

TEXT WAS NEW TO HEARERS

German's Struggle With the English Language Praiseworthy, but Somewhat Mirth Provoking.

Prince Henry of Reuss, who speaks superb English, laughed good-naturedly at a dinner in New York, over the account of certain officers of the German fleet.

"One of our chaplains," said the prince, "had the hardihood to preach in English at one of your Lutheran chapels the other day. He astonished his congregation by saying, as he rose, that he would choose for his text the words:

"And he tore his shirt."
"A quite audible snicker went round. The chaplain noticed it, flushed, and repeated the text in a louder, slower, more distinct and impressive voice: "And he tore his shirt."
The chaplain noticed it, flushed, and the pastor rose and said:

"Our good brother is quoting, of course, the familiar words: "And the door is shut."

WRONG DIAGNOSIS.



Doctor—What is this?
Blower—I call it "A Kansas Cyclone."

Doctor—Oh! Ah! I see! I mistook it for an attack of painter's colic.

Misinterpreted.

William Shaw, the secretary of the famous Christian Endeavor society, said in a witty after-dinner address in Boston:

"There is a little Back Bay girl who is much interested in her auntie's Christian Endeavor work. The little girl was writing a letter to her brother at Yale one day, and in the midst of the epistle she looked up and said:

"Auntie, how do you spell devil?"
"Devil!" cried her aunt, with a shocked smile. "Why, child, don't you know you mustn't use such a word as devil?"
"But, auntie," protested the little girl, "I want to tell brother about your Christian and devil meetings!"

Meeting Emergencies.

Senator Dixon was condemning a piece of political deception.

"The thing was as flagrant," he said, "as the railway case."

"Two men, one of them very short, were passing through a station toward the train gates when the bigger one was heard to say:

"I've got a half ticket for ye, George. Yer so little, ye'll pass, all right!"

"But," protested George, "how about my beard?" And he twiddled his chin beard nervously.

"Oh," rejoined the other, "tell 'em it's a mole."

Why They Want.

As the Sunday school teacher entered her classroom, she saw leaving in great haste a little girl and her still smaller brother.

"Why, Mary, you aren't going away?" she exclaimed in surprise.

"Pleathe, Mith Anne, we've got to go," was the distressed reply. "Jimmy th' thwallowed hith collection."—Lippincott's.

Let's Be Thankful for That.

At any rate a woman's shoes haven't yet reached the point where they button up the back.

A WINNING START

A Perfectly Digested Breakfast Makes Nerve Force for the Day.

Everything goes wrong if the breakfast lies in your stomach like a mud pie. What you eat does harm if you can't digest it—it turns to poison.

A bright lady teacher found this to be true, even of an ordinary light breakfast of eggs and toast. She says:

"Two years ago I contracted a very annoying form of indigestion. My stomach was in such condition that a simple breakfast of fruit, toast and egg gave me great distress.

"I was slow to believe that trouble could come from such a simple diet, but finally had to give it up, and found a great change upon a cup of hot Postum and Grape-Nuts with cream, for my morning meal. For more than a year I have held to this course and have not suffered except when injudiciously varying my diet.

"I have been a teacher for several years and find that my easily digested breakfast means a saving of nervous force for the entire day. My gain of ten pounds in weight also causes me to want to testify to the value of Grape-Nuts.

"Grape-Nuts holds first rank at our table."
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pinks. Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

LESSON FOR JULY 28

THE WHEAT AND THE TARES.

LESSON TEXT—Matthew 13:24-30; 36-43.
GOLDEN TEXT—"Gather up first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them; but gather the wheat into my barn." Matt. 13:30.

