. They didn't invite the elderly French lady, and she protested about "comme il faut"—but Betty said, "Ou est Fakir?" and, if you'll believe me, that little beast was gone again, and poor madame dashed off in pursuit. Betty made short work of bidding us good-by then, and at once got into the automobile, and was off.

We came slowly along back with the red-haired man, and at the Arc de Triomphe we ran into Mr. Chopstone. It seems he went a station too far because he met some people he knew in the car behind us, and he says we must all go to the Chatelet with him to-night to make up. He said "uncle, too," so we accepted. Then we took a cab and came back to the hotel, where we found our beloved relative with his feet on the center-table, reading the Paris Herald. He looked over the top at us and announced that he'd "done the Louvre." I think we must have looked startled, for he went on to say at once that he knew that to be done, and that he shouldn't enjoy, and so he had thought it best to go at it the first thing on the first morning and get it off his mind at once. He was very pleased with himself, because he says the "Baedeker" says that it takes two hours and a half to walk through, and he was only gone from the hotel two hours in all. Edna asked him if he spent much time looking at the pictures, and he said: "Young lady, if you'd ever been in the place, you'd never ask that question. Why, the whole thing is lined with pictures. I bet I dream of gilt frames for a week."

We had to go to lunch, and uncle doesn't like the food very much; he

pictures they wanted for their new house, and that they never meant to take more than 20 minutes for the selection, and that they had been there an hour already. She felt badly because the itinerary had them visit Notre Dame, the Eiffel tower as high as the elevator goes, and Versailles this afternoon. She said they wanted to try and call on the American consul, too, to ask about a masseur. She said Mr. Merrilegs said he thought if they could get hold of a good masseur and keep him right with them that they could manage to rub through to the end.

Edna and I felt dreadfully sorry for her; but there did not seem to be anything to do except look sad, and we did that as heartily as we knew how until in a minute or two Mr. Merrilegs hove in sight with a funny little Frenchman dancing round and round him. Mr. Merrilegs looked almost as exhausted as his wife, and called Edna by my name and me by hers. His wife asked him if he had ordered the pictures, and he said: "No; I haven't any more time to waste here. I've given Clarette the paper with the sizes of the spaces marked on it, and he's to go through and measure till he finds a famous picture to match each space." Mrs. Merrilegs sort of nodded faintly and said: "But we



We Found Our Beloved Relative.

don't want any martyrs in the dining-room, you know," and her husband said, "Yes, yes, he understands; and he says he'll find a Susanna to fit your bath, too." Mrs. Merrilegs stood up then with a very audible groan, and they both shook hands with us in a way that quite wrung our hearts. Then they limped away with the little Frenchman spinning gaily about them, and we went on alone.

In the very next room we met Mr. Chopstone. He was awfully glad to see us, and said, with our permission, he'd join us; but as he seemed joined anyway, we didn't even dream of refusing. He asked if we'd told uncle about the Chatelet, and then we remembered that we had forgotten. He said he was so glad, because he couldn't get any seats except baignoirs, and they looked queer, because no one can see you. He asked if we would like to go to the opera instead, and we were just discussing it when we turned a corner and ran right on to Betty Burleigh and the red-haired man. His name is Potter, and did you ever! They looked so upset that it can't have been an accident, their being together. But boy could they have arranged it! If they didn't arrange it, why did they look upset? Betty had on a bright green cloth dress and a violet hat, and the red-haired man heightened the general effect so much that we moved on as quickly as possible. Mr. Chopstone said very roundly: "You'd better fight shy of her, I think," and Edna said dryly: "Of him, too, don't you think?" I waited a minute, and then I said it seemed droll to think that if we were all English, we'd be pleased to call poor Betty a typical American.

