...tribution At Last!

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

...him he awoke the next morning, Cecil ...knew still further that he had in... found his Eve, that the pale silent girl ...stolen his heart without an effort on ...part, without resistance on his, and that ...ved at last—a love strong as death, un... ...as eternity!

...his disenchanted eyes the young poet ...ed upon Nellie Mill when he ac... ...tally met her, somewhat later, during ...aimless strolling by the river. She ...shed and smiled, her foolish happiness ...ing in eyes and smile; but he turned ...m her coldly, almost with a frown. He ...dered why he had never noticed before ...vulgarly red her cheeks were, how ...t said like the plump roundness of her ...ve, and how commonplace the hazel eyes ...d dark crisp curls. Surely a woman ...ght always to be tall and slight, pale and ...ow haired! Then, when she spoke, how ...ss was her accent, and how unmusical ...ve the shrill tones of her voice!

Although he had turned from her so cold... the quick childish tears which brimmed ...r eyes melted Cecil's heart, and, patting ...r cheek lightly, he said—

"Forgive me, Nellie! I am as cross as a ...r this morning. Won't you turn back ...h me and see if you can coax me into a ...tter temper?"

Foolish Nellie turned at once and lent a ...rent and enchanted ear to his idle re... ...rks and his poetical quotations. She ...s silent when he was silent—lost in re... ...ons of yesterday. Cecil had no idea that ...e girl loved him, no idea that for her to ...lk by his side, seeing him and hearing ..., was the highest bliss she could imagine ...s simply regarded her as an amusing rus... ...ally pretty child. When at length she ...ntured timidly and reluctantly to hint ...t the early dinner hour was past, he ...rted.

"Dinner!"—and he repeated the word ...ently. "Oh, ah, yes? You had better ...n back, child. I am going to the Mere ...use, and may not be back until late."

Turn back alone! A strange pain smote ...cille's heart; but with a careless wave of ...s hand Cecil had already gone on, hast... ...ing towards Veriston, his head bent, and ...s light cane switching the tremulous ...nses. Had he turned to look, he would ...ve seen the girl throw herself down ...mong the ferns in passionate childish grief, ...bs almost stifling her—jealousy, love, ...d wounded pride in fierce conflict. He ...ight have been startled to hear from those ...hildish lips the almost inarticulate bitter ...y—

"He is going to see Argent Veriston! I ...te him—I hate him!"

But all unheeding, he pursued his path. ...Awakening to the fact that the hour was an ...nseemly one for calling, he strolled along ...to the mere, feeling sure that Argent would ...visit her favorite haunt.

A shower had fallen during the night, and ...there was now a delicious freshness in the air. ...The birds sang joyously in the trees, sweet ...scents were wafted by the gentle breeze, ...dragon-flies hung quivering among the long ...cool reeds, and the water flashed and dim... ...pled. All was ineffably fair, innocently ...joyous, and joy-giving, and yet Cecil's heart ...was sad with an indefinable foreboding. ...All day a cloud had hung over his spirits ...which would not be shaken off. In vain he ...reasoned with himself, in vain he called ...himself a morbid fool and a senseless idiot. ...The vague clinging shadow was still there. ...Battling with it, he paced up and down, ...until suddenly he saw Argent coming toward ...him; then the cold misgiving fled and all ...the golden glory of "love's young dream," ...surrounded him instead.

Slowly she came, her hands clasped be... ...fore her, her long dress sweeping the grass. ...She wore no hat, but a white quaintly-em... ...broidered umbrella shielded her face from ...the hot glare. Listlessly graceful, fair and ...pale, the dark blue sky throwing out the ...purity of her white robes, she came towards ...him, appearing neither surprised nor pleased ...when she saw him, and replying with ...dreamy indifference to his warm nervous ...greeting. Her eyes rested without emotion ...of any sort upon his changing face, which ...was many shades redder than was its wont.

"A great blundering booby I must have ...looked!" he afterwards told himself savage... ...ly. "But if I had looked like an angel she ...would never have noticed me."

With a sigh as of one resigned to her fate, ...the young lady sank down on the old trunk ...gazing with longing eyes out over the ...water.

"You seem to love the mere?" ventured ...Cecil Graham presently, finding her appar... ...ently forgetful of his presence.

She sighed again softly.

"Love! That is a strange word."

"It should not be a strange word to you," ...continued the poet, seating himself unbid... ...den by her side.

"Why not to me?" she asked in calm ...surprise.

