THE WHITE LADY;

OR, WHAT THE THRUSH SAID.

CHAPTER XXII.

At six o'clock that evening I sat down to tea in the new lodgings, with Carrie opposite to me, and little Nan, a girl of ten, tucked up cosily in bed with a basin of sherry sago on a tray before her.

It was a delicious party. Carry had provided a banquet of shrimps, watercress, and trotters, with raspberry jam to follow, and to listen to her quaint prattle, and watch her make havoc amongst the indigestible was the greatest treat I had ever enjoyed.

When the shrimps were shells, and the cresses were stalks, and the trotters bones, and the teapot empty, and the loaf a worse wreck than any house in Sebastopol after the siege, we moved our chairs to the window and began to talk.

Carrie asked me a hundred questions, and I answered them all. I told her all my sad story of the Crimea and the death of Joyce, and the heartlessness of Amy, and how I had gone to Dartmoor and found my old friend dead, and how I had come to London, and why I had not beaten the Jew until that day.

"And why did you beat him now?" asked Carrie.

"Because he insulted you," I said.

Carrie blushed, but looked immensely pleased, and Nan said faintly from the bed, "You did right. Did he howl?"

I told her he had howled like a bull.

"Then," said Nan, "I shall get better now."

And so we talked on till after nine o'clock, when I rose and said I must go. Carrie and Nan exchanged glances.

"You'll come back again?" said Carrie.

"I will."

"Honor bright?"

"Honor bright."

I went to the bedside and took the child's hand in mine. "Are you better, Nan?"

"Yes; better now. You'll come back?"

"You will see me in the morning," I said, stroking her hair. She looked at me steadily with her grave, young eyes, gave a little sigh; and said, "Good-night. Come soon."

"You will come soon?" Carrie added.

"I will."

"And you'll tell us about the soldiers," said Nan.

"Yes of course."

"And about the fields and the ships I never seen a field," said Nan.

"You shall see a field, my dear."

"A real one?"

"Yes, with flowers in it, only get better soon. Good-night."

"Good-night." I bent down and kissed her, and she clung to my neck a moment with one hand, answering, "Good-night; Willie; come real soon." And so I left her; and Carrie saw me to the door.

"Chummy," she said, with a searching look, "you won't leave me this time?"

"I will not leave you, Carrie."

She seized my hands and peered eagerly in my face. "Chummy, if you do, Nan'll die, and I—"

"My dear," I said, putting my arm around her, "I will never leave you again."

"Never? Honor bright? Never?"

"Never, Carrie."

She came close to me, rubbing her thin cheek against my rough coat, and I kissed her hands and forehead, and bidding her return to her sister, set off to find fresh lodgings for myself.

Leave her! Leave her, and be a lonely, loveless man again. I laughed as I strode away. No; I had something to live for now, and I would live. Besides, I had paid Solomon Solomon a little of what I owed him, and my heart was light. Merrie Islington was Merrier. "I could not be happier," I said to myself. "If I had had a fortune left."

I went to a decent coffee-house, engaged a bed, and sat down to write to Mrs. Armitage of Fern Lodge, Bedford, the lady with whom my sister Alice had been in service. She, I felt sure, would help these poor girls. If not, I must.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Nan was perfectly gay and bright when I called in the morning after the installation of the sisters in their new home. Carrie had "done her hair," mended her frock, put on a clean collar, and looked almost pretty, and quite nice.

I sat down by Nan's bedside and talked to her. I told her how Sebastopol was taken, and how our men stood on the Cathcart Hill and watched the Russians retreat across their bridge of boats; and what I thought when I saw the No. 55 on the rifle.

"Did you cry?" asked Nan.

I shook my head. "I was too weak and too mad," I continued. "I said, 'I fainted.'"

"I fainted twice, last week," said Nan. "Ah! it's horrid. So giddy and hot, and feels if you'd fell down a deep, deep hole. But praps you didn't fell like that; 'cause you was wounded, and it's different. I was hungry. Tell us about those funny Russians."

I related how the Russians were said to eat tallow and black bread, which was why they had white teeth; and how the prisoners would sit on the floor and show those white teeth in kindly smiles and say "humph-hum," and "yah," and call us "Jonny," and want to shake hands.

"Nasty things," quoth Nan, "when they had been trying to kill you."