We came home when the Louvre closed and found uncle back with his feet on the center-table. He had had a big fire built, for he said it gave him chills to look at the nymph over his bed. He had put in a true Merrilegian afternoon, having been to the Palais de Justice, Sainte-Chapelle, Notre Dame, and driven by the Hotel de Ville and around the Opera house—"completely around." He says there won't be a thing left for him to look at by Monday. He says if he was pressed for time he'd hire a cab for one whole day and lump the business; but that, seeing that we have the time, it really doesn't seem necessary. Mrs. Clary will be back to-morrow, and we're very glad, for uncle is awful peppery and tart, and says "Hum!" when we least expect it. Edna sent Mr. Chopstone a petit-bleu, asking him please not to ask us to go anywhere to-night. Mr. Edgar sent me some violets, but I had time to give them to the chambermaid before uncle came in. It doesn't seem possible that uncle could really care for Mrs. Clary; but he's so cross if she talks to any one else that I almost wonder if he doesn't.

We talk Italy and mark Britanny every chance we get, but uncle says "Hum!" to Italy the same as he does to everything else these days. I'm sure I don't see what we'll do if he takes the rest of Europe as hard as he does this much. But of course I don't mean that we're not having a lovely time, and we never forget for a minute how kind he was to bring us.

A Lawn Barber.

A major in a certain regiment has a great contempt for incapacity of any kind and is somewhat impatient. A sergeant complained to him that he could get no man to undertake the duty of barber to the company.

"Is there no gardener in the company?" asked the major, testily. "See if you can find out, and send him to me."

The man was duly sent, but on receiving orders to act as barber ventured to expostulate.

"Great guns!" cried the major, "if you can cut grass you can cut hair. Go and do it."—Oakland Tribune

Paul a Prisoner —In Rome

Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 14, 1909
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Acts 24. Memory verses 25, 26.
GOLDEN TEXT.—"Herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offense toward God, and toward men."—Acts 24:16.
TIME.—Spring of A. D. 57 or 58, and the two succeeding years.
PLACE.—Caesarea on the Mediterranean, the Roman capital of Judaea.

Suggestion and Practical Thought.

Closing Scenes in Saint Paul's Life. I. The Journey Toward Rome by Sea from Malta.—Vs. 11-14. In our last lesson we saw Paul and his companions ministering to the sick in Malta, and receiving many honors from the grateful inhabitants. They had lost everything in the wreck, and were in need of many things.

Early in the spring they embarked in another ship from Egypt, named the Dioscuri, or The Twin Brothers or Caster and Pollux who were the twin brothers.

The First Landing was made at Syracuse, the capital of Sicily, 80 to 100 miles sail from Malta. Here they remained three days. From Syracuse they made a wide circuit, which required frequent tacking or alteration of the ship's course on account of head winds, and "by good seamanship" were able to work up to Rhegium.

The Third Landing was at Puteoli, the seaport of Rome, though 150 miles away.

Here they remained seven days.

11. The Journey by Land, and the Reception by the Roman Christians.—Vs. 15-22. First. From Puteoli they marched 33 miles before they reached the famous Appian Way, the great military road from Rome to southern Italy.

Fifty-seven miles farther along this road they came to Appii Forum, i. e., the Market of Appius.

Here the first delegation of Roman Christians met Paul and welcomed him to the city.

Second. Three Taverns. (V. 15) "And the three taverns," thirteen miles beyond Appii Forum, on the Appian Way, and 30 miles from Rome. Here a second delegation met Paul and his companions.

"Whom when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage." The words imply that Paul had been depressed in spirit.

Paul Encouraged. When Paul was met and greeted by the Christians of Rome, his heart was lifted out of its depression.

Reception at Rome. Paul was delivered to the authorities at Rome, but (v. 16) he "was suffered (permitted) to dwell by himself" "in his own hired house" "with a soldier that kept him."

III. Paul's Life and Work at Rome.—Vs. 23-31. First. Paul's Work Through the Soldiers. The soldiers which guarded Paul were "from the imperial guard," the flower of the Roman army.

Second. His Work Among the Jews. By mutual arrangement on an appointed day the Jews came to his lodging, and Paul expounded the gospel of the kingdom, (v. 23) "persuading them concerning Jesus" out of the Scriptures acknowledged by all as true.

26. "Hearing ye shall hear, and shall not understand." They should hear the words with the outward organs of hearing, but they would not understand the real meaning and power of the words. "And seeing ye shall see, and not perceive."