"Why not? Because, because—pardon ...me, but you are so young, so—so beautiful, ...so beloved! Why all your life must be ...filled with love!"

"Young, beautiful, beloved," she mur... ...mured, as if studying the meaning of the ...words. "I have read of women who were ...all three, and you say I am. But that ...doesn't make me love."

She spoke wearily, without passion, and ...without change of tone or expression.

"Do you not love your father?" he asked ...rather startled and feeling his way.

"No; I think not—I do not know," she ...answered quite calmly. "I do not know ...what you mean by love."

"I mean that power which makes pain ...heaven, and death bliss," said Cecil solemn... ...ly.

A slight quiver disturbed the serenity of ...the girl's face; she turned her eyes on his, ...and he saw in them an expression of vague ...pain.

"I have read of it," she said; "but I ...knew of nothing which would make death ...bliss to me"—shuddering a little.

"Death borne for, or with another, I ...meant," he continued gently. "There have ...been these who have endured—there are ...millions who would endure torture with a ...smile, for love's sweet sake."

Argent turned away from his passionate ...gaze and his passionately uttered words.

"Do not," she implored, with a gesture ...as of one warding off a blow. "Let me be ...at peace."

Then a long silence fell upon them. It was broken by the appearance of Mr. Veriston, who, book in hand, came up, and drew the unwilling youth away from the fair-haired girl for a stroll in the dark and a metaphysical discussion, finally calling him, much more willingly, in to tea.

The whole room was redolent of the scent of narcissus as the two men entered—a subtle odour which ever afterwards seemed in Cecil's mind strangely characteristic of Argent Veriston, for she were clusters of the flower in her hair and bosom. It was wonderful how her mere presence fascinated the young man; the tones of her voice charmed him like sweetest music, and her listless movement enchained his eyes. Even the colourlessness of her face and dress, which would have displeased most men, possessed some indescribable attraction for him. He could have knelt and worshipped her as a saint. She seemed to him sweet as a rose, pure as a dewdrop, more noble and more to be desired than aught the world contained.

"When I have taught her to love," he said to himself, as he walked home in the gloaming, and his pulses throbbed violently as he said it, "she will awake heart and soul, and she will have learned the only lesson needed to make her perfect. I shall write what I will on these unspotted tablets. Am I not the first who has penetrated into the palace of the sleeping beauty? Am I not therefore the only one destined to awake her with a kiss to love and life?" And the words of a favorite song rose to his lips as he pressed on gally.

"'Give her time; on grass and sky
Let her gaze if she be fain.
As they looked ere he drew nigh,
They will never look again.'"

CHAPTER IV.

"Did you ever see Mrs. Veriston?" asked Mr. Graham one morning of his landlady, as he passed her in the kitchen garden, where she was engaged in cutting cabbages. He had paused on his way to have a chat with Mrs. Mill.

"Yes, sir," she said, pausing, knife in hand. "It seems only as yesterday the master brought her home to the Mere House and yet it must be over twenty years agone. Ay, but time do fly! Here to day and gone termorrer, as you may say. A right pretty creter she was!"

"Anything like her daughter, Mrs. Mill?"

"Not a deal, sir; she were little and playful as a kitting—only seventeen years old, you see, sir. I remember I was up to the 'ouse with fresh butter and heggs; and as I was set down, having a crack of talk with Mrs. Sampson the housekeeper, in comes young Mrs. Veriston, all dressed in blue, sir, with gold-coloured hair and blue eyes, for all the world like a fairy at the pantomine. She comes in smiling, and, sees she, 'Who's this?' sees she. Well, I up and makes my 'bedience—for I knows what's due to gentlefolks—and sees I, 'I am William Mill's wife at the farm, what brings your butter and heggs, my lady, and wishes you, if I may be so bold, 'ealth and 'appiness.' And she laughs like a peal 'o silver bells; and, sees she, 'Thank you, Mrs. Mill. I look as if I'd get both, don't I?' And sure enough she did, sir; and, scarce a year after, I helped to lay her in her coffin!"

"Poor young thing," said Cecil, with a thrill of pity for the fair innocent life so quickly ended. "How very, very sad! I suppose her husband made a great trouble of her death?"