"And we them," I hinted.

"Of course," said Nan; "but that's different. They're foreigners, and you were fighting for your country."

"And they for theirs," I suggested.

"H'm! if they had been would they have come here and—and killed people?"

"Perhaps, if they could."

"Then I'm glad you took them prisoners. Do they really eat candles? Horrid creatures. That's worse than fat pork. I hate fat. Tell me some more. Tell me about the fields."

I discoursed upon the beauties of the country. Nan was deeply interested.

"Oh," she said, in a dreamy way, "red flowers? pink ones? and real skylarks not in cages? loose, and flying about? Biggs the chimney-sweep, had a la k down Potter's Court; but it didn't sing much 'cause it had the gripes. Biggs said was owing to eatin' too much emp seed. Is it far to the fields? Carrie seen some fields. Carrie's been in Hde Park. Carrie's been to Ammersmith an' Greenwich. Ain't you, Carrie?"

"Yes," said Carrie; "and now you go to sleep and stop chattering."

Nan shrugged her shoulders, and put her thin hand into mine, turned round and closed her eyes.

I left her then, and sat down in the armchair Carrie came and set on a stool at my feet. I began to talk business.

"Carrie," I said, "how old are you?"

She smiled softly, and rubbed her chin with her thimble thoughtfully. "About eighteen," she said, "I think."

"Would you—" said I, very confidently. "Don't you want me to go away?"

"God forbid," she exclaimed, looking up with pained anxiety.

"Have you no friends?"

"Not a soul in the world but Nan and you, chummie."

"Would you like to live with me?"

She looked at me with quiet, serious directness, and nodded.

"Always?"

"Ever and ever, amen!" She showed her white teeth in a smile. She smiled as frankly and sweetly as a child.

"Would you like to go to America?"

"With you?"

"Certainly."

"Yes."

"I'm very poor, Carrie?"

"Well?"

"We might have hard times?"

"Of course."

"You expect that, then. But yet you'd come?"

Carrie glanced at the bed.

"Nan held out her hand. "I'll come," she said.

"Well, Carrie," I continued, "you are alone and I am alone. And you want a friend, and I cannot spare you. So we will take our chance together. If I can get the money we will emigrate. If not we will fight it out in England."

Carrie nodded and smiled.

"Anywhere," she said; "what does it matter to chums?"

"Then," said I, making a dash for it, "when shall we get married?"

"Married?"

"Yes, dear, you will marry me?"

"Marry? Do you mean to marry me? Really?"

"Carrie, Carrie," I said, perfectly startled; "what did you think I meant? What do you think I am?"

But Carrie did not answer my question. She knelt upon the floor, hid her face against my knee, and gripping my hand in hers, began to cry.

"Carrie!" I said, for I was alarmed by this strange conduct, "what is it? What do you mean?"

The girl clung to me, sobbing and laughing wildly. "Marry me Marry me? Oh, Willie. Oh, chummie. Shall I be your wife?"

I began to understand her now. I drew her into my arms and kissed her. "My dear," I said, "you are too good for me. But I love you and I will take care of you. Will you promise?"

But at that moment Nan awoke, and starting up in bed called out, "Carrie, what's the matter? He isn't going to leave us? Carrie, don't! You frighten me."

Poor Carrie ran to her sister, laughing and crying, took her in her arms, hugged her, kissed her, and repeated a dozen times, "Nan! Nan, Nannie! We are going to get married! We are going to live with Willie." "You shall be his sister and me his wife."

I was so much affected by this that I had a great mind to cry myself, but I controlled myself and drew Carrie away from her sister.

"My dear," I said, "you will make Nan ill. Sit down and be quiet."

Carrie threw herself into a chair and laughed hysterically. Nan slook her hair out of her eyes, regarded us in a wondering way for a few moments, and then said gravely, "My sister, Mrs. William Homer—ain't that prime?"

I turned to Carrie. "Come," I said, and held out my arms. She came to me at once. "Say yes," I urged, "say yes."

"Yes, yes, yes," she answered, nestling against me. "Oh, now I never want to die! Never, never."

And then Nan burst into tears, and—that was my wooing.

* * *

The next day Mrs. Armitage came to London and went with me to see my two poor little friends. Nan was awed by the apparition of "the lady," and could scarcely be got to speak, but Carrie received her with a modest frankness which was very charming.

