

THE DADTEDRE Som THE TEXENCE

should lose none of its potency till men's hearts shall cease to care for beauty. Since my garden first came into being. I have often analyzed how Imperious is this love of beauty, for, from a purely gardening point of view, no one would select a spot exposed to all the winds of heaven and bereft of water on a springless island. And yet Nature supplies the compensation in having provided such a background to the picture that she must continue to dominate it, making amends for the inevitable failures which the gardener is forever encountering. And if the "growing" period is short in this sun-baked land, yet again It is prodigious in result while it lasts. Gardening In Italy teaches one of many lessons; namely, to avoid the temptation arising from the desire for quick effect-that of planting trees and shrubs too large in size; the smaller ones establish themselves and go ahead in half the time, making rompact and sturdy growth, and also avoiding the necessity for unsightly staking. Six years ago the hill of San Michele was little more than a barren rock, clothed in parts with vineyards and olives. Approaching Capri from Naples, it is easfly discernible as it rises midway between the precipitous cliffs at the eastern end and Monte Solaro, the highest summit of the island; this exposure to all points of the compass is being utilized to advantage, as the difference between the north and south aspect amounts to fully a fortnight in the flowering season.

The modest little house-originally the Colono's —lies at the base of the hill on the southern side. The vineyard which surrounded it has been cleared and a terrace and parterre substituted; here in the spring months Darwin and Cottage tulips flaunt their painted faces in the sunshine; freesia, narcissi, ixias and sparaxis (for Capri is a bulb-soil par excellence); roses are rapidly covering the columns and wreathing the olive trees. all grafted on the Banksian rose, that boon to the gardener in the south. Beyond the parterre, in the lower garden, a long tank, flanked by cypresses on either side, holds the beautiful Netumbium-the Lotus of Old Nile-speciosum roseum, rubrum, Shiroman and Osiris-a feast for the eye denied to the gardens of the north.

Will you come with me on a pilgrimage up the

hill through the old lemon garden, where the trees, once perishing from neglect, but now well screened from their cruel enemy, the south wind, are bearing thousands of yellow fruit, and the air is laden with the scent of blossom? As we ascend, each successive terrace holds its quota of bulbs and iris, under the silvery sheen of the blive trees, until we reach at length the rose garden, and here it is well to rest a while. The Southern Sea stretches below us, with the picturesque ruin of Castiglione in the middle distance. Against a background of tall bamboos, at our feet bloom the roses for which Capri (as Paestum was of old) is famed. What would have been the feelings of Virgil, could be have looked on the goodly array to which rosarians are now accustomed-Mme. A. Chatenay, the Lyon rose, Richmond, Betty, Marquise de Ganay, Mme. Leon Pain, in addition to all the older favorites, such as Anna Olivier, Mme. Ravary, Caroline Testout, to say nothing of pillars wreathing themselves with Sinica Anemone, Tausendschon, L'Ideal and the Michuralanas! From the rose garden the circling of the hill commences; a broad path, planted on either side with flowering shrubswigelas, lilac, syringa, deutzias, pomegranates and guelder roses-leads to the vine-clad pergola, and as we leave it, at the farther end, the Incomparable Bay of Naples greets the eye. All available ground on the hillside is being utilized for shrubs and plants, with wind breaks of Cupressus macrocarpa and Pinus halepensis, which grow at a surprising rate in this sandy soil. Here are to be found the flowering crabs, thorns and almonds, while Japanese maples and Rosa rugosa give a feast of color in the foreground, interspersed with tenderer shrubs, such as Fabiana

imbricata, Medicago arborea, Loropetalum chinense and the rarer varieties of pittosporums and acaclas. But at length the long climb is ended and we emerge on the terrace, which is the glory of San Michele; hewn from the solid rock, on whose face the chisel-marks are everywhere visible, for centuries it has puzzled the archaeologist. For what purpose was this plateau, fifty feet in breadth, which encircles the hill, constructed? Can it have formed part of the Via Sacra leading to the summit where the foundations have been excavated of what presumably was the only temple on the island, or was it perchance the playground of the Caesars-for the chariot races of the Emperors Augustus and Tiberius that this colossal labor was undertaken?