"Trouble? He was mad with trouble, sir! It was bawful to see him at first—up and down, up and down, and no rest for a minute. No one dared shew him the baby, poor lamb; but at last Mrs. Grubb—which she was the nurse, sir—sees she. 'It's redikilis and onnateral, and see the blessed hinfant he shall, if I loses my life for it!' And she ups and bursts right into the study, and she lays it in his arms afore you could say 'Jack Robinson.' A pale, fair little thing it was, as quiet as a mouse, and for all the world as if it knowed everything. Contrairey to all we thought sir, he clasps and kisses it, and breaks out into a perfect flood of tears and sobs; and the docter said said he, it 'ad saved his life or his reason. After that he could hardly bear the child out of his sight. But it's a sad loss for her, sir—him so queer and her neither kith nor kin in a sense of word. They do say she's not quite—quite——" And Mrs. Mill tapped her forehead mysteriously.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mrs. Mill," cried Cecil, an indignant flush rising to the very roots of his hair, "there's a set of tale-bearing old gossips who will tell any lies in creation, just for the sake of having something to say"—the landlady, who felt somewhat guilty herself on this point here flushed in her turn—"and will even slander a noble and innocent lady as far such creatures as—as the stars above in the sky!"

"Yes, sir, quite so, sir!" stammered Mrs. Mill, very much crestfallen beneath the unexpected storm she had brought down upon her head.

"You might have knocked me down with a feather," she told her husband afterwards. "Who'd a thought he'd a taken me up like that? Depend upon it, Willum, it's not for nothink our young gentleman goes up to the 'ouse so often. It's to be hoped for his sake she is in her right mind, poor dear!'

Cecil had allowed it to be supposed by Mr. Veriston that he had never seen the venerable ruins of Easthere Abbey, and that very morning he was going to be conducted there by the old gentleman and his daughter.

A little ruffled still by Mrs. Mill's last remark, a little saddened by the thought of Mrs. Veriston's brief span of life and love, and the idea of Argent's lone motherless youth, he hastened towards the Mere House. It was a gray sunless day, full of brooding warmth. Not a breath of wind "detached the delicate blossoms from the tree," or stirred the frail feathery grasses which edged the narrow winding path that made a short cut to the house.

Argent was in the garden gathering flowers. Catching a glimpse of her white dress between the trees, Cecil went towards her, murmuring—

"'It is my lady, oh, it is my love!
She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?
Her eye discourses!'"

But when he reached her he could only say—

"What a lovely morning, is it not?"

"It suits my mood," she answered, withdrawing the hand he had taken and would fain have held.

"May I ask what is your mood?" he queried gently. "It should be a happy one amongst the flowers."

"Ah, but the flowers are sad this morning!" she replied, letting her eyes wander dreamily over their wild luxuriance. "See they hang their heads, for there is no sunshine."

"Then you are sad, I presume?" he said, in tones whose tenderness was wasted on the desert air. "And that must not be. But tell me the reason of your sadness; perhaps I may know some spell potent enough to exorcise the evil spirit."

"The reason? There is none, only that the flowers are sad. I told you before"—impatiently—"they want the sun, and so do I."

"'Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.'"

"But I do," she sighed, pressing one of the gathered blossoms to her soft pale cheek.

"Well, love shall be your sun," he went on, still continuing the fanciful vein, although his heart was beginning to beat fast. "Sadness and gloom disappear in the rays of love, if only you will not hide from them."

She stood silent, as if pondering his words; while he waited to gather from voice or glance some sign that she understood his meaning, not venturing to say more, lest by a too rough touch he should destroy his house of cards. A moment or two she stood, then, in her usual calm quiet tones, she said—

"I must take these roses in. I think my father wants them."

"Have you forgotten that you are going to show me Easthere Abbey this morning?" he demanded, bravely hiding his disappointment as they strolled up to the house.

"Were we? Yes, I had forgotten"—coolly. "But it is impossible; I must help my father."

"Oh, you will not disappoint me so cruelly?" he urged, deeply wounded by this proof of her indifference. "I am sure Mr. Veriston will put off the business, whatever it be, until to-morrow."

"No, no; but"—hesitatingly—"if you like, perhaps we might go after luncheon."

"You do not seem anxious about it!" he said bitterly. "I believe you would rather not go at all with me."

She looked up wonderingly at his face clouded with pain.

"Your going makes no difference," she responded, driving the nail deeper with every word; "and I want to go. I like the Abbey, and we can go down to the sea."

"Miss Veriston, you are cruel! You don't know how you hurt me!' he burst out with irrepressible passion. Then, by a violent effort calming his agitation, he added, "No, you do not know. Forgive me if I have startled you. What does the poet say?—

"'You'll love me yet, and I can tarry
Your love's protracted growing.
June reared that bunch of flowers you carry,
From seeds of April's sowing.'"