As for Mrs. Armitage, she was kindness itself, and took the two friendless girls to her heart at once; indeed, she begged very hard that Nan should stay with her as her adopted child, but Nan clung to her sister, and would say nothing but "No, thank ou," and "Please I want Carrie, and Carrie wants me." So it was very soon agreed that we three waifs should go together to Canada, and try to begin life afresh.

"It will be better, William," said the good lady; "I quite see with you that it will be better to make a new beginning in a new place, and I hope and believe you will be happy."

"I will try very hard," I said. "I feel quite proud and confident since I have found Carrie."

"Carrie will make you a good wife, I'm sure," said Mrs. Armitage.

"Rather!" said Nan, suddenly breaking through her shyness. "Carrie's good enough for anybody. She's as good as—as—anything."

Carrie only smiled, but what a smile hers was.

"William," Mrs. Armitage sked me, as we walked towards her hotel, "where did you meet this young woman?"

"On London Bridge, ma'am."

"Do you know much of her?"

"I know that I like her, and that she likes me, and that she is good."

"She is as good as gold," said the lady emphatically, for which I thanked her very warmly. Yes, for it delighted me to hear poor Carrie praised. I was in love with her already.

And so we were married; and Mrs. Armitage paid our passage to Quebec, lent us a hundred pounds, and say us set out to make a fresh start in a fresh land.

That was eight-and-thirty years ago. Now I am getting old, and Carrie's hair is white, and we have a little farm of our own, and children and grandchildren around us. And Nan, our little Nan, is a handsome matron and very proud of her husband, the judge, and her son, the doctor, and her grandson, the midshipmite. And Mrs. Armitage's hopes have been fulfilled, and we have been, and are very, very happy, for Carrie is better than gold.

Ah, dear wife. How good she has been; how patient, cheerful, gentle; how grateful for every little kindness shown to her; how tenderly, absurdly proud of the poor dead of a soldier who so "generously" made his own sad life happy by marrying her—thirty-eight years ago.

Thirty-eight years ago. Ah! Carrie, Carrie, brave heart, true heart; what do I not owe; and now, my dear, I shall never want to die—never, never.

THE END.

JUMBLE OF ALL THE AGES.

Cairo a Mixture of the Antique and the Modern.

What were my first impressions of Cairo? Perhaps I was rather disappointed, or perhaps it was merely that I was feeling decidedly shaky as a result of a desperate passage from Liverpool, says a writer in the Christian Herald. At any rate it struck me at first that the whole place was frightfully modern. The street cars, the hotels, the carriages and automobiles, with their fashionable English and American occupants, even the pedestrians, seemed prosaically up-to-date. But this was an impression which did not last; for in the native quarters of the city you may see Cairo to-day as it was a thousand years ago, and even on the most fashionable thoroughfares you will frequently witness scenes which will carry you back into by-gone ages—scenes which the dominant modern note merely serves to throw into strong relief.

I have specially in mind the old water-sellers, with their ancient jars and goat-skins thrown over their backs. It is interesting to see these old fellows parading up and down on the sidewalk, mingling with the up-to-date citizens of the present day. The same contrast is noticeable out on the street. An automobile of the latest design is followed (more leisurely!) by a camel mounted by an Arab of the desert. Below the waist his body sways to and fro in rhythmic accord with the absolutely noiseless tread of the great clumsy animal. And the man himself gazes silently and steadily straight ahead, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, as if there was nothing in front of him but limitless miles of sand. One cannot fail to be impressed by this striking blend of ancient and modern.

*

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HOME

GOOD RECIPES.

Cold Peach Charlotte.—Butter a baking dish, place in it a very light layer of bread crumbs, then a deep layer of peaches; sprinkle thickly with powdered sugar, then repeat until dish is full, crumbs forming the last layer. Crumbs should not be used too plentifully if peaches are dry, as the crumbs absorb the juices. Place pieces of butter over these and bake half an hour. Serve cold with whipped cream slightly flavored with vanilla.

Swedish Meat Omelet.—Mince any cold meat on hand, ham or lamb being preferable; put in saucepan, moisten with a little milk or cream. Then place, when heated through, in mound on dish which withstands heat of oven. Beat up whites of eggs, one for each person to be served, and place upon meat mound, make depression with a teaspoon in whites of eggs, and very carefully slide into them the yolks of the eggs. Brown in oven and serve at once.