A balustrade, surmounted at intervals by bronze vases, clear cut against the vast expanse of azure sea, forms the foreground to the unfinished sketch, while on either side groups of cypresses are already giving promise of what the completed picture may be in years to come. Were we to continue on our way, the vineyard lies beyond and the vines are an important asset, for the good red wine of San Michele is famed throughout South Italy; these terraced vineyards, moreover, hide the secret which has made gardening on so large a scale possible; beneath them are a series of immense vaulted chambers, hewn and cemented by Roman hands, and here the precious rainfall (the sole water supply of Capri) is stored, and gives color to the supposition that San Michele may in those long-ago days have been the reservoir of the island from which the twelve imperial villas drew their supply.

The hand of Time is dealing tenderly with my garden, and, in dreaming dreams for its future development, I recognize that here, at least, it is not only for posterity that a garden need be created. Where Nature has given of her best with such a bounteous hand, the lapse of time is scarcely heeded as it would be in a less favored spot. Year follows year, bringing the planting more and more into harmony with the landscape, and emphasizing the glorious beauty of it:

Exegi monumentum aere perennius Regalique situ pyramidum altius. Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens Possit diruere aut innumerabilis

Annorum series et fuga temporum

Non omnis moriar. Grand lines and ambitious ones to serve as an

inspiration in the planning of this garden scheme, but they are graven on the rock of San Michele. Peradventure the dream may be fulfilled. Chi

THE OCEAN LINER

Imagine a building 11 stories in height, and nearly 200 feet longer than the capitol at Washington-four times as long as Bunker Hill monument is high. Nearly every metal has gone into its construction-steel, copper, brass, bronze, silver and some gold-and nearly every wood of strength of beauty-teak, oak, mahogany, birch and maple, the choicest and rarest growths of northern and southern forests. It stands on the banks of a river.

A cross-section of it would look like a gigantic honeycomb alive with bees the size of human beings. Piece by piece it has been put together by thousands of workmen and artists-steel-workers, electricians, engineers, carpenters and upholsterers-during a period of about two years. The walls are of steel plates, many of them weighing four and one-half tons each, and secured by more than 3,000,000 rivets. . . As you life your eyes to it under the gauntry-the vast frame under which it is built-it looks immovable. Only by demolition could it be shifted, you would say. if you were not familiar with shipyards and shipbuilders. Under the gauntry it slopes gently toward the water, and a day comes when nearly complete, a palace in the fullest sense of the word, a habitation for between 3,000 and 4,000 tenants of every class, poor, moderately well-to-do and rich, it forsakes its foundations and floats into the stream without a tremor, as naturally as a duckling swims. . . . What would you say if you saw the capitol or a "skyscraper" sliding off its base and rushing into space at the speed of an express train, not on smooth, shining rails, but over a surface full of hollows deeper than arroyos, rougher than the hogbacks of the western plains, dipping into them, climbing them, buffeting them, splitting them, without being injured or retarded

That is what, in the course of a few months, this building will be ready to do. It is an ocean liner of the very latest and highest class-an Olympic-and thereafter we must speak of "it" as "her."-William H. Rideing, in the Youth's Companton.

Superior Knowledge.

A Scottish boy of six years, who attended a school at which prizes were given on the slightest | Sabbath, and how each passes the fire sort of provocation, one day proudly exhibited a reward of merit earned in the realm of natural history

"Teacher asked us how many legs a horse had an' I said five!" the laddle triumphantly declaimed.

"Five!" rang the surprised adult chorus. "But of course you were wrong." "Of course," was the proud admission. "But all

In Donegal,

the other boys said six."

"I suppose you have an old age pension, Mr.

Kelly?" "Ould age pension? Faith an' Oi wuddn't touch wan, the bad lack they bring. Luk at the number of ould age pensioners bez dyin' ivery year!"-London Opinion.

Scientific Management. Employer (angrily)-What are you throwing those handbills on the pavement for? Bill Distributor-Well, guv'ner, that's what the people does as I gives 'em to; so it's only saving time!"-Comic Cuts.