The thirteenth chapter of Matthew's gospel is the great kingdom chapter of the Bible. Seven parables in this chapter give us each of seven aspects or applications of the principles of the kingdom. In this lesson we are taught the mixed character of the kingdom and also of the ultimate separation of two classes of which it is composed. "A man," v. 24, goes out to sow good seed in his field. This man we are told in v. 37, is the Son of Man, and elsewhere that the field is the world, the hearts of men. Then followed the propagating stage, that period over which man has no control. During this period while men ate and slept awaiting the time for cultivation and of harvest, the enemy of men's souls came and sowed tares, the common dandelion which so closely resembles wheat in its earliest stages. After this propagating period had passed the man and his servants went out one day to find in their field evidence that another had also sown seed. The test of every life is the fruit produced. During these earlier stages the tares had looked so nearly like the wheat as not to be readily distinguished, but now that the harvest time approaches the difference is all too evident. It is significant from this parable that no blame is laid upon the servants that they should have allowed the two to grow up during this first stage. Surprise, anger and disappointment stirred the hearts of the servants when they discovered the mixed character of the approaching harvest. The master, however, clears them of all blame, for, said he, "Our enemy hath done this." Not an enemy, as the King James version has it. Satan is ubiquitous, but the Son of God is greater than he, see I. Peter 3:22.

Parables He Taught.

If the servants had sought to uproot the tares they would in all likelihood have done more damage than good, though this does not imply any conflict with Jesus' words as found in Matthew 5:29, 30. The seed had the same environment and in God's good time the separation should take place. So "let both grow together" until both be fully developed. Then he will say to the reapers, gather first the tares and burn them, but gather the wheat into my barn. Notice the tares did not evolve into wheat. Like begets like. Gather into bundles is the command. If we sin together, we must expect to suffer together. The wheat was ripe for full salvation, blessing and a further usefulness, while the tares were ripe only for destruction.

After teaching these parables, of which this is but one, Jesus sent the multitude away and more fully and completely taught his disciples the inner meaning of this parable. The field is the world, and if we ask we shall have the heathen for our inheritance and the uttermost part of the world as a possession (Ps. 2:8). The good seed are the sons of the kingdom, but the tares are the sons (children) of the evil one. Both the sons of the good and the sons of the bad grow from, and develop out of seed, the sons of the kingdom from the good seed.

We must remember the three lessons we have been studying. The first concerned the nature of the seed and the soil; the second deals with the mystery of the growth and development of the kingdom, whereas this lesson has to do with the mixed.

World the Field.

As the Psalmist puts it (1:5), "The angodly shall not stand in the judgment, e. g., has no standing, nor sinners (abide) in the congregation of the righteous." It is not our place to gather the tares into bundles. God will send forth reapers (v. 30) and his reapers are the angels (v. 39). The fact is we are here warned against useless or profitless activity. Ours is to sow the right seed and then stand back and let God work. We are not even responsible for any process of separation, for God will take care of his own and in his own time will send forth his reapers who will do what we would make sorry work of attempting to do. How often we see men zealously attempting the separation process during the propagating and developing period, only to uproot the wheat with the dandelion.

Evil, we are clearly shown, will not gradually disappear from the world, but on the contrary it will grow, develop and bear along beside the wheat until "the harvest." After the harvest it will be all too clear which is good and which is bad. The language of Jesus is graphic—"cast and fling" express indignation and contempt; "furnace of fire" denotes the fierceness of the torment of punishment, and the "gnashing of teeth" and the "wailing" is a terrible picture of anguish and despair. As against this, he tells us that the righteous shall shine forth free from all cloud or shadow.

SUMMER AT THE MATTERHORN

Monster Mountain Has Claimed Many Victims Who Attempted to Scale Its Summit.

Zermatt—High up the mountainside, above Zermatt, in full view of that dread outline which is the wonder of the world, we spent the long days of summer. From the small natural platform, directly in front of the hotel, it was possible to include both the opposite peak and the village far beneath, in a single glance. The Matterhorn reared his fearful form in menacing attitude against the heavens, an object of worship nevertheless, for all his aspect of grim cruelty. Every morning very early he accepted my homage from our tiny dormer window through which we obtained a



At the Foot of the Matterhorn.

marvelous view of the entire valley and its colossal guardian, and by degrees there developed a silent but thorough, and I might even say, psychic sympathy between us.

We were not so fortunate as to see the Alpine glow at any time, for it was not the proper season; only a tinge of rose appeared sometimes on the rugged sides of the Matterhorn. After all it was enough to breathe the air of that high, free place; to run over the grassy rolling knolls behind the hotel, to lie down in the sunshine, near some weather-stained chalet, and to see the shining of the evening star, apparently quite close to the dark crest of the mighty mountain opposite.