Entire Wheat Bread.—One quart of flour, half cake yeast, half teaspoon of salt, three cups water, half tablespoon butter or lard. Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water, add lard or butter, then flour, gradually and lastly, salt, mixed thoroughly; place in well-greased bowl, cover and set aside in a warm place to rise until double its bulk, then turn out on kneading board and knead thoroughly. Mould into loaves, place in well-greased small baking pans, cover and set aside ot rise. When again double its bulk bake in hot oven 50 or 60 minutes, until crust is well browned, as crust is the most nutritious part of the bread. This makes two small loaves.

Creamed Ham with Poached Eggs.—Cook three-quarter cup of milk in double boiler for 15 minutes with a little celery and onion. Then remove celery and onion from milk and add level tablespoon and a half of butter and same of flour. These ingredients are to be creamed together before using, in the usual way. When mixture is thick, cover and allow it to cook 10 minutes. Now add some cold boiled ham which has been put through the grinder, about three-quarters of a cup, and allow to become very hot. Have ready either circlets or neatly trimmed squares of toast and dip edges into boiling salted water before arranging on platter. Spread lightly with good butter and afterward with the ham. Put a nicely poached egg on each piece of toast. The most astute breakfaster will not suspect the left-over morsel contained therein.

Cabbage and Pepper Salad.—For this shred finely a pint measure of young crisp cabbage, and add to it two shredded peppers and, if liked, a very slight grating of onion, or use onion salt for part of the seasonnig. Make a boiled dressing using two tablespoonfuls of butter, two eggs, one cup of vinegar, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of dry mustard, two-thirds of a teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper. Put all ingredients except the vinegar in the inner vessel of a double boiler and cook over hot water until they begin to thicken; then add the vinegar and continue the cooking three minutes longer. Beat the dressing occasionally while cooking. If not all used, this will keep for future use.

Salt Rising.—At night slice two large raw potatoes quite thin. Add a tablespoonful of flour, a teaspoonful of sugar, a half teaspoonful of salt, and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of soda. Over this pour a pint of warm, but not hot water; cover all closely and keep warm over night. In the morning put this mixture into a double boiler and keep warm (never hot, remember!) at the back of the range until it is foamy. Then take out the sliced potatoes and throw them away. Add to what is left a cupful of milk which has been scalded then cooled to blood warmth; a tablespoonful of lard, a teaspoonful of sugar, and a half teaspoonful of lard. Lastly stir in a pint of warmed flour, and set away in a warm place until it is light. This should be in an hour or less. When it has risen well, add flour enough to enable you to knead the dough readily. It is impossible to give the exact quantity of flour, but the dough should be a little softer than for yeast bread. Mould into loaves at once; put into pans, and when it has doubled in bulk, bake about an hour in a moderate oven.

TO RESTORE HATS.

The girl who does not want to spend another dollar on her hats, can do a surprising amount of freshening.

Let her remove the trimming and freshen the hat itself. A black hat is easy. It can be made to look like new by washing in denatured alcohol after dusting. The entire hat may be soaked in the alcohol and while still damp it is straightened where bent.

The woman who once a week wipes off black hats with alcohol and also uses it on ribbons will find her hats wear much longer.

Colored hats that have faded are seemingly hopeless, but a box of water color paint, or some of the special dyes for straw hats, soon restores their beauty. Soiled white hats can be freshened by bread crumbs—a favorite method of cleaning with many milliners—and they are improved by coating thickly with magnesia, which is kept on over night. One woman uses the whitener that she puts on her shoes.

Sunburnt hats are hard to freshen. If good, they should be sent to a bleacher; if not worth that, try bleaching them at home with oxalic acid, a teaspoonful to a pint of water.

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Scrub the straw well, then rinse at once with hot water, followed by cold. Wipe dry and hang in the sun. While still damp, press with a hot iron on the wrong side, with a thin cloth over the straw.

White feathers and the numerous aigrettes of the season may be made snowy by cleaning in a paste made of gasoline and white cornmeal, and rinsing with gasoline alone, or with more of the paste until it shows no soil. If the curl has come out, hold it over the kitchen range or curl the flues, a few at a time, with the back of a heated silver knife.