But Argent was already ascending the wide steps to the porch, and she did not hear what the poet said. However, the words were not spoken wholly in vain, since they gave Cecil some comfort. All the way through the hall he hugged the comfort to his breast, murmuring, as his eyes feasted themselves on the graceful figure that preceded him—

"You'll love me yet. you'll love me yet!"

Mr. Veriston's own particular den was a small octagon room, lighted by one narrow heavily-framed casement jutting out among the rich cool greenness of a laurel shrubbery at the back of the house. A narrow passage and flight of steps led to it from the hall. Down this passage and up these steps the two went, breaking in, with scant ceremony, on the student's classic retreat. They found him arrayed in a torn dressing-gown of faded rainbow hues, and buried in a pile of books and papers, mumbling to himself as he searched the musty pages or wrote a sentence on the virgin quires by his side.

"Ah, Mr. Graham! Yes, fine day!" he muttered abstractedly, as he looked up at Cecil and that gentleman grasped his cold thin hand. Then he added, "Argent, are you ready to help me?"

"May I help?" urged Cecil, before the girl could answer. "Cannot I take Miss Veriston's place while she acts sunshine to her flowers?"—with a smile intended for her alone.

"Yes, yes!" was Mr. Veriston's eager answer. "At least, if you can spare the time, Graham."

"It will be the best use I can make of it," returned Cecil, with a smile. "But you must not forget, sir, that after luncheon we are all going to Easthere Abbey, and down to the sea-shore. I will help you this morning, and you shall indulge me this afternoon. Is it a fair bargain?"

"Quite," smiled the old bookworm, unable to resist the genial influence of Cecil's manner. "You will go, Argent?"

"Yes, father," she said, turning away without the glance for which the young man was yearning, and taking his heart with her as she returned.

Later on, the uniform soft gray of the sky broke up into pearly clouds, bordered with light, and showing here and there faint streaks of blue. Standing on the door-step ready to set out, a gleam of sunshine smote the ground at Argent's feet.

"A good omen!" exclaimed Cecil, with a smile. Then, in lower tones, "You will not be sad now?"

The only answer she made was a lovely reflection of his own smile, sweeter, he thought, than any words could have been; and it was with a heart full of renewed hope that he walked by her side, she leaning on her father's arm, to the Abbey.

Their path lay across a wide common, now fragrant with heather bloom and bright with masses of golden gorse, broken up here and there by granite boulders piercing the mossy turf. Over this plain the breath of the sea stole refreshingly. Poised in the clear air a lark was pouring out a burst of liquid song. Mr. Veriston, his head still full of his late labors, which had been most unwillingly discontinued, strode along with head bent in silent cogitation. Argent was almost as silent. Cecil could not help thinking what a curious party of pleasure they would have appeared to ordinary observers. Nevertheless, and in spite of the rebuffs he had that morning received, he felt strangely happy. The bright gleaming blossoms, the fresh pure air, the lark's song and the occasional sunshine, all whispered to him of hope.

"You'll love me yet," he told himself, gleaming with an exquisite shade of prophetic tenderness on Argent's pale dreamy face, her upraised eyes, apparently unconscious of his proximity, her yellow hair shining beneath the brim of her large Rembrandt hat, her white dress, her small hands encased in very mundane dogskin gloves, and her tiny arched feet. His heart swelled triumphantly, and his pulses beat strong and fast. He would not have changed places with any one in the world. It was such bliss to be by her side, breathing the same air and beholding the same summer earth and sky.

"Easthere Abbey!" he exclaimed at last, breaking the enchanted silence which had fallen upon them.

"Ha!" said Mr. Veriston, awoke with a start. "Yes a fine old place; full of memories of the past."

"Imagine the days when the Abbey was in its prime," said Cecil, when they stood in the dismantled chancel presently, watching the swallows darting to and fro on dark swift wings. "When stoled priests swept down these forest-like aisles, when music and choral singing mingled with the clouds of amethystine incense rising to the fretted roof, and the light fell in red and purple flakes on tonsured monk and kneeling worshippers, on stately banner-hung tomb and jewelled crucifix—this vast fane filled by a devout throng. And now, where are they? Where is the pomp of its worship? All gone, all less than dust!"

"You are eloquent, Graham!" smiled the old man; but Argent's eyes were glowing as she listened until he finished. then they grew sympathetically sad.

Cecil Graham laughed.