One day we talked with a retired guide, whose fingers and one foot had been frozen off in the Andes, and who, in his day, had made many ascents, among them that of the Matterhorn. He seemed to consider the latter feat simple enough, and really very safe with due precautions. He was a fine-looking specimen, manhood, barring his pathetically maimed condition; an almost gigantic, thoroughly genial mountaineer, who seemed to take pleasure in showing us his remarkable museum, with its interesting charts, relief maps, and photographs. Also, its painful relics of the numerous victims of that mountain-conquering madness, which I, for one, cannot condemn, since it seized, to some extent, on my own imagination, while in sight of those siren heights that call and beckon with a mysterious enchantment, from their frozen solitudes. There were nailed shoes and caps, knapsacks and ice-picks, all marked with the names of their owners who had lost their lives in snowstorms, from avalanches, or from some treacherous misstep on the edge of a precipice. There were an appalling number of causes enumerated, but the chief reason for most of these catastrophes seemed to spring from human rashness—complete indifference to the proper season for such undertakings, as, for example, attempts to scale the Matterhorn or the Lyskamm or lofty Monte Rosa as late as October, at which time the chances of blizzards and avalanches are very great.

THRASH BEATER WITH HOSE

Pennsylvania Masked Men Wailop J. W. Bowman in a Park for Striking His Wife.

Beaver, Pa.—Thirty-five masked men dressed as women took J. W. Bowman from Policeman Baker after tying the officer to a fence and escorted Bowman to a park, when they beat him with a rubber hose. Bowman had been arrested, charged with wife beating. After hearing the case a justice instructed Officer Baker to take Bowman home, and, if Mrs. Bowman told her husband to return to release him. On the way to the Bowman home the prisoner was taken by the vigilance committee.

Poundmaster to Make Job Pay. Oroville, Cal.—John Rich, newly elected poundmaster sees a fortune in the job. First, he will get 50 cents a dog from the city. He intends to skin the animals and sell the hides. The meat he will crush and extract the oil, which he declares is a genuine cure for consumption. The flesh is to be used for chicken feed and the bones for fertilizer. He intends using everything but the bark.

FOOL QUESTION ANSWERED.



Percy—If I were rich, my darling, would you love me more than you do?
Virginia—I might not love you any more, Percy, but I know I would look forward to our wedding day with a degree of impatience that never seems to possess me at present.

ECZEMA CAME ON SCALP

Lebanon, O.—"My eczema started on my thigh with a small pimple. It also came on my scalp. It began to itch and I began to scratch. For eighteen or twenty years I could not tell what I passed through with that awful itching. I would scratch until the blood would soak through my underwear, and I couldn't talk to my friends on the street but I would be digging and punching that spot, until I was very much ashamed. The itching was so intense I could not sleep after once in bed and warm. I certainly suffered torment with that eczema for many years.

"I chased after everything I ever heard of, but all to no avail. I saw the advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a sample. Imagine my delight when I applied the first dose to that awful itching fire on my leg and scalp, in less than a minute the itching on both places ceased. I got some more Cuticura Soap and Ointment. After the second day I never had another itching spell, and Cuticura Soap and Ointment completely cured me. I was troubled with awful dandruff all over my scalp. The Cuticura Soap has cured that trouble." (Signed) L. R. Fink, Jan. 22, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."

Advantage.

Stella—Has that summer resort any views?
Bella—Er—no, but it is close to the moonlight.

PATHOS IN CHILD'S BRAVERY

Fortitude Shown by Little Sufferer in Hospital Touched Lady Henry Somerset.

Lady Henry Somerset, whose labors in behalf of the children of the London slums are constant and earnest, tells this affecting story of the way in which her interest in these little ones was aroused:

I was moved in that direction by the rare patience and imagination of one little boy. His example convinced me that patience was one of the qualities I needed most, and in seeking it I grew into that work.

I was in a hospital on visiting day, while the doctors were changing a plaster cast which held the crippled boy's limb. The operation was exceedingly painful, I was told. To my surprise, the little sufferer neither stirred nor winced, but made a curious buzzing sound with his mouth. After the doctors left I said to him:

"How could you possibly stand it?"
"That's nothing," he answered. "Why, I just made believe that a bee was stinging me. Bees don't hurt very much, you know. And I kept buzzin' because I was afraid I'd forget about it being a bee if I didn't."—Youth's Companion.

