

of one quietly approach him, give him a tip of a few pfennigs and he is yours; now ask and it shall be granted.

Hark! What was that beautiful, silvery chime? It must have been that quaint looking clock on the desk, yes, and that is the signal for the "portier" to put in his appearance. Strange that he didn't wait a few minutes; but here he comes. I hand him my ticket and he leads the way, passing up a slightly elevated plane which every few yards turns at a right angle. This is used for the nobility to be driven from below to the upper rooms without having to alight from their vehicles; it is made of light brick, the tracks for the wheels being made of red ones. Whenever entertainments are given it is customary to cover this driveway with carpets thereby changing it into an extensive promenade.

Reaching the doorway of the first room, known as the Swiss Hall, it is necessary to put on a pair of felt pantofles, a regular boat of a slipper, and made of the same material as our German socks; otherwise it would be impossible to walk, as the floors throughout the old castle are so highly polished. Do not fail to note the beautiful statuary in the corner, and those candles in that highly lustrous chandelier; notice the little taper passing from one to another until all have been joined. If you strike a match and light one candle the flame will immediately commence its journey on the little taper and before it is through each one will be burning.

Why that name, "Swiss Room?" Switzerland desired to show her regards and good feelings to Germany and her emperor. To better enable her to do so she sent a battalion of soldiers to aid in guarding the royal domain, and for that reason the hall was so named. Today it is used more as a buffet and refreshment room.

Passing on we are ushered into the Red Chambers so named because everything is so tastefully decorated and finished off with that color. Here we find paintings of the nobility of Germany, Russia and Sweden, some beginning to grow dim with age, others just from the artist's easel. A table made of wood and covered with gold dates back to the time of the great Kurfurst, 400 years ago. Leaving these we enter the king's room, which is finished in oak, artistic yet quaint, and was in 1894 thoroughly renovated. If I give you the names of the paintings herein you will know immediately why it was so named. Friedrich I (1688-1713), Friedrich Wilhelm I (1713-1740), Friedrich II [The Great] (1740-1786), Friedrich Wilhelm II (1786-1797), Friedrich Wilhelm III (1797-1840), Friedrich Wilhelm IV (1840-1861), Kaiser Wilhelm I (1861-1888), and Kaiser Friedrich III (March 9 to June 15, 1888).

Here you notice a cheery old-fashioned fire-place, used when the warm-air heating is insufficient. We hasten on into The Gold Brocade room. The furniture dates back to the time of Frederick the Great and is wonderfully preserved; two massive silver chandeliers dangle from the ceiling, and in the farther end is a shield of Kaiser Friedrich III, the great grandfather of the present Kaiser. On the left side and covering nearly the whole of the wall is that world famed painting "Kaiser Wilhelm I on the battlefield by Gravelotte," and as we view the beautiful trimmings of silk and gold so closely interwoven, we notice the imitation cloth on parts of the ceiling, so natural yet unreal, made of clay and cement. At last the eye reaches the mantle on which is the relief of Schluter, the main builder of the castle. Time is passing; we must go on and now enter The Knights' or Throne room.

This is decidedly the most imposing and important room of the palace. On the 18th of January of every year are held here the grand court-feasts, and the order of The Black Eagle, the highest in the Prussian state, is conferred on those supposed worthy to receive it. The king himself is the great master and through this all his sons are born knights.

I never had seen such a beautiful and lavish display of golden "buffet" service as is presented at one end of the room. These vessels date back to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. In the center and attached to the ceiling is a massive silver decoration circular in shape, which weighed, up to the time of the seven years' war, 8,000 pounds; at this time the metal was coined into money. Now you see only the model of the figure which has been covered with silver. From the ceiling hangs the historic old chandelier, inlaid with gold, under which Dr. Martin Luther made that memorable speech before the Diet of Worms which closed with these words: "Unless I am convinced and conquered on clear and plain grounds or through the testimony of the Holy Scriptures I cannot and will not recede, because going contrary to my conscience is neither sure nor advisable. Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise, God help me, Amen." Journeying on we reach The Black Eagle room. Here the time of day is told by a clock dating back to the time of Louis XIV and presented by Marie Pompadour to Frederick the Great. The tapestry is the same as is found in the Red Eagle room with the exception that the Black Eagle is worked in instead of the Red. On the wall is a life-like painting of Frederick the Great with his generals after the battle, by Leuthen. The furniture and hangings are all heavily gilded.