"The place is enough to inspire one," he said; "the very walls and empty windows that once 'blushed with their gouts of glory' seem to mourn their perished grandeur. To me it is like one vast tomb!"

"A tomb?" said Argent dreamily.

"Yes, a tomb of time."

"This tree must have been struck by lightning," remarked Mr. Veriston, after they had duly explored the Abbey, and were seated outside on some fallen stones, resting before proceeding to the seashore, another mile away.

"Yes," responded Cecil; and a thought of that other afternoon, spent in companionship so different came over him for a moment. "I was here at the time. It was during that terrific thunderstorm a few weeks ago. You remember it? A grand sight. I shall never forget its wild beauty.

"Rather a dangerous spot to be in during such a storm. Whereabouts were you?"

"Just within the cloisters."

"It's a wonder you weren't killed, Graham," asserted the other solemnly.

Cecil stole a look at Argent. She sat perfectly calm and indifferent, though attentive.

"I don't see that it would have mattered much," he said bitterly.

"Mr. Veriston!" exclaimed a voice, before any one could speak again. "This is a pleasant surprise!" and the Reverend Maurice Stone, in clerical long skirts and wide-awake, appeared in sight. Shaking hand swarmly with the trio he seated himself by his old friend's side.

"You must join us, Stone," said Mr. Veriston. "We are going down to the seashore. You will come back with us to dine?"

"Certainly. I shall be glad," replied the clergyman, not thinking it necessary to add that that would be the first time he had broken his fast during the day. "I never expected to find friends here," was his next remark.

"I suppose you came—like the holy brethern of old—to pray and meditate? said Cecil flippantly.

"You are partly right," returned the other calmly. "To me this seems a fitting place for meditation—and for prayer."

"I suppose of course the ancient rite of consecration performed here still holds?" queried Cecil, feeling rebuked.

"Certainly—while a stone remains. Even after that the holy influences of prayer and praise will hallow the spot where once the altar reared its sacred sign aleft."

"I am in for it!" muttered Cecil *sotto voce*. Then aleud—"Do you often come here, Mr. Stone?"

"Very often. I think Miss Veriston and I love it equally well?"—with a smile at the young girl.

"Miss Veriston and I!" The words struck unpleasantly on Mr. Graham's ear. They came here then together! But Argent was wholly unconfused, wholly unconscious. She only said quietly—

"I think we do," and the young poet's momentary jealous qualm passed away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Oddly Addressed.

Many oddly-addressed letters daily pass through the post-office. Several of the rhyming kind are somewhat remarkable for the poetical skill displayed by the writers.

A clever example is given in the following, addressed to Sir Walter Scott during one of his visits to London:

"Sir Walter Scott, in London or elsewhere;
He needs not ask, whose wide-extended fame
Is spread about our earth, like light and air,
A local habitation for his name."

Charles Dibden, the naval-song writer, sent a letter to Mr. Hay bearing the following address:

"Postman bear this sheet away,
And carry it to Mr. Hay;
And whether you ride mare or colt on,
Stop at the Theatre, Bolton;
If in what county you inquire,
Merely mention Lancashire."

A letter addressed as follows was mailed in the provinces, and was duly delivered in London:

"Where London's column pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies,
There dwells a citizen of sober fame,
A plain, good man, and Balaam is his name."

The letter was delivered without delay to a Mr. Balaam, a fishmenger near the Monument.

Turning from poetry to prose, we find the following vague direction:

"Mr. ——, Travelling Band, one of the Four playing in the street, Pershs [Pershore], Worcestershire. Please find him if possible."

Another envelope bore the following.

"This is for the young girl that wears spectacles, who minds two babies 30 sheriff [street, off Prince Edwin street, Liverpool."

Mr. J. Wilson Hyde, in his book, "The Royal Mail," says that two letters directed as follows were duly delivered:

"To my sister Jean, Up the Canongate, Down a Close, Edinburg, She has a wooden leg."

The other was addressed:

"The dear Ant Sue as lives in the Cottage by the Wood near the New Forest."

"In the latter case," says Mr. Hyde, "the letter had to feel its way about for a day or two, but 'Ant Sue' was found living in a cottage near Lyndhurst."

AT SANDRINGHAM.

A Brief Visit to the Prince of Wales' Country Seat.

The best criterion of a man's character is furnished by his home life, and I do not believe that in all the broad lands of Old England their exists a more happy home than that of the Prince of Wales at Sandringham, in the county of Norfolk. Many country seats are luxurious and some more magnificent, but there is hardly another where so much comfort is united with exquisite taste and refinement.