27. "Their eyes have they closed." They themselves refused to hear and see, because they were unwilling to make the change in their lives which would be required. "And should be converted," "should turn round, and go back again," as God was anxious they should. "And I should heal them," of their sin and dullness and disobedience. They did not wish to be healed.

Third. His Work Among the Gentiles. 30. For "two whole years," Paul received all who came to "his own hired house."

31. "Preaching the kingdom of God," its truths revealed, its motives, its righteousness, its usefulness, its hopes, its immortal life, all of which come through the Lord Jesus Christ the everlasting Saviour, the Son of God and the Son of Man.

Fourth. Work; Epistles to the Churches. Four epistles, those to Philémon, Ephesians, Colossians, and the Philippians were probably written during this captivity: Titus and 1 Timothy after his release, and 2 Timothy during his second imprisonment, not long before his martyrdom.

After several years of effective labor, Paul was again apprehended, and brought a second time as a prisoner to Rome. Tradition places his imprisonment in the dungeon of the Mamertine prison. "This was the Bastille of the old world." Here Jugurtha, the African king who warred against Rome, starved to death (B. C. 104).

The Acts were probably completed at this time.

IV. The Closing Years of Paul's Life. The Acts closes with the two years of Paul's imprisonment. But it is generally believed that his death was several years later. Eusebius the historian (A. D. 264-349) states the common belief of the early churches in these words: "After defending himself successfully it is currently reported that the apostle again went forth to proclaim the gospel, and afterwards came to Rome a second time and was martyred under Nero."

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87. Forty acres, in four miles of Colfax, on Cold Branch, splendid never-failing cool drinking water, good for poultry or stock farm, 25 acres good level hill land, and about 15 acres in the bottom, only \$200 on easy terms.

88. Two hundred acres, good for poultry or stock farm, in three miles of Colfax, 110 acres in the hills, and about 90 acres in the bottom, will be sold in lots to suit purchasers, of one, two or more 40-acre tracts, at \$5.00 per acre, on easy terms, part cash, balance one and two years.

89. Desirable new house in town of Colfax, five rooms and commodious galleries, ceiling and nicely painted and finished, situated on 5 lots, 51x125 feet each, barn, woodshed and necessary outhouses, two tanks and underground cistern, situated in desirable portion of the town, will be sold for \$2700.

90. Desirable hill farm, 155 acres, 9 miles east of Colfax, 50 acres fenced, good well and spring branch, house with two rooms and gallery, two cotton houses and corn crib, 75 peach, apple and pear trees, price \$800, half cash, balance one year.

91. Desirable hill farm, 80 acres, 10 miles east of Colfax, 35 acres in cultivation, 21 acres hill land and about 14 acres splendid creek bottom, 2-room house with gallery, kitchen, smokehouse, double crib, barn, cotton house and syrup house, 3 good wells, 4 acres stubble cane, 100 assorted fruit trees and vineyard, price \$450, half cash, balance 1 and 2 years.

92. 240 acres, a desirable home, creek and hammock farm, 40 acres in cultivation, 160 acres black land, 80 acres hammock, in extreme northwest corner of Grant parish, in 12 miles of Winnfield, good 3-room house with gallery, kitchen and outhouses, 100 young fruit trees, fine well of water, splendid stock range, fine white oak, ash, gum hickory and walnut timber, all for \$2000, half cash, balance in 12 months.

93. 800 acres, fine cattle ranch and farm, S. Hopper & Son mill site at Stay, 440 acres inclosed with 2 plank and 3 wires, 30 acres in cultivation, good farm house, store building and other improvements, fine 4-inch pipe deep well supplying abundance of good water, and running creeks near by make it an ideal place for stock. Only \$3,150, one-third cash, balance 1 and 2 years. This is a fine investment, and I would be glad to arrange with several citizens to secure the proposition as a speculation.

94. 40 acres, some pine, oak, hickory and cypress, about 14 miles northeast of Colfax, will be sold for \$225 cash, or \$250 on time, \$100 cash, balance 1 and 2 years.