INTERNATIONAL **SUNDAY SCHOOL** LESSON

(By E. O. SELLEITS, Director of Even-ing Department, The Moody Bible In-

LESSON FOR APRIL 7.

EASTER LESSON.

LESSON TEXT-I Cor. 15:1-II. GOLDEN TEXT-"This Jesus did God raise up, whereof we all are witnesses."-

St. Paul may not make direct re ference to the virgin birth of our Lord, though he certainly knew of the prophecy that a "Virgin shall conceive," (Isa. 7-14), but what does it matter? It is not greater miracle to be born than to rise triumphant over death. That Paul assumes the fact is evident from this lesson. Literally he begins by saying, "Now I make known the gospel which I preached unto you at Corinth, whereby you are saved and what you must always remember, that Christ, who came fulfilling all that was promised in the Scripture, died for our sins and rose again." Paul goes on to tell explicitly of many who had seen Jesus after the resurrection and, most important of all, how he, himself, had seen the Christ.

"Last of all he was seen of me also. Though I am least of all the saints in that I persecuted the church, yet I am what I am, and his grace was not bestowed upon me in vain." Paul was not such a "bad man" from the accepted moral standards of his time, yet he felt the truth of what Christ said, viz., that the essence of sin is that "they believe not on me."

The fact of the resurrection of Jesus Christ is the best proven fact of history. In the first place the disciples themselves did not expect Jesus to die (John 12:34), hence, of course, they never even thought of the resurrection (Mark 9:10). In the third place when on that Easter morn Mary reported the empty tomb and of having seen the Lord, the apostles thought it "idle talk" (Luke 24:11). When the women reported having actually seen him, the men, and how many men like to take instruction from a woman, were unconvinced and rather doubted those who had conversed with him on the road to Emmaus.

Again, when seen by the ten, Thomas would not accept the report till he had seen his hands and his feet.

Arguments Based on Unbelief. All arguments to convince us that Jesus did not rise are based upon unbelief and the answer of countless millions throughout nearly twenty centuries has been the words of Paul (verse 20) but "Now is Christ risen from the dead." To deny is to be lost in the fog, our preaching vain, and we have no ground of faith. See verses 12-14. To accept is to place a firm foundation underneath our whole Christian scheme, to set the seal of authority and purity upon the life of him whom all men, Jew and Gentile alike, say was good, and opens a vista of hope for all who die in the

Paul goes on to show that the resurrection of Jesus is the beginning of plan whereby all the human race who are related to Christ shall likewise be resurrected. Even as through the transgression of one man sincame upon the whole human race, in like manner by the perfect life of obedience upon the part of one man we may all be made alive.

Paul makes a strong contrast beween the death of the believer and that of the non-believer. "If I fight with beasts at Ephesus what advantage does that have? Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." Not so, however, with the Christian, hence he exhorts the Christians to be awake to righteousness and to sin not.

Only Friends Saw Him.

For the younger classes this story of the first Easter is a most fascinating one, dramatic, tender, inspiring. For the older pupils we may well discuss, How Easter would be observed. Have we fully realized that we are "risen with Christ?" Remember he showed himself only to his friends, not to Pilate nor to the Sanhedrim. Are you his friend? Have you seen the risen Lord? A description of "Holy Fire" of the Greek Christians who gathered each with his taper in the church at Jerusalem on Easter on to another or carries it sacredly back to his home church, would be appropriate in order to illustrate the fact that each one of us must appropriate Christ in his resurrection power, and having appropriated his life we are in duty bound to pass on this knowledge to others. Paul showed his gratitude by "laboring more abundantly."

It might be well for us to draw attention to the fact that the communion service "shows forth his death till he come again," and baptism is symbolic of his death and resurrection (Rom. 6:4), wherein we are to walk in newness of life, and that at his coming again all enemies shall be subject to the Christ. That these are great truths we all know, yet "even the least" may have a part in telling the glorious Easter story and that we need not dwell at the cross but pass on and behold an empty tomb and worship a risen Christ who ever liveth and maketh intercessions for us

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