Ribbons may be washed in alcohol and pressed under heavy paper or a thick cloth while still slightly damp.

Faded flowers are almost hopeless, but may be freshened by coloring with powdered rouge, rubbing off the edges for shaded effects.

Steel buckles can be soaked in coal oil for six or eight hours, then polished with fine emery. Jet is brightened by rubbing in alcohol and polishing with tissue paper. Dulled bronze and gilt trimmings are difficult, but may be somewhat freshened by good silver polish thinned with alcohol instead of water.

Lace that will wash should be first soaked in cold water, then put in a glass jar with lukewarm water and a tiny pinch of borax and well shaken. Rinse well in several hot waters, squeeze out most of the moisture and dry by covering a drawing board with a Turkish towel, to which the lace is pinned, each point in position. Dry in the sun.

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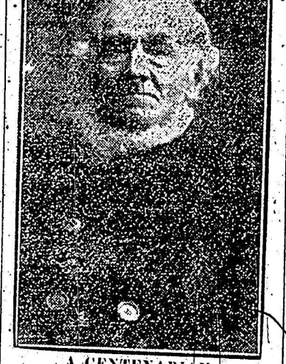

A CENTENARIAN.

A wonderful span of life was that of John Pipher, of 16 Archer street, Toronto, whose death occurred last week. During his 103 years Canada has grown from a series of little-valued colonies to a united nation. Many of the greatest inventions have been achieved. There have been half a dozen British sovereigns. Three generations have come and gone. A few events might be recalled to illustrate the happenings of this one lifetime.

Although further importation of slaves into Upper Canada had been forbidden in 1793, slavery still existed in York (Toronto) until two years after John Pipher was born.

He was three years old when the war of 1812 took place; twenty-eight when the insurrection of 1837 took place. He remembered it well.

He was thirty-two when responsible government was achieved, with the union of Upper and Lower Canada.

He was far past the ordinary "prime of life"—a man of 58—at Confederation.

He had lived under George III., the Regency, George IV., William IV., Victoria, Edward VII., George V.

There were 25 Governors of Canada and Governors-General of the Dominion during his lifetime.

The Accommodation, first steamer to navigate the St. Lawrence, made the journey from Montreal to Quebec, three days being consumed in making the down-trip of 180 miles.

At that time the only canals in Canada were the Coteau du Lac, Cascades, and Sault Ste. Marie.

John Pipher was a lad of sixteen when George Stephenson completed the first railway in England. He was twentyseven when the first railway was opened in Canada, namely, the Champion and St. Lawrence.

A Canadian-built vessel, the Royal William, had the distinction of being the first in the world to cross the Atlantic by steam power alone. But Pipher was a man of twenty-four when that occurred.

Up to the date of his birth, there had been only fifteen newspapers established in Canada.

St. John, N.B., was the only incorporated city.

There were probably six hundred souls in York (Toronto), and 80,000 white in Upper Canada.

The first Canadian bank note was not issued until Pipher was eight years old.

He was thirty-eight when the first telegraph wires were strung in Canada; sixty-eight—almost at the allotted plan—when Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone.

*

Don't spend half your life in the making of promises unless you want to give up the other half to the making of excuses.

On the Farm

WHEN TO SELL HOGS.

I write only from my own experience of over twenty years in raising hogs for the market, writes Mr. W. C. Holstand.

Different localities and different feeds make a great deal more or less profit in the keep of the hog. Some feed too long and consume part of the profit, while others feed not long enough or liberally enough to make what they ought to make.

I run all my hogs on alfalfa from birth until sold, either for breeders or for the packer, and as soon as they weigh 200 pounds each, or about that, I sell or kill them.

If you are feeding pure-blooded hogs (especially if the blood is red) they will weigh from 175 to 225 pounds each at six to eight months of age. I think seven months old is the best age, and the most profitable hog we can sell.

The younger you sell, the less risk of disease, the less trouble, time and feed it takes. The sooner you sell, the more room and the better care for the next litter.

The cheapest gain is made while the pig is small. A pig weighs about three pounds at birth. With reasonable care it will gain on an average one-fourth pound a day for the first ten to twenty days.