The Red Plush room is about 200 years old and was cleansed for the first time in 1892.

Again our pantofles glide over the polished wood and we do not halt until we reach the Chapter room, the ceiling of which is supported by twelve massive pillars. Frederick the Great was baptized here, and from 1706 to 1842 all the marriages of the royalty were performed herein. Around the walls are hung the coat of arms of those who belong to the order of The Black Eagle. During the life of the knight his coat of arms will remain here, but as soon as death happens it is then removed to the Königsberg Schloss, way out near Ost-Prussen.

Now we find ourselves walking down the length of the picture gallery looking at those grand old faces dating back from the time that Germany consisted of scores and scores of separate political provinces up to the present Kaiser, and well might one be proud of being a descendant of such a noble old race as is here depicted. One painting I must make mention of, the Coronation of Wilhelm. It is a large affair, containing upwards of one hundred and fifty faces, each true to life. The artist worked at this continually for over five years. The hall is 200 feet long, and is joined by a smaller one crossing it at right angles; the wall, covered with paintings, is so constructed that it can be removed whenever necessity requires, thereby nearly doubling the seating capacity. The hall is used on state occasions for dinners.

Glancing into the queen's room we pass by and enter the White Chamber, so named because it is finished in white, used for feasts and halls given at the opening of the Reichstag and Landtag; in the center of the floor the time of the order of the Black Eagle is inlaid with the letters F. R. representing Frederick Rex or Frederick the King. This room is soon to be finished in beautiful gold.

Passing up the steps we leave our

felt boots and step down upon the marble floor of the castle chapel. It is 110 feet from floor to ceiling and seats 600 persons. The walls are covered with ninety-six different paintings taken from the four Gospels and the room is lighted by means of candles placed in chandeliers over 2,000 years old. The same were taken from the ruins of Pompeii.

The room is used only at the time of marriages and blessing of children. It cost over 1,400,000 marks. It is impossible to think of visiting the 600 rooms of the palace, because to do so properly would require days of time, so in order to reach the court below, we pass down a winding staircase until terra firma is found.

The castle was nearly demolished during the thirty years' war, and but a small section of the old part still remains.

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### THIRTEEN KERNELS

In the "Evening News" of December 10th, over a communication from Alex. Matheson Miller of Cedar City, Iron county, Utah, you ask "What of this Wheat?" and Mr. Matheson invites your correspondent to "kindly throw some light on the matter."

I have no doubt that the grain referred to is the proceeds of thirteen kernels that were given to Mr. C. T. Beauregard several years since at Panguitch by a friend. These thirteen kernels were said to be part of a handful of the grain discovered by some boys who while out herding cows in the vicinity of Panguitch had dug into an Indian mound, and at a depth of about five feet they are said to have discovered the grain.

Mrs. Beauregard took great care of the thirteen grains. She did not throw one away for fear of bad luck, but carefully planted them in the garden, and they proved to be very prolific. Sufficient seed was obtained from this baker's dozen kernels to plant the following year nearly a quarter of an acre of ground from which Mr. and Mrs. B. today told me they reaped twelve bushels of good, plump grain. This good yield of novel grain, said to have sprung from the misty past, created quite a demand for it, and it was scattered over the country in small quantities and some was sent to friends out of the State. Mr. Gabriel Huntsman informs us that he paid \$2 for one bushel, which he planted and reaped therefrom sixty bushels of grain. He says that it has excellent fattening properties, and he also had some of the grain ground and that it made a fair sample of flour, from which his wife made very good bread. But the new grain got a setback as soon as it was taken to the miller. (I am glad to know that friend Matheson is a miller, and wonder if he has the proverbial tuft of hair in the palm of his hand). That worthy registered a decided kick at the new grain—it was too hard and would injure the rollers of his mill; and thus it was neglected and finally became an out-cast in our county. I am not aware that an acre of this grain has been planted for the past four or five years. I had one bushel planted on my own farm and there it yielded well, and matured very early, as all other experience has shown, and it certainly does not require near the amount of water that ordinary wheat does. The straw is, an excellent fodder, quite soft and greedily eaten by all kinds of cattle and horses. The grain is slightly bearded and easily threshed and cleaned.

I said I was glad friend Matheson was a miller, because I look upon him as a "good Samaritan," who will lift