Excellent Plan.

"I see," said Mrs. De Jones, while Mrs. Van Tyle was calling "that you have a Chinese chauffeur. Do you find him satisfactory?"

"He's perfectly fine," said Mrs. Van Tyle. "To begin with, his yellow complexion is such that at the end of a long, dusty ride he doesn't show any spots, and then when I am out in my limousine I have his pigtail stuck through a little hole in the plate glass window and I use it as a sort of bell rope to tell him where to stop."—Harper's Weekly.

The Giveaway.

"Jane," said her father, "how does it happen that I find four good cigars on the mantelpiece this morning? Did Henry leave them for me?"

"No; he took them out of his vest pocket to avoid breaking them last night, and I guess he forgot all about them afterwards."

The laugh that followed made her wish that she had been as careful with her spears as Henry had been with his cigars.—Detroit Free Press.

Between Girls.

"I believe I'll break my engagement to Cholly. He can't really love me."

"Why not?"
"He writes such short letters. Look at this—only seven pages."

Many a girl strives to make a name for herself rather than attempt to make a loaf of bread.

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

How Mrs. Reed of Peoria, Ill., Escaped The Surgeon's Knife.

Peoria, Ill.—"I wish to let every one know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. Fortwo years I suffered. The doctor said I had a tumor and the only remedy was the surgeon's knife. My mother bought me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and today I am a well and healthy woman. For months I suffered from inflammation, and your Sanative Wash relieved me. I am glad to tell anyone what your medicines have done for me. You can use my testimonial in any way you wish, and I will be glad to answer letters."—Mrs. CHRISTINA REED, 105 Mound St., Peoria, Ill.



Mrs. Lynch Also Avoided Operation. Jessup, Pa.—"After the birth of my fourth child, I had severe organic inflammation. I would have such terrible pains that it did not seem as though I could stand it. This kept up for three long months, until two doctors decided that an operation was needed.

"Then one of my friends recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and after taking it for two months I was a well woman."—Mrs. JOSEPH A. LYNCH, Jessup, Pa.

Women who suffer from female ills should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one of the most successful remedies the world has ever known, before submitting to a surgical operation.

Don't Persecute Your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowels. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Indigestion, no matter how SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.



Save the Babies.

INFANT MORTALITY is something frightful. We can hardly realize that of all the children born in civilized countries, twentytwo per cent., or nearly one-quarter, die before they reach one year; thirtyseven per cent., or more than one-third, before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen!

We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of Castoria would save a majority of these precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infantile deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations. Drops, tinctures and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain more or less opium, or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity they stupefy, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. Castoria operates exactly the reverse, but you must see that it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Castoria causes the blood to circulate properly, opens the pores of the skin and allays fever.

Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. A. F. Peeler, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria in many cases and have always found it an efficient and speedy remedy."

Dr. Frederick D. Rogers, of Chicago, Ill., says: "I have found Fletcher's Castoria very useful in the treatment of children's complaints."

Dr. William C. Bloomer, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "In my practice I am glad to recommend your Castoria, knowing it is perfectly harmless and always satisfactory."

Dr. E. Down, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria in my practice for many years with great satisfaction to myself and benefit to my patients."

Dr. Edward Parrish, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I have used your Castoria in my own household with good results, and have advised several patients to use it for its mild laxative effect and freedom from harm."

Dr. J. B. Elliott, of New York City, says: "Having during the past six years prescribed your Castoria for infantile stomach disorders, I most heartily commend its use. The formula contains nothing deleterious to the most delicate of children."

Dr. C. G. Sprague, of Omaha, Neb., says: "Your Castoria is an ideal medicine for children, and I frequently prescribe it. While I do not advocate the indiscriminate use of proprietary medicines, yet Castoria is an exception for conditions which arise in the care of children."

Dr. J. A. Parker, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria holds the esteem of the medical profession in a manner held by no other proprietary preparation. It is a sure and reliable medicine for infants and children. In fact, it is the universal household remedy for infantile ailments."

Dr. H. F. Merrill, of Augusta, Me., says: "Castoria is one of the very finest and most remarkable remedies for infants and children. In my opinion your Castoria has saved thousands from an early grave. I can furnish hundreds of testimonials from this locality as to its efficiency and merits."

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