So you see it doubles its weight in twelve days, and at 65 cents per bushel for corn, and $1.50 for 100 pounds for shorts the first three pounds of gain cost about 3¼ cents per pound, allowing eight pigs to the litter for each sow.

I figure on the rule that it takes only a small amount of fire to heat a baling wire, but it would take a lot of fire to heat a 300 pound rod of iron.

So I say it takes a little to make a pig gain a pound per day. But it takes about eight to ten ears of corn per day and some slop to make a pig hold its own.

Some men say, if the market is low, feed longer (even though feed is high), prices may go up. Others will say "Feed is high, I will sell (while they are not fat); prices may go down."

Don't try to get the market ready for your hogs, but get your hogs ready for the market. Sell them when they are fat and not before. Keep the kind that top the market and you will make money if feed is high.

Registered hogs gain faster, bring more money for the breeder, and make more pounds of meat out of the grain fed them than any other animal on earth.

RECLEARING OLD FIELDS.

There are many old fields that have been thrown out years ago and have so grown up with scrub timber, green briars and other filth that it looks to be almost an impossible undertaking to reclear them, says Mr. A. J. Legg.

If it be undertaken to kill them by grubbing out the briers and brush it is indeed a hard job, and the briers will sprout for years, but if the brush is hacked down and let dry, then burned over, the land can be effectually cleared by pasturing it with cattle and sheep.

A few years ago I had a field overgrown with greenbriers and pine. There were patches of greenbriers so dense that it was impossible to get through them, let alone grub them out.

These thickest patches were burned through. The fire killed other briers, then in a few months they too would burn, so I made it a rule that whenever I found a patch of greenbrier dry enough to burn I would set fire to it.

The pines were all cut down, and when they got dry, they too were burned.

The briers were kept down by the stock grazing over them. Whenever a young brier appeared it was ripped up. By the end of the third year the brier roots were all rotted and the pine stumps were pretty well rotted, so that the land could be plowed.

*

BUSY SPOTS.

Places Which See Hundreds of Thousands of Persons Daily.

The most crowded spot in the world for five and a half days in the week is that small tract of territory, covering one acre, bounded by the Royal Exchange the Bank and the Mansion House in the City of London, says the Strand Magazine. It is a veritable human ganglion. If you were to stretch an invisible thread north and south across this space you would find that in the course of each day no fewer than 500,000 persons passed and repassed, with 50,000 vehicles. And the busiest corner of all in this busy acre is immediately outside the Mansion House, for rather more than half the traffic crossing our imaginary boundaries passes that way. The results of a traffic census taken by the city police show that on an average day some 30,000 vehicles pass this particular corner, while the pedestrian traffic is well over 250,000, and these figures are constantly increasing.

But it is to America that one naturally turns for big figures to rival those of London. Chicago boasts a human ganglion in State Street, where nearly 400,000 people pass and repass on foot during the day. In New York the figures approach those of London, and largely exceed it if we count the actual number of persons on foot and in vehicles alike. For in Broadway, at the juncture with Herald Square, it is stated that 700,000 pass daily. But this includes the passengers by tram car, the foot passengers alone being well under 500,000.

One of the most densely peopled spots in the world is O-dori Street, Tokio. The long thoroughfare known as Ginza, which runs from near the Shimbashi railway station to Spectacles bridge, is made up of several streets with different names, some wide and modern, some old-fashioned and narrow, and if the earth were suddenly to gape open wide in that portion known as O-dori Street, at any hour of the day, there is no other thoroughfare in the Japanese city where the results to human life would be more fatal. For acre the tide of human life runs the highest. But O-dori Street is extremely narrow, so that the density of the crowd does not make the daily figures much above the 300,000 mark. Unlike most of the other important cities of the world, this thickly populated commercial district of Tokio is situated outside the city walls.

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A Fair-Sized Residence Could be Placed in the Gigantic Hall.

Blenheim Palace, the country seat of the Duke of Marlborough, is the most perfect and the most characteristic effort of Vanbrugh's genius. It stands to-day exactly as he planned it; and the plan was certainly overwhelming.

Eternal impressiveness was Vanbrugh's ideal, and the possible inconveniences of a house with dividing walls seven feet thick and a kitchen four hundred yards from the dining-room do not seem to have troubled him. It is characteristic of his eye for eternal appearance that not a single chimney pot is allowed to reveal its undignified presence.