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New trains Nos. 3-103 and 4-104 leave Minden 6:55 a. m., arrive Winnfield 10:00 a. m., Alexandria 11:59 a. m., Jena 11:00 a. m. Leave Alexandria 1:45 p. m., Jena 2:00 p. m., arrive Winnfield 4:00 p. m., Minden 7:25 p. m.

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"She Took Hold of Our Hands as if She's Been Our Long-lost Mother for Years."

course, it was he that we knew, and not the red-haired man. The red-haired man said he would do whatever we pleased, and Edna thought we had better get right off; but I thought we ought to go right on. We didn't know what to do, and so we kept on to the Bois.

The Bois was just lovely—all automobiles and babies; and who do you think we met? Betty Burleigh. We were so surprised, for I thought she was in California for her lungs; but it seems that she's been in Dresden for her music all winter, and now she's here for her clothes. She was with an elderly French lady, and I don't think that the elderly French lady liked to have her stop and talk to us. I thought at first that perhaps it wasn't proper on account of the red-haired man, but in a second I saw the real reason. Betty glanced around and said, "Oh, madam, ou est Fakir?" Whereupon the elderly French lady looked absolutely terrified and tore madly off. We had quite a long talk before she came back with the most awful little black dog, which they evidently had no string to. She put him down and began to look displeased again, and Betty just glanced about and said calmly, "Oh, madam, ou es Fakir?" He had absolutely vanished again, and the elderly French lady sort of threw up her eyes and rushed wildly away. The red-haired man said, "Why don't you buy a chain for him?" Betty shrugged the Frenchest kind of a shrug and said, "I don't have to chase him." The red-haired man said, "I should think she would buy the chain then!" and Betty shrugged a much Frenchier shrug, and said: "I wouldn't allow it. While she is running after him I can do as I please." The red-haired man laughed. Poor madame came panting up with the creature just then, and Betty said sweetly, "Laissez-lui courir," so she had to put him down; but I could see that she meant to keep a sharp eye on him. Betty wanted us all to come to the Palais and lunch with her; but of course we refused, because you wouldn't have liked it, and, anyway, we had to go back to uncle. She wanted the red-haired man to stay, any how, and was quite put out when he declined. Just then two men in an automobile came up and asked her

says it strikes him as "summery," and he is really very much vexed over Mrs. Clary's being at Neuilly. Edna is vexed because Harry is there, too, and I'm very much vexed indeed because she thoughtlessly gave uncle the letter at lunch, and when he read about Monsieur Sibley's wife being his mother he was more put out than ever. He said we could look out for ourselves this afternoon, as he had to go to the bank. Edna suggested that we go to the Louvre, and he said yes, that would be wise, because then we would all be free to enjoy ourselves. Uncle speaks of the Louvre exactly as if it were the semi-annual siege at the dentist's. But he was kind enough to offer to leave us there on his way to the bank, and when we took the cab, he arranged with the cabman and the hotel-porter exactly what the fare was to be, and held it in his hand the whole way.

Edna and I were mighty glad to get to the Louvre without uncle, especially with the way he feels to-day, and we were wandering along in a speechless sort of ecstasy when all of a sudden I heard some one calling my name. I whirled around, and if it wasn't Mrs. Merrilegs, in a state of collapse on one of the red-velvet benches. We went to her, and she took hold of our hands as if she'd been our long-lost mother for years. She looked very white and tired and almost ready to faint, and we sat down on each side of her in real sincere sympathy, and she held our hands and told us how it was. It seems that they left home the last of last month, and they've been all through the British Isles, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium, and they are going to finish Europe and be home the first of next month. She could hardly speak for tears. She says Mr. Merrilegs made out the itinerary they they sailed and that they have lived up to it every day except just one, when he ate some lobster crossing the Irish sea, and they lost a day that night. She says they drive a great deal, because they can hardly walk any more, and that she doesn't believe that there will be a museum or palace in Europe that they won't be able to say that they have driven by when they go home. She said they had come to the Louvre to see what