The visitor, on arriving at the Wolverton railway station on Saturday afternoon from London, finds a variety of conveyances, char-a-bancs and phaetons, together with light fourgons for the luggage, and the distance between the depot and Sandringham is quickly covered.

In alighting one is received in the hall by the royal host and hostess, and after having been taken off to the princess' room on the ground floor for refreshment after the long journey, in the shape of tea, etc., the prince, if it be your first visit to Sandringham, takes you upstairs himself to your room, and after seeing that you have everything you require rings the bell and orders one of the servants to attend specially to your wants and comforts. Then with a kindly nod and an "au revoir" he leaves you to dress for dinner.

THE BLACK BREECHES

and silk stockings formerly de rigueur at royal dinners are now a thing of the past, and having pinned on the pretty buttonhole which you find on your dressing table, and donned any decorations or war-medals (the latter worn in miniature on these occasions) which you may possess, you make your way downstairs to the drawing rooms. There you will probably find Colonel Teesdale wearing his equerry's coat of dark blue with gold buttons. He has been with the prince for close upon thirty years, and New Yorkers of 1860 will remember well the dashing young officer who had just won his Victoria cross and order of the bath by his splendid conduct at the seige of Kars. The Countess of Macclesfield, lady-in-waiting to the princess, will also probably already have come downstairs. This is the good lady who, when the Princess of Wales was prematurely confined of her eldest son in 1864 at Fregmere, after a skating party, had sufficient presence of mind to perform the offices of accoucheur and nurse, both of whom arrived after the trouble was over.

As soon as the guests are assembled the prince and princess make their appearance, and dinner is immediately announced. The host and hostess sit facing each other at table; the dinner is exquisitely cooked, for the prince is a great gourment. It, however, rarely lasts more than an hour, for his royal highness detests long dinners and overloaded menus. Those who pay attention to such trifles may be interested to know that fishknives are eschewed, two forks being used instead for eating fish. The gentlemen remain for a short time over their wine after the ladies have retired, and then join the party in the drawing-rooms, where round games of cards are frequently indulged in. At about midnight the ladies retire to rest, and the men to gossip with the prince in the smoking room or round the billiard table.

THE NEXT MORNING (SUNDAY)

the prince and princess, who during all the twenty-three years of their married life have always occupied the same bedroom, breakfast together in private, whilst the majority of the guests breakfast downstairs at a number of small tables in the morning room. Shortly before 11 o'clock the prince makes his appearance in the hall and chaffingly orders every one, nolens volens, to get ready for church, and after seeing the whole party off brings up the rear guard himself on the look out for stragglers. The church is on the estate, and about ten minutes walk from the house. It is small, but exceedingly pretty, and the choral service is both short and simple. On the way home the prince will ask you to inspect his menagerie of all kinds of wonderful pet animals, from crocodiles down to hedgehogs, whilst the princess will insist on your admiring the kennels where she keeps her pet dogs, over eighty in number and of all breeds.

After a heavy luncheon at two o'clock his royal highness will invite you to walk over with him to his home farm to see some magnificent prize cattle, of which he is very proud. On returning to the hall he will probably shew you over the house, including the hall room, with all its magnificent Italian trophies, and the plainly furnished rooms where the three young princesses reside with their two governesses. The stables, which cost the prince over $80,000 per annum, are simply perfection.

As you are about to leave for London early the next morning, you take leave of your host and hostess before retiring to rest, and will probably find on your dressing table autograph portraits of themselves and children as mementoes of your visit to Sandringham Hall,

A Mosquito Story.

"I was at Fort Keogh one summer not long ago when an explosion occurred in the boiler which blew it some distance from the fort into a swamp. The men started after it. When they got there the mosquitoes were so thick that it was found impossible to work. The men get inside the boiler and the mosquitoes punched their stingers right through the plated iron. The men clinched the bills on the inside and kept on clinching them until hundreds and hundreds of mosquitoes were fastened to the boiler. The men built a fire inside of the boiler to scare off the other mosquitoes, and the latter started to fly away.

"Of course these that were fastened tried to fly with the rest, and actually carried the heavy boiler and the men out of the swamp and on to the dry land. After that it was no trick to haul the boiler into the fort. How did they get rid of the mosquitoes' bills? Why, they just filed them off close and left them there."

No woman can lace herself so tight as a man can drink himself.