Vanbrugh's design, or his extravagance in its execution troubled the first Duchess. As money was sunk in the tremendous pile, the question of pay became acute. There were wrangles, and even lawsuits, and the correspondence with Vanbrugh's references to the "wicked woman," may amuse those who like to wander along the by-paths of history. Vanbrugh's end was hastened by his prolonged worries over his great task.

The work was one of the stock jokes of the age. Swift and Pope joined in poking their formidable fun. Voltaire said that if the rooms were as wide as the walls were thick it might be habitable, and a contemporary scribbler produced

A FAMOUS EPITAPH

for the architect:—

Lie heavy on him earth, for he
Set many a heavy load on thee.

But the building was worthily defended by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the modern visitor can see for himself that the architect thoroughly achieved the majestic effect at which he aimed.

The great courtyard is three acres in area, and a fair-sized residence could be placed in the gigantic hall without damaging Sir James Thornton's beautifully painted ceiling.

In the saloon autographed portraits of distinguished visitors—the late King, the German Emperor, the Czar, and the unhappy King Carlos of Portugal—attract attention. But the glory of the state rooms is the series of magnificent tapestries illustrative of the great Duke's battles, which are of the highest interest both to the historical student and to the artist.

At the extreme end of the state rooms is the famous long library, which runs the whole length of one of the wings—a vast room, with a statue of Queen Anne at one end and a noble and expensively tuned organ at the other.

Mr. Churchill, in his biography of his father, has [illegible] remarkable effect [illegible] contrast between [illegible] metry of the park [illegible] disarray of the park [illegible] These were the [illegible] of the famous "Capability" Brown.

A VAST LAWN

lies directly in front of the palace, and on either side of it trees are planted in what Mr. Churchill calls "artful disorder" gradually converging to a point at which the square tower of Blenheim Church, where Lord Randolph happily closes the [illegible] vista.

Good walkers, who cross the lake over the bridge and [illegible] the monument erected "in [illegible] commemoration of Marlborough's [illegible] Britain's gratitude" [illegible] to the left, will [illegible] among the grove of [illegible] which it takes half [illegible] to see the Druids' [illegible] too.

Nearer the house [illegible] the kitchen garden, one of the [illegible] gardens in England [illegible] wall which surrounds [illegible] to set off its size. [illegible] garden lies in [illegible] meeting at a small [illegible] paths are bordered [illegible] ful profusion of [illegible] English flowers, [illegible] gether with that [illegible] conceals itself, and [illegible] geous blaze of [illegible] prettier sight in [illegible] these gardens can [illegible]

FOREIGN [illegible]

Some Curious [illegible] Indulge

In Spain the wife of the [illegible] in black, or if the [illegible] mirror after [illegible] veil are fastened [illegible] When a person [illegible] it's taken by the [illegible] sign that she [illegible] has been bewitched [illegible] spirits more [illegible] all witches [illegible] have blond [illegible] be popular be[illegible] cording to the [illegible]

On the marriage [illegible] can much good [illegible] when the groom [illegible] the Slav country [illegible] blow out the candles [illegible] who does will [illegible] is impossible [illegible] his superstition [illegible] aristocratic [illegible] the peasant's hut [illegible] that "to insure [illegible] of the children [illegible] receive the right [illegible] addition, she must [illegible] her forty-fifth year [illegible]

There is a superstition [illegible] country and many [illegible] burning, a brown [illegible] birch broom is [illegible] Germany as a [illegible] erysipelas. These [illegible] yellow wax and [illegible] are enclosed in [illegible] secured with red [illegible] the back of the [illegible] must change his [illegible]

NOSTALGIA

Mr. Faraway [illegible] sick while you were [illegible] Miss Beenobroad [illegible] ing over and [illegible] was awfully homesick [illegible] land.

Never looks [illegible] horse.

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Subscription $1.00 a year when paid in advance, or $1.50 if not so paid. $1.50 to the United States. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, if at the option of the publisher. Advertising rates 10 cents per inch per week for display ads; single column measure with 25 per cent. discount for yearly contracts; one column or more per year used. No discount on local Reading notices five cents per line each week. Stock notices, up to five lines, 25 cents for each insertion; for animals one week 50 cents; two weeks $1.00.

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